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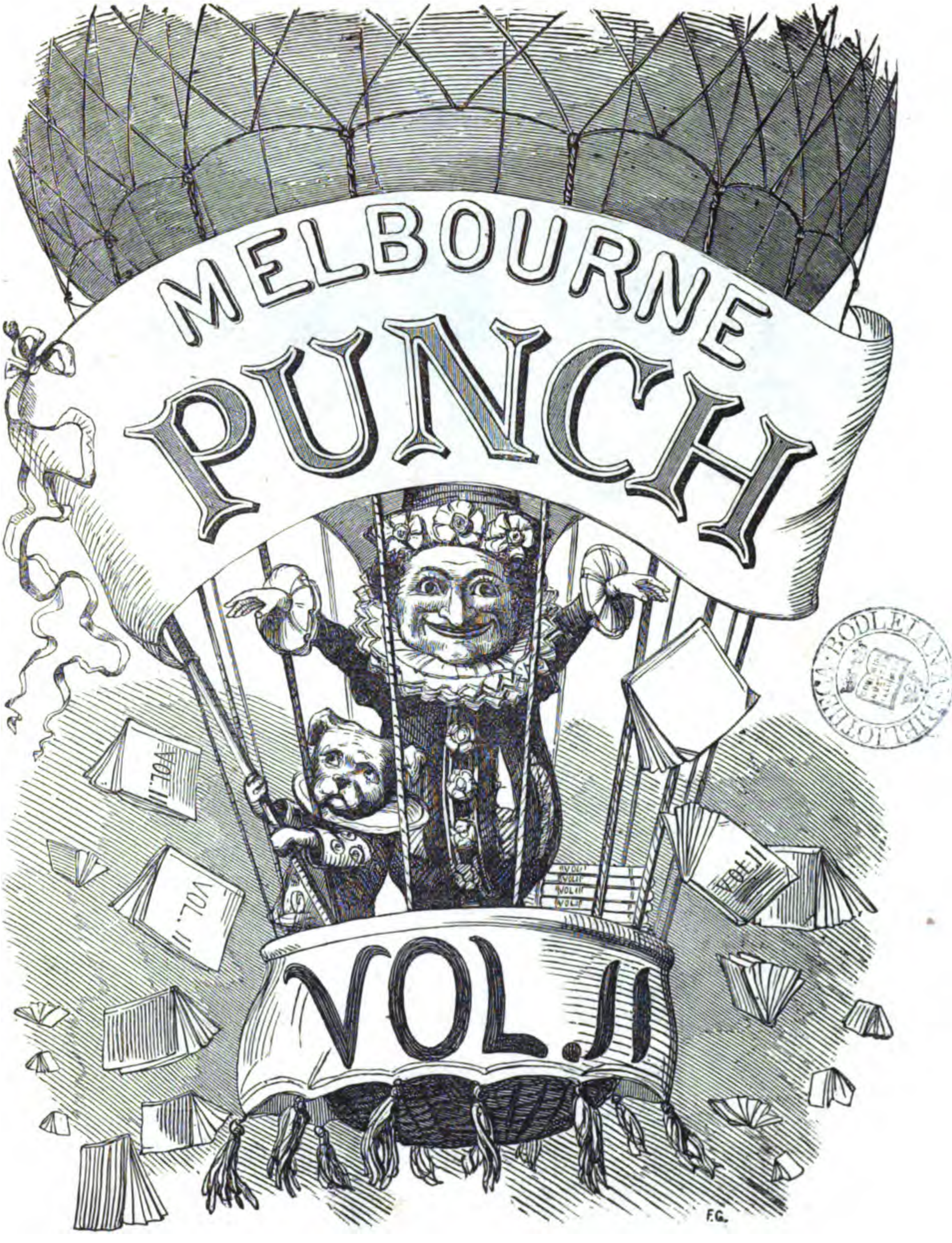

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MELBOURNE:
PRINTED & PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 23, COLLINS-STREET, EAST.
1856.

In presenting his Second Volume to mankind, Mr. Punch has the pleasure to acknowledge, in advance, the congratulations which an admiring world will assuredly shower down upon the healthful appearance of his literary child, now a year old. When the birth of this child was announced as a thing probable, some inconsiderate persons prophecied, that it was doomed to die in early infancy. Even after the exquisite little being appeared in more than mortal strength and beauty, the prophets of evil continued their forebodings. Mr. Punch knew better at the time, and indeed it is generally his good fortune to know better than most people. So he is not unduly elated, or as Mr. Justice Barry would say "over cocky," upon the present occasion.

Still he feels it due to the one-year-old Hercules, to point out a few of the serpents strangled by that likely piccaninny. He would not allude more than very cursorily to such minor triumphs, as having induced the learned judge above referred to, to abandon almost entirely "the accuminated subleties of alchemical empiriscism"—as having persuaded that eminent agriculturist, Mr. Wills, to cultivate a small patch of *H*"*s* in the rotation of his crops—as having so deodorized the leading articles of the *Herald*, that they may be frequently read at meal times without loss of appetite—as having induced many persons who were formerly acquainted with no language but Geelongese, to commence the study of English—as having instructed Mr. O'Brien, till he has become glad to leave his sintimints to take care of thimsilvs—and as having effected many hundreds of small improvements of that nature. It is not his local but his universal influence, however, that Mr. Punch chiefly considers, when he contemplates in his own person, the pleasing spectacle of vast genius conscientiously employed, and he will at once pass to a brief review of some of the larger effects he has produced, only pausing to remark farther, with reference to local affairs, that to him should be assigned the credit of the following circumstances:—

Nine feet of water being in Yan Yean Reservoir
Passage of the *Royal Charter*, in 59 days
Success of Dr. Scoresby's Magnetic Experiments
Introduction of Gas into Melbourne.
&c., &c., &c.

Passing to the other Hemisphere, Mr. Punch, would next point out, that to him, in fact, may be attributed the happy termination of the recent war, quite as much as to the British generals in the Crimea. He has written to England and

America such letters as cannot fail to cause a satisfactory settlement of the small matters that have been in dispute between those countries, and when such time shall have elapsed as will have permitted his friendly advice to reach its destination, his beneficial influence at Washington and St. James's will be apparent. It would be a breach of confidence to publish the letters themselves, but he begs the public to judge of them by the result.

The birth of an heir to the French throne is an event which, at the first glance, seems hardly ascribable to the exertions of Mr. Punch; but what will the public say when he informs them of the following piece of advice which he gave in the most friendly and candid manner to the French Emperor. The conversation took place in Paris, and was carried on in French, which happens to be one of the twenty-seven languages which Mr. Punch speaks like a native. "Louis," said Mr. P., "You know that you played the rogue at your election, that you violated your oaths as President, and that you murdered many of your people in your *coups d' etat*. In fact that you are not in all respects a clean potato *(une pomme de terre propre)*. With regard to the marriage as to which you ask my advice, by all means show that you have a heart as well as an ambition, and do not imitate the blunder of your Uncle *(Prêteur sur gage)*. Let it be a love match *(allumette d' amour)* by all means. There can be no doubt whatever that Eugenie is quite worthy of you, however questionable that you are worthy of her." The alliance between two august personages (which occurred in consequence of this conversation) is already matter of history, and the birth of an heir to the French throne is clearly traceable to this circumstance.

Mr. Punch might easily multiply instances of a similar kind, but he refrains. All competent politicians will be able to trace his agency in every beneficial occurrence that has astonished Europe during the past twelve months, and no amount of demonstration will suffice to convince the wilfully blind.

In conclusion, he can only say that though still prepared to receive the respectful sixpence from those who appreciate true worth so as to desire to make a modest weekly offering, he must continue steadily to decline hundred weight nuggets and such too-substantial testimonials, as thousands of well-meaning but misjudging persons desire to present to him, although if Melbourne likes to illuminate and His Excellency desires to declare a public holiday in honor of the first anniversary of the birth of the periodical which bears his name, Melbourne Punch will not positively interdict such natural manifestations of public rejoicing.

REVIEW.

VICTORIA. BY MUNCHAUSEN JONES, 2 VOLS.: MILBOARD & CO., LONDON.

(Second Notice.)

Without further comment, we shall proceed with our extracts from this highly valuable and unusually accurate work :—

THE ABORIGINES.

So many crude and prejudiced accounts of the aboriginal population of Australia have been published by travellers, more anxious I am sorry to say for effect than veracity, that I have been very careful to collect accurate and reliable information respecting this singular people and guard against mis-statements or exaggeration in describing them.

The Australian aborigines, although not absolutely white, display in their complexion that they are not children of Ham. They belong to the whitey-brown or sunburnt Caucasian family. Their appearance strikingly bears out what history and tradition teaches us respecting them—*viz.*, that they are the descendants of Assyrian and Greek colonists, the Greek element predominating. The nature of the climate which I have previously described, and the simplicity and innocence of their mode of life, have combined to give a tawny tinge to their skins, but the thin lips, the lofty brow, and the silky hair of the pure Australian, sufficiently bespeaks his classic origin. Indeed I have often in regarding them, been reminded of renowned works from the chisels of the great masters of ancient sculpture, and while watching a youthful chieftian (Murrumbidgee Billy by name), casting his boomerang the other day, I thought of Byron's lines on the Appollo Belvidere—

"——— the lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life and poesy and light,
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight."

I repeated the lines to the young subject of my admiration, and was pleased to observe his instinctive admiration of their beauty, although his modesty induced him to turn the conversation while in simple and artless language, he said "Too much yabber yabber, that one ; no good--I say whitefellow you got 'em 'hickpence." I was oppressed by a deep sense of the responsibility we incur in corrupting these children of nature, and would not minister to the mercenary propensities which we first implanted in the bosoms of the Australian aborigines.

The women of this race resemble the men, softened down to the type of feminine beauty and perfection. The "lubra" or "gin," of my Apollo might indeed have been the model for the Venus di Medici while the attitude she spontaneously assumed, as I spoke to her, showed how completely the sculptor's genius had comprehended the spirit of true modesty unsubordinated to convention. It is to be remarked that the women occupy with this race a very high place in the social scale, being entirely released from physical drudgery and concentrating their attention upon the embellishments of their houses, and the offices of conjugal and maternal love. In the textile arts, they possess the most exquisite skill, weaving and embroidering a fabric of such beautiful delicacy, and so admirably adapted to the climate as to be scarcely perceptible at a distance, and thus many superficial observers have imagined that they go about *in puris naturalibus*.

While so many aboriginal races have vanished before the face of the colonizing Anglo-Saxon, it is satisfactory in the highest degree to find that in Australia the native and colonizing races are rapidly amalgamating. Inter-marriages between the aborigines and the most wealthy and cultivated of the European colonists are of daily occurrence, and many of the "blackfellows," as they are playfully called, have risen to the highest offices in the state. I may mention a few public men of eminence who still speak with fondness of their early days

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

Conspicuous among these stands "Quibbly Bill," or William Foster Stawell, as he is officially called. He was born on the banks of the "Devil's River," and until within the last few years had little acquaintance with the forms of civilization, from which circumstance many persons erroneously suppose him to be an Irishman. He is now a leading politician and Attorney-General. Occasionally, however, the ungovernable impetuosity of the savage breaks out, but those who look below the surface admire his genius, and, as a punster of my acquaintance called it, his "native ability."

Dr. Murphy, the Chairman of the Central Road Board, is also an aboriginal. He took his doctor's degree in the Kydnifatte University, and is deservedly respected for his medical and parliamentary attainments, and for his knowledge of railways. It is a proof of the rapidity with which his race masters new ideas that though at the opening of the Hobson's Bay Railway, less than two years ago, he exclaimed, on viewing for the first time the singular phenomenon of a train in motion, "Hullo ! plenty run 'em bullocky wheelbarrow, but no got 'em bullocky" ; he is now considered the first authority in Victoria on the subject of inland communication.

Mr. Griffiths, the Chairman of the Sewerage Commission and of the Yan Yean Water Works, was selected for his office on account of his perfect knowledge of native watering places. He performs his duties to admiration, but is exposed to constant attacks from an aboriginal doctor named "Wilkie," between whom and himself an old grudge still exists, on account of the grandfather of the one having eaten the grandmother of the other according to the primitive fashion of the country.

Besides these official personages, there are many aborigines distinguished in the Legislature for various qualities. I may mention particularly Mr. Mollison, whose origin is so obvious to all that look at him ; Mr. Riddle, commonly called the aboriginal Adonis, and Mr. Furlonge. The latter gentleman did not attempt to adapt himself to European modes of life till somewhat advanced in years, and though of much consideration with his tribe, has not yet mastered the elements of civilization. I went up the Yarra River in a boat with him the other day, and the way in which he became excited and shrieked at the waterman evinced that he was mentally living over again the early days in which he subsisted by spearing fish from a canoe. All the gentlemen that I have named have completely abandoned cannibalism, and wear garments closely resembling those of Europeans.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE resemblance upon which I have already remarked between the Aborigines and the Irish is observable in many other respects between this country and Ireland. St. Patrick appears to have visited this island and to have driven out the reptiles as effectually as he did from his native land. Snakes, scorpions, centipedes, and lizards are unknown. Spiders are extremely diminutive, and flies are rarely met with. A young friend of mine, who was brought to this colony when two years of age, and who has travelled much in the bush, caught a fly the other day, and knowing that I was interested in natural curiosities brought it to me expecting that I should have congratulated him on having made a grand discovery. He was much chagrined to learn that the insect, though rare here, was common in other parts of the world. But though the entomologist would find little to repay him for a visit to Australia, the zoologist, or man of the Gordon Cumming stamp, would be completely in his element. The bush abounds with elephants, lions, tigers, panthers, bears, leopards, cheetahs[*], rhinosceroses, hippopotamus, zebras, quaggas, deer (particularly rein deer, gnoos, spring boks, hartebeests, gazelles, antilopes, bisons, buffaloes, chamois, tapirs, armadiloes, sloths, ant-eaters, wolves, foxes, racoons.

Bunyps, kangaroos, wild dogs, and opposssums: The last three are the most common. The kangaroos are very easily captured, as they move entirely upon their tails and fore legs, and as a little soft-soap spread upon the ground is so attractive to them as to render them quite heedless of the approach of man. The same plan may be adopted in capturing the emu—an aquatic bird, somewhat larger than a duck, and celebrated as yielding an oil, with which the streets of Melbourne are exclusively and brilliantly lighted.

The rivers of Australia abound with fish, but oddly enough the ordinary order of nature is reversed, and none but salt water fish are found in the fresh streams. The Yarra, during the season abounds with sperm whales. These huge creatures proceed up the stream during the spawning season and the following spring, accompanied by vast shoals of young, return towards the ocean. There is a considerable waterfall on the Yarra, immediately above Melbourne, and during the upward progress of the whale, numbers of the citizens congregate to see the huge fish take the leap. Thus the breakwater (as it is called) is one of the most fashionable places of resort in or near Melbourne, the bands of the various regiments playing there every afternoon, and no gayer scene can well be imagined than that which this spot presents on such an occasion. Sunshine and sparkling water, and the lively strains of martial music, and crowds of animated gazers, of all ranks, combine to make the *tout ensemble* brilliant in the extreme, while every few minutes a whale rises to the surface, and leaps to the higher stream with a roar that, for the moment, drowns both the music and the sound of the waterfall. I deeply regret that I visited Melbourne at the wrong season of the year for enjoying this novel and interesting spectacle.

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[*] One Australian wag declares that cheetahs are so abundant that even in the streets of Melbourne you may constantly expect to encounter a cheater.

The jungles of Prahran are frequented by vast numbers of apes of all kinds and sizes. The most remarkable is the marsupial Chimpanzee, which grows to a height of about seven feet. It rarely descends to the earth, living among the loftier branches of the cocoa-nut trees, and springing from tree to tree, with marvellous agility. Many cases are recorded illustrating their strength and ferocity when fairly roused; but they are generally harmless enough, and the inhabitants appear to entertain little fear of them. A friend of mine, however, while Rhinosceros hunting at Jika Jika, had a narrow escape being torn from his horse, and carried half-way up a cocoa-nut tree, when a fortunate shot delivered him out of his precarious situation.

YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

YOUNG AUSTRALIAN: Now, then, Coachee—do you mean to keep me here all day ? D' yer think my time aint worth nothing 'cos yourn aint ?

Representative Men.

THE TORTURER.

HE is a native of Hanover or Bavaria. You may verify the fact—if you doubt it, and can speak German—by addressing him, and observing the dialect he employs, in making his reply. He lives with five or six others of his fraternity, (for torturers are gregarious,) in Stephen-street. That is to say, he and they sleep there. Their habitation is so small, that if you once began to speculate upon the ingenious shifts resorted to for the purpose of accommodating so many inmates in so limited a space, the excogitative process might terminate in insanity. It is credibly reported by the next door neighbours, that one lean Hanoverian sleeps upon the mantel-piece, that another supple torturer describes a graceful curve all night long upon a hat peg, that a third creeps into a haut-boy, and a fourth lies coiled inside a corner cupboard. There are thirteen other inmates of the modest two-roomed tenement, but whether they possess the power of sleeping, like flies, upon the ceiling, or of "reducing their shapes to smallest forms," after the fashion of the gentlemen who attended the public meeting, reported in the First Book of *Paradise Lost*, *Punch* cannot take upon himself to say.

Nor can he conjecture what impelled the torturer and his colleagues to embark in their career of misanthrophy and malevolence—to propagate discords—to fill the air with the blatant, brazen, blare of their horrific instruments—to make the day horrible and the night hideous with the unholy and unearthly "grating of their scrannel pipes."

By the infusion of what acid could the torturer's "milk of human kindness" have been soured and curdled ? Was he disappointed in love ? Did he speculate in railways ? Are there any quartz reefs and crushing machines in Hanover ? Could he have ever managed a theatre ? Did he ever edit a newspaper, or write a five-act tragedy, or undertake to compose the differences of two *prime donne*, to pacify a pair of rival beauties, or to allay the bitterness of a couple of political chieftains ?

Punch is a-weary of his efforts to solve a problem that is insoluble. He feels himself—like a shipwrecked mariner on a hen-coop—drifting darkly and dubiously along a sea of boundless conjecture. He has neither a star to enlighten, nor a compass to guide him. The sea is a great fact, and so is the malignant misanthropy of the torturer, but *his* motives and *its* phenomena are alike inexplicable. Let us get back to Stephen-street.

There is nothing malignant in the countenance of the torturer. He is a meek-eyed man, small in stature, short of neck, and round in shoulder. His hair is usually cropped close, his cheeks resemble apples in their rotundity and russet tinge, and his beard, (when he wears one,) is straw-colored. The habits of himself and comrades are thrifty, acquisitive and excursive. His fare is frugal, and his wardrobe rarely replenished. Naturally taciturn, he expends the whole of his breath upon his instruments of torture. Systematically just in the infliction of evil, he haunts all quarters of the city and its suburbs; but with a refinement of cruelty that testifies to the reflective and observant habits of his mind, he selects for his victims those who are engaged in the pursuit of convivial enjoyment, at taverns and other public places of resort.

Punch cannot of his own knowledge, assert, that the "Art of Ingeniously Tormenting," so ingeniously written by the ingenious Mr. Beckford, has ever been translated into German—Hanoverian German—but, if such a translation exists, *Punch* is prepared to assert that the torturer and his familiars have made it their diligent study, and may write themselves M.A., *magistri artis*, accordingly.

They—the torturer and his familiars aforesaid—will plant themselves in the open space before the *Prince of Wales*, and practising their hideous arts with a most malicious persistency of purpose, will so exasperate the feelings of innocent and unoffending squatters—fresh from the pastoral and peaceful solitudes of the Loddon—that they, (the unoffending squatters), will rush forth, in very desperation, and undergo a fearful quantity of Italian Opera, to the manifest perplexity, if not to the utter derangement, of their unsophisticated intellects.

They—always meaning the torturer and his familiars—will define their ominous circle on the gentle rise immediately before the *Argus* Hotel, and will then and there proceed to work their wicked will upon the ears and senses of the guests, until the dinner-eaters—otherwise and theretofore gentle and placid men—will glare at each other angrily across the table, and become secretly conscious of a morbid impulse to play the Chinese knife-trick with their *vis-a-vis*.

They—and still the torturer and his familiars are implied—divining that the honey-moon often waxes and wanes above the Royal Hotel, St. Kilda, pursue the bride and bride-groom to this refuge of the newly-married, and maliciously cloud the lustre of that sweet planet in its first quarter—its very infancy. By some mysterious instinct the torturers know the very window at which—evening having fallen on the sea—the happy couple sit—no ! she sits, and he stands bending over her—indulging in some rapturous talk about

> "The ebbing sunset and the rising stars."

The torturing fraternity espy their victims, and "eyeing them askance" even as the Prince of Darkness eyed the "grand old gardener" and his wife, prepare to institute divorce between them. With what success, let any candid and ingenuous couple who have listened to the strange sounds extorted from their instruments by these torturers, honestly confess. *Punch* puts it to you, Mr. Jones,—to you, who have already had more than one tiff with Mrs. Jones upon the pudding question—whether the first temptation to irritability was not experienced concurrently with that brazen serenade inflicted upon you by the torturers, on a certain evening, three days after your marriage, at the Royal Hotel, St. Kilda. Jones, lay your hand upon your heart, and confess it like a man; admit the fact, and plead that mutilated chorus from Der Freischutz in extenuation. It would have driven Weber mad. If it made you peevish, it is no great wonder; and if you spoke shortly, almost tartly to Mrs. Jones, didn't she forgive you half-an-hour afterwards, (the torturer and his familiars having been bribed to depart,) and didn't she call you "a dear old stupid darling," and pull your pet whisker (you peevish man !) with the prettiest fingers (don't pretend to deny that you called them so) in the world ?

With a feeling of curiosity akin to that of the man who first propounded the question "What becomes of the pins ?" *Punch* enquires what becomes of the torturer after he has grown rich upon the bribes he has received as the purchase-money of his silence? Do his torturing propensities cease with the cessation of his poverty? Does he, before he takes his passage home to Europe bury that bright and blatant instrument of his, where Prospero buried his magic wand—"certain fathoms in the earth?" Or does he—oh! horror of horrors—maliciously and deliberately associate himself with other torturers, and practise his diabolical arts, for three whole months on shipboard?

Does he still retain a lingering animosity against his fellow-men? Does he retire into a light-house, or into the lodge of a turnpike-gate? Does he perpetuate his misanthrepic feelings by accepting the appointment of a *douanier* in an Austrian custom-house; or does he take lodgings in a quiet street at the West-end of London and practise new tunes from English operas all day long upon the trombone?

To look at him, as he stands before the writer at this moment, one of a circle of six, each clad in a coat of coarse texture, long since discharged of its original color, and chiefly conspicuous for its brass buttons,—each with a peaked cap upon his head, and each with distended cheeks, puffing away at his instrument of torture, you would never suspect him of a malevolent feeling. Is it possible that he is a torturer unwittingly?

Suppose we give the mild, blue-eyed, fair-haired, Teuton the benefit of the doubt; even at the risk of destroying the canvass upon which *Punch* has sketched—in distemper!—this present addition to his gallery of "Representative Men."

Welkummin the Eggsile.

By Pleeseman X.

Of a certing dinner-party,
  Vich on Monday last befell,
Mister Punch, with your permishun,
  I am goin for to tell.

How a gent named Gavan Duffy,
  Come out by the Oshing Cheef,
You'll exkuse pertickler menshun,
  Cos my time is rayther brief.

For I've got to go on dooty,
  Punkshally at nine to nite,
Vich leaves very little lesshure
  This here ardjus verse to rite.

Well, sir, Mister Gavan Duffy,
  Certing gents and M. L. C.'s—
Kindly ast to dine at 'Ockins,
  If so be as he would plees.

Grashusly that gent consented,
  And they had a plenchus spread,
Fish, and flesh, and fowl, and fruit—for
  Only thirty bob a head.

But, sir, sum as came to dinner,
  Couldn't find a hempty seat,
And they hangry stood and ungry,
  Watching other persings eat.

And the gents as ad got plaices,
  Did devour up all the food—
And left none for them there stoopids
  As outside a-waiting stood.

Likewise, as they all was thusty—
  For a 'ot north wind did blow—
Free as water from a founting
  Did the wine and lickers flow.

So that when the time was come for
  All the reglar toasts and speeches,
Noisy guests in their good manners
  Made a hawful lot of breeches.

Roarin, shoutin, cheerin, whoopin;
  On my beat I heard the yell,
And ses I these gents is drinkin,
  Pretty freely I can tell.

And I heerd the chairman cryin
  "Order, Order," rather loud, he
Must have thort his Irish friends was
  Very rough and very rowdy.

Then he jumps upon the table,
  And ses he "I'll leave the cheer,
Such a mighty botherashun's
  More nor I'm incloin'd to bear."

Presently, another mounts it
  For to sing the Marsellase;
And ten gents tugs at his coat-tails
  In as many different ways.

Then the uproar grew more louder;
  All the guests at once a-talkin.
And thinks I "my chalks I'd better
  From this spot at once be walkin."

I've no wish, to-morrow mornin
  For to go before the Mare,
And that these here gents were tipsy
  In the witness box to sware.

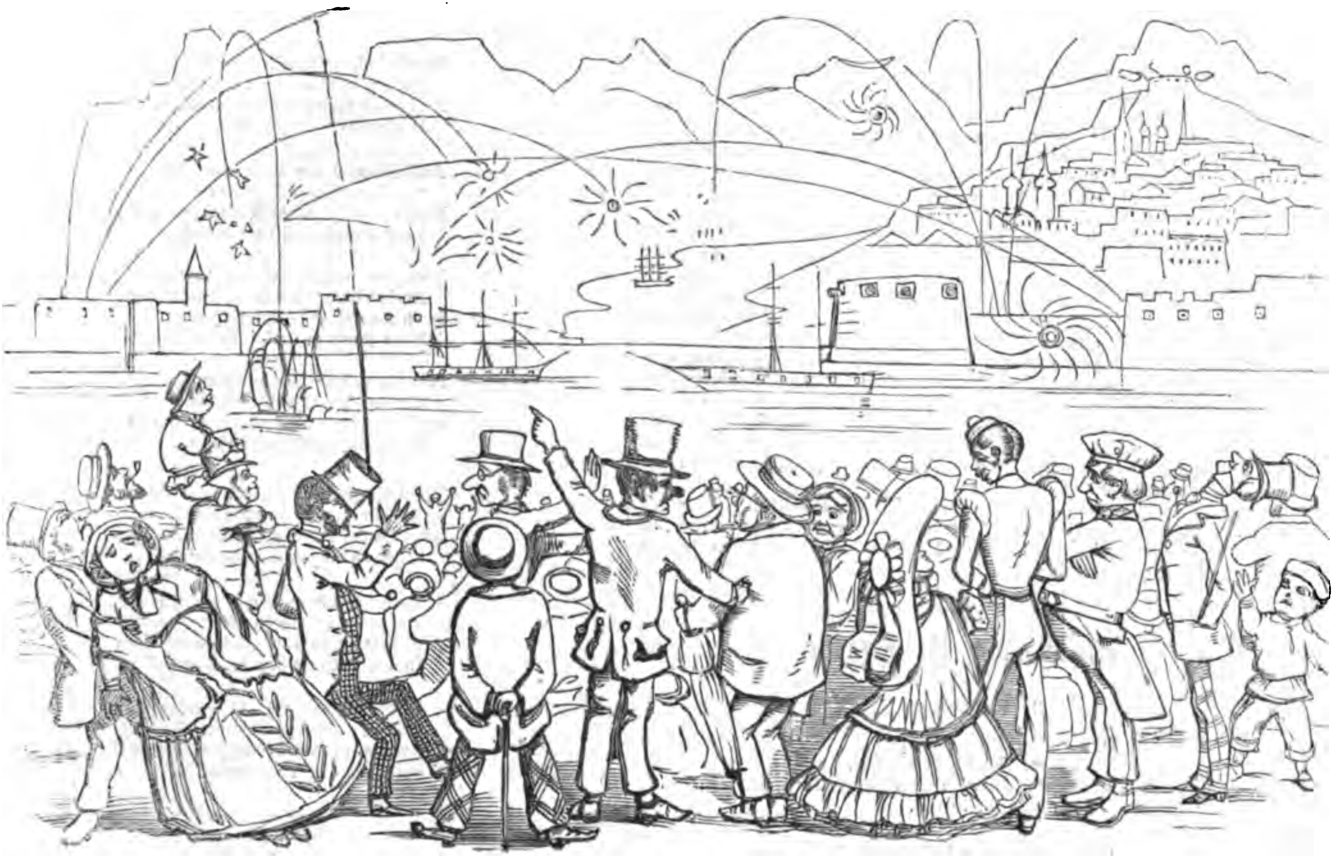
"There's some M. L. C.'s among 'em
  Wich I very much respex,
They shant pay the two-pound fine through
  Bein' seen by Pleeseman X."

Gaw-dy but not Neat.

Geelong is really a very startling and extraordinary kind of place, and great men turn up there in the most unexpected way. A few days ago, Captain Layard, the generallissimo of the Geelong Rifles, got involved in some differences with a policeman, and rightly or wrongly was brought up before the magistrates, and fined five pounds. With that case we have nothing to do, and only hope that the justices of the pivot have not been injuring their city by discouraging the efforts of those who would show that however slow it may be on ordinary occasions, it is possible to be fast there occasionally. Perhaps. however, the magistrates thought that Captain Layard was not only fast, but loose also, and would not have Geelong properties played fast and loose with by anybody.

But our man is Gaw. Gaw was somehow mixed up with the row, and Gaw is "a member of the Melbourne Press, and Gaw declared that he "would caricature the whole of the parties in *Melbourne Punch*." Now, as Mr. Punch never heard of Gaw, and is unable to find any "member of the Melbourne Press" who ever heard of him either, Gaw's declaration becomes somewhat puzzling. As a rule, Mr. Punch, it well known never admits anything of the nature of caricature into his periodical, and is quite unconscious of having ever made any exception in favor of Gaw. But he is quite certain that he never will permit any one—Gaw or not Gaw—to use his periodical as a weapon to private quarrels. Therefore Gaw and others are henceforth advised before threatening to caricature their foes in *Melbourne Punch* to ascertain what the sentiments of *Melbourne Punch* are. The possession of influence with that truly great man is no doubt to be coveted, and subject of just pride among those who enjoy it, but neither Gaw nor anybody else should "frighten with false fire" such as that with which Gaw endeavoured to alarm the incorruptible beaks of the "natural capitol."

A Prodigious Comparison.—Why is Mr. Nicholson like Dominie Samson? Because he is a "stickit minister."



THE TAKING OF SEBASTOPOL.

Mr. Smith explains (at Cremorne) where and how he got wounded in the Crimea.

(N.B.—He cut the service in disgust, and came out to Australia, on account of the non-recognition of real merit in the British Army.)

The Burns Festival.

(BY A GHOSTLY SPECTATOR.)

Ye ken that ghaists hae got the right
To skelp it through the warl by night,
Provided that wi mornin light
They in a crack
To that same place where now I write
Straught hie them back.

And oft beneath the blinkin' moon,
I tread again the banks o' Doon;
Or stan'—to watch auld Ayr's grey toon—
Upon the brigs;
Or some wild wistfu' sonnet croon,
'Mang the corn rigs.

But ance the fancy took my head
Mair strange and distant paths to tread,
And gliding swift where fortune led,
Reached Melbourne city.
To tell ye how therein I sped
I pen this ditty:—

Guidsake man, 'tis an unco place,
Wi mair I wot o' gear than grace;
Where folk o' every clime and race
For geordies scramble—
Work, swindle, plunder, as the case
May be, or gamble.

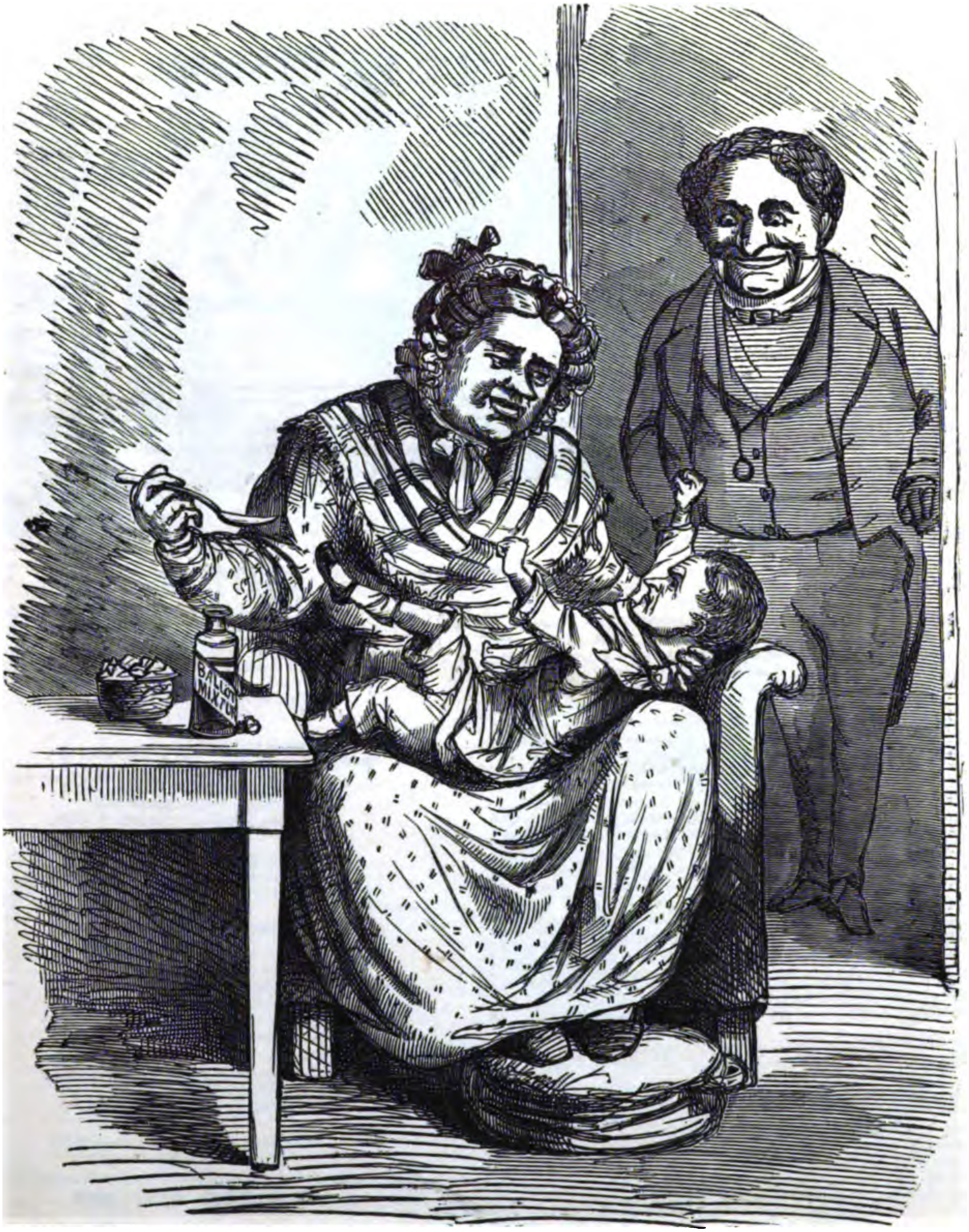
Sae on I moved, whyles musing what
Perchance had been the bardie's lot,—
Gin he to siccan place had got
In auld lang syne,
And done what here they ca' to "squat"
Wi sheep and kine.

Instead o' auld wives barrels gaugin'—
Wi fickle fortune battle wagin'—
Whyles even hunger scarce aswagin,
Still rhymin' on;
At turns half daft wi bootless ragin'
At chances gone.

"Ah weel," I cried "it's a' ane noo
I did as nature bade me do
And glimpses had of glory too,
Nae gold could buy,
Though stumpin' but ahint a pleugh
Or herdin kye."

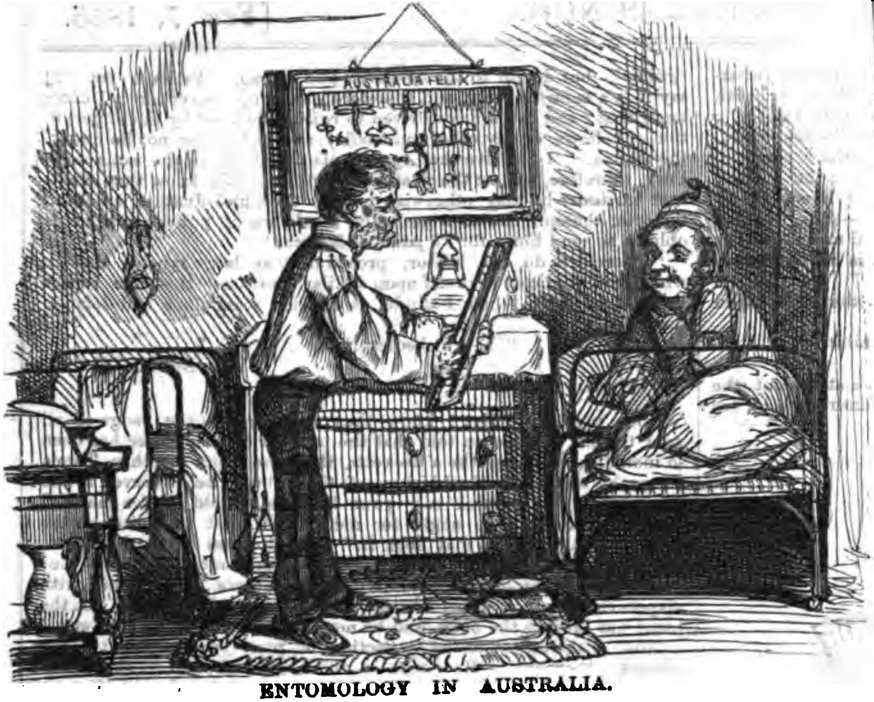
'Thus thinkin', I beheld a light,
That through the murky air o' night
Cam streamin' towards me broad and bright—
And gangin' till it,
Got to a biggin braw and white,
And keeked intill it.

A rowth o' chiels had met thegither
To dine and drink wi ane anither,
Scot, Southron, Yankee, a' brought thither
Wi common aim.
So on I keeked in dubious swither
To learn the same.



TAKE IT QUIETLY.

NURSE NICHOLSON: Now, Master Stawell, it's no good kicking: You must take your ballot mixture, and you might as well do it without my holding your nose and pouring it down your throat.—See, here's Pa a-coming.



ENTOMOLOGY IN AUSTRALIA.

OLD CHUM: Never mind 'em, Sir; by the time they've been at you for five or six years, you wont find the mosquitos touch you.

A New Age.

IN the present age of progress, phenomena are constantly occurring which frequently bewilder the unscientific mind. Changes which are not yet explained have lately been detected in the motion of the Celestial bodies, and in accordance with the new calculations the callendar has been altered. Witness the following extract from the head-line of a daily paper--

"THE AGE: FRIDAY. FEBRUARY 31, 1856."

We do not dispute the accuracy of this new feature in Leap Year, but the public at large has been rather alarmed at the innovation, and the Philosophical Institute has appointed a sub-committee to take itinto consideration.

Then up there rose mid shouts and cheers,
A man wha ablins forty years
Had seen of warl'ly hopes and fears—
And in good phrase
Spoke n[illegible]—I scarce believed my ears—
In B[illegible]'s praise.

It seems that a' the [illegible] motley thrang
[illegible]th speech and sang
Foregathered there, w[illegible]ne lang,
To honour ane wha dead sy.
Had strung some rhymes.
Still cherished wi' affection strang
E'en in these climes.

Mere "random shots o' kintra wit,"
By rough hard hand at snatches writ,
As mither nature sent the fit—
By hedge or ingle—
As labour's pauses did permit—
In byre or dingle.

Wha could hae guessed the artless strain
Was destined sic a place to gain,
Sic wide-spread favour to obtain
Through a' the earth;
Mere aff-loof cries, and joy and pain,
Or scraps o' mirth.

Sae musin, wonderin, more and more,
My mind flew back to days o' yore,
While fast and furious grew the roar
Of those within;
Till wearied o' their drucken splore,
I quat the din.

PURE GOLD FROM GEELONG.

GEELONG has its Chrysostom—its golden-mouthed expounder of wisdom to the multitude. More metaphorical than the Byzantine orator, the tropes which fall from the lips, or, to speak more accurately, from the pen of the Geelong sage, transcend those of the saint, in the same degree that the Pivot transcends Constantinople.

Punch sometimes fears that the brilliant metaphors of the editor of the *Geelong Advertiser* are not properly appreciated by the readers of that entertaining journal, and therefore has *Punch* detached from their original setting a few of these "gems of purest ray serene," in order that their lustre may be recognised and appreciated by the whole colony.

In an article upon the Gold Export Duty, the metaphorical writer in the *Advertiser* thus expresses him (or her) self:—

"It (the duty) is intimately interwoven with the monetary interests of the colony. It beetles over the Imperial Government, which succumbs to it, and it holds in its thralls the mercantile interests."

There's a Proteus for you! The Gold Export Duty is a textile fabric; and a precipice ("beetling over the Imperial Government which succumbs to it,"—a government succumbing to a precipice!) and a gaoler with no end of manacles for "the mercantile interest!" Let us read a little farther on:—

"Convenience cloaked iniquity, and the necessity of new loans cemented it"—

How affluent in images must the mind of this writer be! "Iniquity" presents itself to his imagination at one moment under the aspect of an individual in want of a garment, and the next under that of a couple of smooth ashlars, to be "cemented" by—necessity!

—"Until Government plunged into debt, PLUNGED the revenue into the same state that the operations of a limited currency PLUNGED the property of the people at large, who, lured on to enterprise by the prospects of gold, suddenly found themselves denuded of gold, and reduced to a monetary medium as limited as though there was no gold in the country."

The "people at large," it seems, (and really they ought not to be "at large" if they are guilty of such insane conduct,) have been manufacturing gold by some ingenious process into wearing apparel, whereof they have "suddenly found themselves denuded," and as an unnatural and miraculous consequence, have been "reduced to a monetary medium." *Punch* does not clearly understand by what process the transformation is effected; but having been made acquainted with this startling piece of information, he purposes narrowly scrutinizing every bank note and sovereign that may pass through his hands, as he may be unconsciously paying away all that remains of a once dear friend, now "reduced to a monetary medium."

"The Gold Export is a splendid measure. The gold [illegible] trade of twelve millions in dust is a SPLENDID monopoly. The command of all the pr[illegible]perty of a gold colony is a SPLENDID position for companydom (!), and so is pawnbroker[illegible]dom (!!) of its revenues by foreign capitalists, and the one is mixed up with the oth[illegible]er and so blended, that one portion cannot be excised without affecting the rest."

Now, what is mixed up with which,—whether Companydom (whatever that may mean) is blended with Pawnbrokerydom, or with revenues, or with foreign capitalists ; and what "cannot be excised" ; and what is the "rest" which is necessarily "affected,"—the "rest" which figures in the bankers' financial statements, or the "rest" in which we all indulge at night (mosquitoes permitting), or the "rest" of mankind generally,—*Punch* is destitute of anything like a clue to discover. Is the writer perpetrating a ponderous joke,—slyly "poking fun" at the dull dogs who pore over gold circulars, and make speeches about the Export Duty in the Legislative Council, or is he studiously obscure and mysteriously oracular ?

Punch running his eye down the article, finds his attention arrested by a passage which may assist in solving the enigma.

"We, says the *Advertiser*, "make a sublime exhibition of tom-foolery to Europe.

Punch entirely believes in the veracity of the writer's statement (the sublimity excepted) and professes the utmost admiration of his candor.

A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE.

A Miss is as good as a Myles.

Private and Confidential.

MELBOURNE PUNCH, ESQ., TO SIR WM. A'BECKETT, C.J.

My Dear Willy,—

My eye was caught by the following paragraph in yesterday's *Herald* :—

A MANIFEST ERROR.

"We have received the following letter from his Honor the Chief Justice, and, though we feel some doubt whether we are at liberty to publish it, we think such a *morceau* is too good to be lost, and therefore we print it.—

"*To the Editor of The Herald.*

"Sir,—In your copy of the manifest of the Electra in to-day's paper you report me as the consignee of '1 box of apparel, 4 cases of hardware, and *five pairs bellows.*' Now to the box of apparel I plead 'guilty'—but demur to the *hardware* and *bellows*. Perhaps you will say it is a *manifest* error, and therefore needs no correction ; I don't know that ; and as I am not driven to *raising the wind* by the importation of bellows, or any other commodity, and had rather not lie under the stigma. I perceive the *Age* has placarded me in the same way. Pray, therefore, do *me* the justice to let the public know that whatever *hardware* he may otherwise deal in, the Chief Justice is not an importer thereof, nor so wretchedly avaricious of puffery, that he is obliged to send home for '*5 pairs of bellows!*'

"Therefore do, Mr. Editor, proclaim in as large type as that in which you vindicate yourself upon similar occasions—that the report in the manifest to which I allude, is a 'false, scandalous and defamatory libel.'

"Yours obediently,

"W. A'BECKETT.

"February 2, 1856."

Now, my dear Willy, I know that punning "is the badge of all your tribe." I am even told that the propensity is and ever has been so ineradicable among the a'Becketts, that when your brother Tom's namesake was made Archbishop of Canterbury, he observed to the Pope, "They may think me, your Holiness, an old *fish* for that *see*, but if they attempt to angle for me, they'll find me quite on the square—so the gentles may hook it." His Holiness shook his head, and replied "*mi fili qui punnit punitur.*" I remember too that your brother Gil, when quite a boy, used, at my fathers, to be bribed with sixpences into occasional abstinence from verbal quibbles, but the habit was bred in the bone, and he never could earn much that way.

Now, with respect to the collection of puns you have sent to the *Herald*; they are well enough in their way, though perhaps that about the *hardware* is a little out of place considering the black caps. Still you only want a little training in a good school to be able to write very average pantomime play-bills, and occasionally a short *pen* for me.

Therefore, out of consideration for your family, I will take you into my office without a premium, and I think that after you have had a little tuition, I may be able (without injustice to my little family) to afford you a pound a week, provided you relinquish your present uncongenial judicial engagements.

Ever, my dear Willy,
Yours truly.
M. PUNCH.

A Point of Law.

Certain proprietors of shoe-shops and other fripperies, have lately been annoyed by the officious intrusions of a meddling police, who attempted to restrict the said shopkeepers' right of exposing goods on the footpath, and otherwise doing what they liked with their own. It was alleged that such exposure of goods was provocative of crime, inasmuch as many people to whom both boots and money were *caret*, were not proof against the temptation so cast in their way, and further that the footways were obstructed thereby, of course this was all nonsense, and the police could not touch the shopkeepers but the annoyance still remained that they did. It was successfully shown that not more than five cases had been received into the Melbourne Hospital in one week of persons who had broken their legs over packages left in the pathways ; that not more than two-thirds of criminals in the gaol traced their career of crime to a pair of patent high-lows in Bourke-street, and that twenty-five thousand pedestrians had in one day voluntarily signed a petition, praying for the protection of the shopkeepers' rights: but in vain, the magistrates were inexorable, and a harvest of fines was collected. To escape this imposition, the opinion of the Attorney-General has been obtained at immense expense, and he has given assurance that if the goods are not exposed *for sale* they do not come within the meaning of the Act. Accordingly, bills have been printed and extensively circulated by the slopsellers' committee, with these words "In accordance with the Act of Council, these goods are not for sale. Walk inside." Of course this Ægis will not be altogether proof against assault, but backed as it is by the opinion of the first law officer of the crown, it will doubtless have its effect.

Representative Men.

THE SUPERNUMERARY.

YOU bestow a passing glance upon a face in the street, and it haunts you for the day. It becomes a mysterious perplexity, a permanent puzzle, a standing bewilderment. You have either seen it in a picture, or read of it in history, or confronted it in a dream :- This is your first impression. The next is, that you have met it many times before, in an infinite variety of scenes, and at widely different epochs in the history of the world. The casual sight of that face plunges you into a whirlpool of speculation, metaphysical, psychological, and ontological, from which you take refuge by attaching your belief to the doctrine of metempsychosis.

Your memory cannot err. Every lineament of that inexpressive and coarse-grained face is as familiar to your recollection as the pimple on the nose of your dearest friend, or the blue monition of inevitable decay upon his front tooth. You remember distinctly that the owner of the perplexing countenance always carried his hands in that ungainly fashion,—that he had large feet, and was in-kneed.

"Bless my heart !" you say, "I met that man outside the gates of Troy, when Eneas came with Hector's challenge to the Grecian camp. I saw him afterwards pace up and down before the tent of Marcus Brutus, the night before he fought at Philippi. I remember, too, this was the very messenger who was knocked down by Cleopatra, for bringing such untoward news from Italy. He wore a domino at Capulet's masked ball in Verona. He was a nobleman in the court of Henry the Eighth, when Cranmer christened the Princess Elizabeth. He helped to carry Falstaff, in the buck-basket, to Datchet lane. I saw him once, dealing death and destruction to the French at Agincourt. I remember him sitting in council among the Signory of Venice, when Othello's expedition to Cyprus was in debate. He carried a green bough and fought at Dunsinane. He was a forester, and flourished a hunting spear in the "desert city" of Arden. The man must have had more lives than a room full of cats, a wider experience than Ulysses, a profounder insight into humanity than Shakspere !"

SHAKSPERE ? "A light breaks in upon your brain." *Shakspere ?* The light expands into a blaze. Shakspere ? The puzzle is explained, the mystery unravelled. You can dispense with the doctrine of metempsychosis now. The casual mention of a name has solved the problem which perplexed you.

The face is the face of a theatrical supernumerary; and you breathe more freely, now that a load of speculative cogitation is taken off your mind.

A supernumerary ! A man with two lives,—the one private and insignificant : the other public but anonymous. A creature who hangs—like the coffin of the prophet—between two worlds,—the region of fact and the realm of fancy. He may take his nightly rest in a cheap lodging-house; and yet many of his waking hours shall be spent in the society of princes and nobles, monarchs and courtiers. He may eat his daily meals in one of the shilling restaurants in Flinders-lane; nevertheless he shall be privileged to sun himself in Roman forums, and Italian palaces, and to partake of imaginary banquets in Scottish castles, or Assyrian halls of state. The innumerable ailments of humanity may visit and afflict him, but he bears a charmed life on every battle-field.. His ordinary gear shall be scant and shabby; and yet will he flaunt it bravely at night in scarlet and ermine, in chain armour and panoply of war, in velvet and spangles, or in Phrygian cap and Grecian tunic. His habitual gait and portance may be careless and devoid of grace: but he will bear an oriflamme in battle or a crozier in a procession of ecclesiastics, like one who had been accustomed to both dignity and discipline. He is the Junius of the stage, and *stat nominis umbra*. He ranks with the illustrious *incogniti* of his race. His generic designations are numberless; his specific appellation a secret, confided to the stage-manager, the treasurer, and the keeper of the wardrobe. No one ever hears of him in private life. Socially, he is a non-entity. His occupation does not figure in the Directory. None of his profession have ever sat in the Legislative Council, though there are plenty of actual supernumeraries there. *Punch* never saw the marriage of a supernumerary recorded in the *Argus*, nor his calling graven upon a tombstone. To his credit be it spoken, no supernumerary ever took the chair at a public dinner; or wrote a five-act tragedy; or proclaimed that he had "a mission;" or attempted to be funny in company; or set up for a patriot; or persecuted a newspaper editor with re-iterated details of an imaginary grievance; or habitually sprinkled his conversation with puns; or otherwise grossly misconducted himself. No, the virtues of his character are negative : the utilities of his career positive.

A thick veil shrouds his domestic life from observation. It may be doubted, indeed, if he has any domestic life Who ever heard of a supernumerary's house, or wife, or children ? What sheriff's officer ever distrained upon *his* goods for rent; or what auctioneer was at any time instructed to "submit *his* furniture and effects to public competition, without reserve ?"

The "Caucasian mystery" is a revelation compared with the mystery which envelopes the Supernumerary, when off the stage.

By the force of what attraction does the supernumerary gravitate towards the theatre ? Or is he born to his vocation, like the poet ? Are the small children, who receive such tender embraces from Mrs. Haller and Miss Norma, supernumeraries in the bud ? And do they blossom into incense-bearing acolytes, and silken pages, who appear to be always practising "the first regular step in freemasonry ?" Is there, in any part of the world, a training-school for supernumeraries, or are they "to the manner born ?" Does he participate in the weaknesses of his betters, and throw up his part and his place, if he happens to be cast for a standard-bearer instead of a senator ? Is he afflicted with the morbid vanity of tragedy heros and heroines, and would be feel his professional reputation imperilled if he were to accept the *role* of Second instead of First Lord, in any given play ? Has he—dim and distant planet, that he is, in the dramatic firmament, and revolving in an orbit, remote from the orbits of the major luminaries—has he his little circle of admirers, defenders, and partisans ? And do they discover occasion for comment and eulogy in the bearing of his helmet, the carriage of his banner, or the vehemence of his blows in battle ?

In which of the two worlds that he inhabits, does the supernumerary feel most at home,—in the region of fact, or the realm of fancy ? Is ideality or acquisitiveness the predominating organ in his head ? Does he "believe" in the fictions of the stage, or the realities of life ? Does he most affect rehearsals or the pay-table ? And as, he emerges at night from the stage-door, into the working-day world, leaving his gay garments and his character behind him, is he conscious of a sentiment akin to that experienced by the ex-Lord Mayor of London, when he takes his departure from the Mansion House, on the evening of the eighth of November ; or of a feeling of abasement, loss and exile, like that of Adam and Eve issuing from the Garden of Eden, when

> "The wide and melancholy earth
> Gather'd her hills around them, grey and ghast,
> And stared with blank significance of loss
> Right in their faces !"

The Early Closing Movement.

SIR,—

Much has been said lately about closing business earlier. Now, *I* should like to see the hours of labour shortened, but what's the use of closing before seven o'clock ? The theatres are not open before 8, and the Salle de Valentino is deuced slow before ten, and I should like to know the fun of going to Cremorne by daylight ? Now if it was proposed to open business an hour or two later in the morning it would all be very well. I could see sense in that. You cannot return home from the Salle until one o'clock, nor from Cremorne until two or half-past, and living as I do at the farthest extremity of Collingwood flat, I should like to know how a fellow can be supposed to resume business at eight or nine o'clock in the morning.

Yours truly,
RICHARD SWIVELLER.

NEW INVENTION.—We hear that a company is about to be started on the novel principle of Crushing Quartz instead of the shareholders, and extracting gold from the former instead of the pockets of the latter.

A YOUNG MEMBER of the Volunteer Rifles writing to the *Argus*, expresses his dissatisfaction at the proposed Dinner of the members comprising the force, and suggests a Ball as a more social entertainment, and as being more agreeable to the softer sex. We not only think his proposition "fare" ; but we consider a "ball" more appropriate, and we trust it will go off with *eclat*, and that the report we shall have of it will redound to the credit of the gallant corps.

A Sintiment of an Hon. Member of the 'Ouse.—Why was Deaf Burke the prize-fighter like a bag of ground rice ? Ah thin sure ! Because he's a Paddy that's gone through a mill.

A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE.
(De Lunatico Inquerendo).

REVIEW.

Victoria : By Munchausen Jones : 2 Vols., Milboard. & Co. London.

We proceed with our extracts from the above admirable work :—

Life at the Diggings.

"I can fancy that to those sons of luxury who cannot conceive the existence of happiness dissociated from English forms of civilization—from a handsome house in Belgravia, a country seat, a shooting box for the grouse season, and a box at the opera when more attractive game is on the wing, a chariot for the ring, a good stud of park hacks for Rotten Row, a clever hunter or two for Melton Mowbray, a yacht at Cowes, a promising colt at Tom Scott's, and so on ;—I say I can fancy that for such men digging may at first seem somewhat unattractive. And it is astonishing what a number of these men one meets in Australia. At least every second individual has enjoyed all these advantages. They tell you so themselves without circumlocution. Waiters at inns, drivers of omnibusses, nondescript gentlemen seeking situations in the bush, and ready to cook chops till they come into their properties, policemen, porters, boatmen, young lawyers and doctors, clerks, reporters, and what not, have for the most part been one and all living at the rate of fifteen thousand a year, until inexplicable circumstances cast them penniless upon these shores. It is evident from the confessions that have been made to me by individuals of all classes that the nobility and gentry of England must be in rapid process of being drained out into Australia.

"Now, it is not surprising that among a population so composed, even the light and exhilarating occupation of gold digging should sometimes appear a little dull and monotonous, and that their distempered fancies should have colored a most erroneous picture of diggings life, but one which has received too ready an acceptance at home. These men have emigrated to Australia in the belief that a week's labour would enable them to redeem the enormous patrimonies that each has enjoyed in his native land, and when they find that the continuous exertion of many weeks is requisite before they can acquire even eight or ten thousand pounds, they are not unnaturally disgusted by the contrast between the station they have relinquished and the disadvantages they endure.

"To men of more moderate expectations, however, digging is a most attractive occupation. In former days the diggers used to live in tents, but these are now entirely superseded by handsome stone houses, which, although frequently three or four stories in height, are perfectly portable. The rents of these mansions, though they might sound high to English ears, are so small in proportion to the digger's earnings, that even those who are not eminently successful, are enabled in a few weeks to command a handsome establishment. The digger who enjoys ordinary good luck, however, generally lives in a style of oriental splendour, with vast troops of Indian and other servants, and with all the means and appliances of a high, though perhaps semi-barbarous state of comfort. This must be remembered when we hear diggers speak of "making nothing." They mean that they are making little beyond a livelihood suitable to the customs of the place, but according to that mode of reckoning, a lawyer or doctor making four or five thousand a year and spending it might in like manner be said to be "making nothing." To my thinking the phrase is scarcely applicable to one who can afford the expenses of the mode of life I am about to describe, which is that of the averagely prosperous digger.

"When he wakes in the morning, he touches a little golden hand-bell and a page brings his hookah, which he smokes while his bath is being prepared. As soon as his toilette is completed, his horses are generally brought to the door, and he either rides or drives for an hour or two. Returning to breakfast about ten o'clock, he finds himself in a frame of body to do ample justice to the good things with which his board is spread. This meal is generally served in the French fashion with numerous imported delicacies, and an abundance of wine and fruit and ice,—but the eye of the stranger is chiefly attracted by the native dishes, of which the following are perhaps the most conspicuous—Bunyip steaks *a la maitre de water-hole,* ornithorynchus paradoxus stewed in emu oil, kangaroo *au naturel,* Jew-lizard *au gratin,* the hump of the marsupial bison pickled, caviare made from the roe of the whip-snake, a few young fresh water whales, and a variety of fruits found everywhere in the bush- such as pine-apples, melons, guavas, bananas, peaches, grapes, strawberries, etc., etc., all of which may be had for the trouble of gathering. After breakfast, the digger rides to his mine and spends some hours in what is called *nuggeting,* that is to say, in picking out all lumps of gold exceeding a walnut in size. A servant stands by with a basket to receive them. The smaller gold is left to be separated by a different process. When the digger strikes his pick into a piece of gold too large and heavy to be removed whole, he proceeds to quarry it after the manner employed in the Portland and other stone quarries, blasting the metal with gunpowder, or breaking it up with wedges into lumps of about the size of a quartern loaf. Serious accidents however sometimes occur from rash attempts to move pieces of inconvenient size and weight. A fine young man named Jones, having unexpectedly come upon a nugget about as large as a grindstone, became excited, and attempted to lift it entire out of the hole, but the weight was too great for him, and it fell, crushing one of his feet, and laming him for life. He now walks about a melancholy example of the ills arising from cupidity, and a warning to others not to sacrifice the blessing of health in a too eager pursuit of the fleeting and doubtful joys of riches. The number of persons who have sprained and otherwise injured themselves in the same way would probably appear incredible were I to tell it. I shall therefore refrain from doing so, for though truth is stranger than fiction, I am sorry to say it does not always meet with belief, and I would rather be censured for omitting to mention some of the most remarkable peculiarities of Australia, than write anything that might be thought to be exaggerated and which might therefore tend to weaken the implicit confidence which I trust my readers repose in my "plain unvarnished" account. At about four o'clock the labours of the day are concluded and at that time the diggings are quite alive with the chariots, curricles, tandems and saddle-horses which the diggers' servants are bringing to convey their masters home. The evening is generally spent in social intercourse or gaity. Altogether, though the digger's life may be a somewhat frivolous one, it certainly has its charms.

Condition of the Australian Masses.

"My account of the gold-fields might perhaps mislead (for which I should never forgive myself) if it were unaccompanied by a darker picture of what I am sorry to say is but another phase of the truth. The great mass of European immigrants is sunk in a condition of the most abject poverty and wretchedness, beside which, the state of Irish Cottiers during the famine, or of Dorsetshire labourers during the most trying times, is one of comfort and independance. The most truthful report on this subject that has gone home, to my knowledge, is that of Mr. Hewitt, an eminent officer of police, whose descriptions are I think nearly as much to be relied upon as my own. He speaks very properly of "starvation sure," being the lot of the great bulk of immigrants; and in fact no one should come to this part of the world who is not fully prepared to encounter so much. I subjoin a wages table, which fully bears out what I say:—

Trade.	Wages per diem.
Bricklayers	4d.
Carpenters	3½d.
Farm servants (without rations)	2d.
Gardeners	2½d.
Grooms (without livery)	2d,
Journeymen tailors	4½d.
———— shoemakers	4d.
Labourers (navvies, &c.)	2¾d.
Masons	4d.
Printers (per thousand)	½d.
Shepherds (without rations)	2d.

"Other occupations are proportionately remunerated. Numbers of persons, however, are unable to procure employment even at these rates, so that the streets swarm with beggars, whose miserable condition contrasts sadly with the surrounding magnificence.

"But how," it may be asked, "comes it that such misery can exist when the gold-fields and the advantages attendant on mining are open to all?" I confess I am unable to answer that question, and can only say this is one of the many anomalies of Australia. I might no doubt offer some hypothetical explanation, or by glosing over facts, I might have concealed the apparent incongruity. I have preferred, however to state plain truths as Mr. Hewitt has done, and must leave to others the task of reconciling them. I am no theorist, and venture upon no statements that cannot be verified, and I think it much better not to colour plain facts into fictitious semblance of harmony, for it often happens that in studying to appear truthful, we cease to be so in fact; but I have no doubt that some more profound philosopher than myself will be able amply to account for the coexistence of the two states I have described."

A MILITARY REVIEW.

OLUNTEER Artillerymen and Yeomanry--attention! *Punch* has the honor to inform you that His Excellency the Governor has published an address to you, in the *Government Gazette*, which nobody sees, whence Mr. Punch proposes to transfer it into his own publication, which it is perfectly notorious that everybody reads.

His Excellency is known to entertain a sentiment of respect bordering upon affection, for *Melbourne Punch*, and will be therefore gratified beyond measure to find that the first expression of His Excellency's opinion in regard to the V. V. Artillery Regiment, and the Victoria Yeomanry Corps, has not only attracted the notice of Mr. Punch, but will be made the subject of critical comment:—

> "The entire force," observes His Excellency, "consisting of artillery, cavalry, and rifles, although small as yet, it is true, appeared remarkably well armed and equipped. The horses generally do credit to the districts in which they were bred, and in very many instances are of a superior class."

His Excellency, you will observe, has the eye of a Yorkshireman; and what a delicate and graceful compliment is passed upon certain fortunate "districts," which enjoyed the happy privilege of being the scene of the birth, the breaking-in, and the earliest performances of these creditable first-class horses.

> "The evolutions of the whole corps were conducted with an order that evinced great attention to discipline, while the firing of the artillery and the rifles WERE deliberate and well sustained."

Punch is delighted to hear it; but might he be permitted to suggest a slight, very slight, amendment in His Excellency's grammar? If it makes no difference to Major-General Macarthur, *Melbourne Punch* and the shade of Lindley Murray would be gratified by the substitution of "was" for "were."

> "The general steadiness under arms of the whole force, and the universal silence which prevailed, were remarkable and most commendable. Such, however, are the established characteristics of British troops, and it is most creditable to the colonists that THEY are already distinguished by so striking a test of discipline.

"Distinguished by a test." Umph! *Punch's* apprehension or His Excellency's rhetoric is slightly at fault here: but no matter, *Punch* is grateful for the information—howsoever conveyed—that his fellow "colonists" are remarkable for their "silence" and "steadiness." His Excellency has no doubt read the reports of what transpired at the Burns Festival, and the public dinner to Mr. Gavan Duffy,—two occasions upon which many hundreds of "colonists" were present; and upon reviewing the proceedings at those remarkable banquets, he must have been forcibly struck by the very "remarkable" and extremely "commendable steadiness and silence which prevailed."

> "The Major-General congratulates the Volunteers on their having in so satisfactory a manner established the nucleus of a constitutional militia—a force admitting readily of extension, and which, in co-operation with Her Majesty's regular forces, would render a hostile landing on these shores by a foreign enemy, a dangerous if not a hopeless project. His Excellency looks forward with pleasure to some early occasion when he may see the Volunteer Force of Victoria drawn up and acting together with Her Majesty's regular troops."

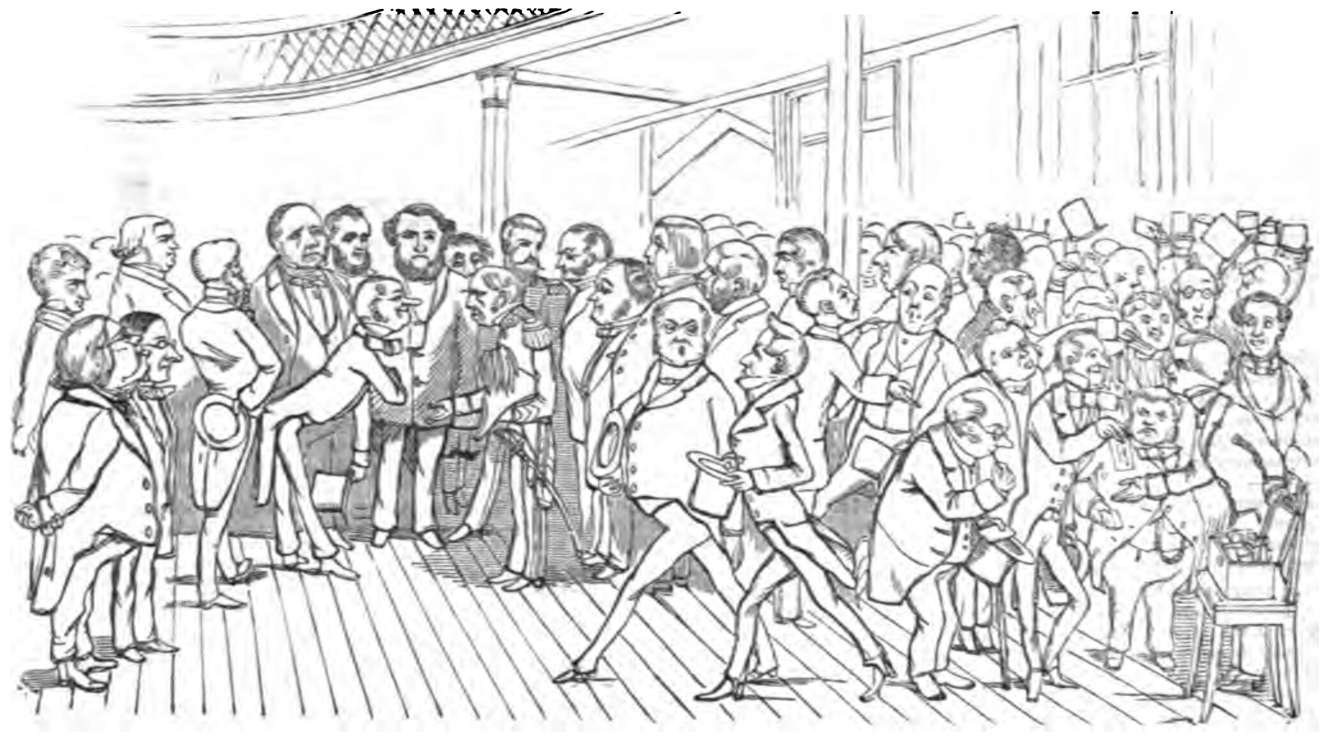
The danger and hopelessness of a hostile landing, in the face of the opposition which would be offered by the redoubtable Artillery and Yeomanry, must be patent to all the world: but *Punch* really cannot concur in the pleasurable anticipations expressed by His Excellency. Invasion "by a foreign enemy" is not an agreeable subject of contemplation, —is not an event to be "looked forward to with pleasure;" even though it *should* afford His Excellency the satisfaction of "seeing the Volunteer Force of Victoria drawn up and acting together with Her Majesty's regular troops." His Excellency's military ardor triumphs over his patriotism, and his admiration of the "nucleus of a constitutional militia" has overpowered his sense of the horrors of warfare.

What would become of the uniforms—decorated with so much gold-lace and worn with so much pride—of the V. V. Artillery Regiment and Yeomanry Corps, in the event of an engagement with a foreign enemy? Would it not be a thousand pities that so much good broadcloth and glittering lace, should be smirched with gunpowder, tainted with the fumes of "villainous saltpetre," tarnished by smoke, and perforated by intrusive bullets? No, no, your Excellency, retract that wish, and do not scare the minds of the "nucleus," by suggesting probabilities of active service. In the name of all that's compassionate, refrain from talking "of guns, and drums and wounds," to holiday soldiers, who "shine so brisk and smell so sweet," and wear so much embroidery.

> "Major-General Macarthur avails himself of this opportunity of thanking the Inspecting Field Officer, Col. Valiant, 40th Regiment, for his exertions in the organisation of the local force, as also Lieut. Col. Anderson, of the Victoria Volunteer Artillery Regiment, Major Ross of the Yeomanry Corps, and the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of their corps respectively, for the zeal, ability, and aptitude evinced by all in the establishment of a valuable and highly important military institution, in this loyal and intelligent community,—an institution the more deserving of regard, because constituted by individuals all and each belonging to, and upholding many of the numerous co-equal, and not less important civil institutions of this great colony."

There is a touch of fine writing in the latter portion of the paragraph, for which your Excellency will scarcely find a precedent in Gurwood. The "co-equality" of the "military and civil institutions of this great colony," is not the happiest or the most intelligible phrase in the world; and, furthermore, it may be remarked that if "all" the "individuals" referred to belong to the "institutions" in question, "each" of the aforesaid "individuals" is necessarily included in the "tottle of the whole, "*ergo*," "all *and each*," is an expression which savours of verbal redundancy.

Punch deeply regrets his absence from home when your Excellency's *aide-de-camp* left the rough draft of the address for revision, but *Punch* is confident that you will appreciate the value of the criticisms which he has now bestowed upon it, and will refer to them, for instruction and reproof, when your Excellency pens another document of this character.



THE LEVEE.

The Dismal Swamp of Prahran.

(Respectfully Dedicated to J. Goodman, Esq., M.L.C.)

Prahran is a place too cold and damp,
For a heart so warm and true;
And he said that at best it was only a swamp—
Unworthy of road, or street, or lamp,
And never 'twould thrive he knew.

II.

Away through the dismal swamp he speeds,
His path was rugged and sore—
O'er broken bottles and piles of bricks,
Through holes where his feet in the deep mud sticks;
Poor Goodman struggled and swore.

III.

And tumbling over a prostrate log,
He sunk knee-deep in the mire.
He tried to avoid a furious dog,
But in turning aside fell into a bog,
And scratched his face with a brier.

IV.

Huge pigs up started as on he went,
And dashing his legs between.
They head over heels poor Goodman sent—
Till his strength and his temper alike were spent,
And his clothes not fit to be seen.

V.

But the place of meeting he reached at last—
'Twas proposed to raise a tax;
"Oh never," he cried, "be that motion passed,
Let darkness and filth for ever last,
And the mud conceal your tracks."

VI.

He delivered a speech, both warm and long,
And bade them bide as they were:
His voice was loud, and his words were strong,
But his notions as usual, alas, were wrong,
And were disregarded there.

VII.

Then a council Prahran resolved to choose,
And for water and light to pay:
They declared that more than the paving dues
They'd save in the wear and tear of shoes,
And trousers and dresses gay.

VIII.

But oft, while Prahran is still a swamp,
With aspect saddened and strange;
Through bye-ways dirty, and rubbish damp,
And heaps of garbage doth Goodman tramp,
Bemoaning the coming change.

Very Consolatory.—The *Weekly Times*, of the 9th of October, contains the following paragraph:—

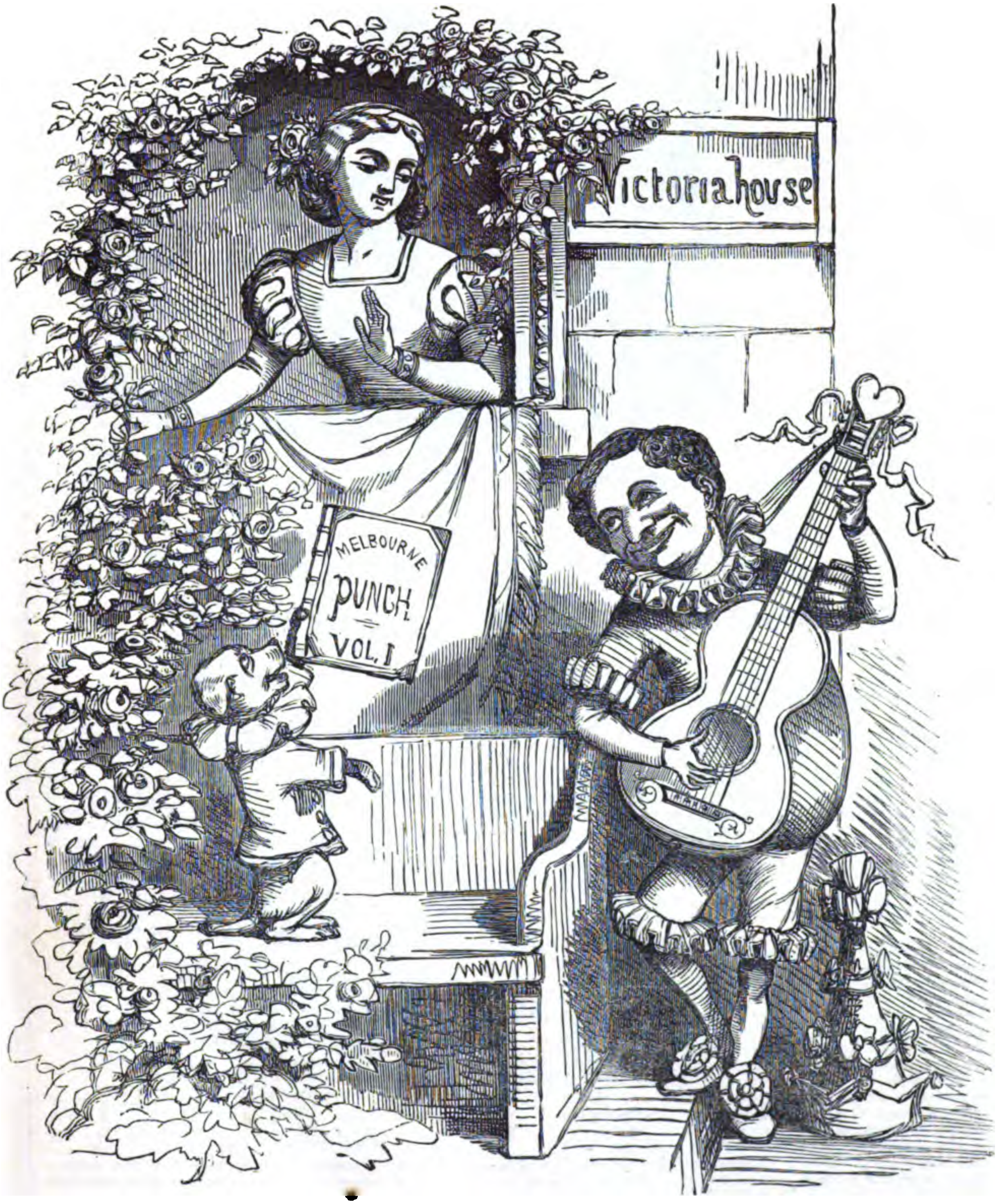
> The Late Captain Pechell.—Addresses of Condolence have been voted by the Town Council of Brighton, and by the inhabitants at a public meetting, to Sir George and Lady Pechell, WHO WAS KILLED before Sebastopol.

"Who was Killed?" Why, *they* was, to be sure; and we sincerely hope that the addresses reached their destination in due course.

A Slight Mistake.—The *Argus* of Friday, states that there is to be a government sale of lots in the Hamlet of Vaughan. Some people suppose that there has been a slight mistake here, and that the Hamlet of Vaughan Brooke is referred to; but this sale came off long ago, most of those who witnessed it having declared it to have been a regular sell, so that the announcement still needs explanation.

Con. from the Jim Crow Ranges.

Why is a timid gentleman like a hole that's turned out a blank?—Because he is a shy-sir.



MR. PUNCH PRESENTS HIS VALENTINE.

SEIZURE OF THE ENEMY'S BAGGAGE WAGGONS.
(Illustrating the gallant conduct of a policeman—possibly Mr. Hewitt.)

GREEVES'S BEER BILL.

OUR contemporary, the *Argus*, in a short leader of about three columns, evincing a good deal of elephantine liveliness, and treating of Dr. Greeves's bill, the Sydenham Palace, the institution of the Sabbath, "taste —Shakespere and the musical glasses," and kindred subjects—has the coolness (to call it no worse) to make a suggestion to Mr. PUNCH —as if Mr. PUNCH ever needed suggestions. It is proposed "If *Punch* is at all hard pressed for a subject" (a likely story) "he should by all means represent Dr. Greeves rolling towards power on a brandy-cask." The spirit of the suggestion Greeves us though we grant had another spirit been substituted for brandy, the idea, if not eminently jocose, might have been at least a rum one. We do not intend, however, at present to make a butt of Dr. Greeves by putting him on a cask. The substitution of a beer barrel for the brandy cask would only be throwing a heavy wet blanket on a good proposal.

Mechanics' Institution.

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES.

THE Committee of the Mechanics' Institution, in accordance with the promise conveyed in the Annual Report, recently published, has made vigorous efforts to find competent lecturers for the ensuing session. Previous committees have declared more than once, that persons willing and able to lecture to the members on subjects of popular interest could not be obtained, the energy of the new officers in so soon forming a staff, therefore deserves commendation. Arrangements have been made with the following gentlemen, whose abilities are well known, to lecture on the subjects set against their names :—

Major-Gen. Macarthur—On English Composition
W. F. Stawell, Esq.—On the Five Points of the Charter
E. Grimes, Esq.—On the Binomial Theorem
Redmond Barry, Esq.—On Tuseness and Simplicity
James Bayle, Esq.—On the Dignity of the Bar
W. Kerr, Esq. On the Temperance Question, in its application to Social Gatherings
S. Wekey, Esq.—On the Formation of Companies
Do —On Printing and Publishing
P. O'Brien, Esq.—On the Accentuation of the English Language
Sir W. A'Beckett—On the great Pun·ic War
Commodore M'Lean—On the Navigation of the Yarra
Alderman Reilly—On Gentlemanly Deportment, (with experiments conducted by Councillors Davis and J. M. Smith)
Mr. Quirk—On Celtic Literature
— Myles—On Centralization
Capt. Harrison—On Nuisances
Dr. Milton—on the Poesy of the Heart.

Other gentlemen have been communicated with, but either their replies have not yet been received, or they have not yet selected their subjects,

The above mentioned lectures will all be illustrated by means of experiments, and of anecdotes from the actual experience of the reciters, so that a very interesting and highly popular course may be anticipated.

The Economics of Lighting.

THE high price now charged by the Gas Company has set several luminaries to work, to find a substitute, or by pressure from without to get the rate reduced.

The *Argus* has already announced that it has abandoned gas in faver of sperm candles, on account of the greater price of the former. Since the issue of that bulletin. a course of experiments has been instituted with a view to discover the cheapest method of lighting the extensive premises of that influential journal.

The result of that patient investigation has shewn that as tallow dips cost only ninepence per pound, whereas sperm candles involve an expenditure of one shilling and ninepence for the same quantity; the saving by the use of the former amounts to no less than one shilling ; and the cost of illumination by dips is to that by sperm as 9 to 21. Of course a trifling allowance will have to be made for wear and tear of snuffers: but this is so trivial as hardly to be an element in the calculation.

Mr. Bowden, M. C. C., has declared his opinion that it would be advisable rather to continue the present system of street illumination, (!) than to pay 25s. per thousand feet for gas, preferring darkness to expensive light. There are some people who prefer to walk in darkness, &c., but we were not disposed to class Mr. Bowden in that category, and still less did we expect to find him assuming such a position himself. Out of evil, however, cometh good; and the experiments which are now being made in economic lighting, will probably result in some discovery that may supersede gas altogether. Several legislators have formed a committee to condense thdir own brilliancy into a portable form. The old problem of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers can hardly be revived here, owing to the scarcity of the raw material; but the Philosophical Institute has invited its members to consider the practicability of saving up the superfluous glare of the hot summer days, and bottling it up for the winter nights. A proposition has been made to have blazing tar-barrels rolled along the main streets by men hired for the purpose. *Punch*, acting on the hint furnished by the *Argus* intends to make an experiment by using rushlights in the spacious buildings in which the business of his valuable periodical is conducted.

BUS-OLOGY.

Conductor: "Now, then, Sir, fancy you was a boy agin, and hup she rises like a hair baloong.

LUR-LI-ETY!

(*Not* by the Author of "Excelsior.")

The shades of night were falling fast
As through the street of Collins passed
A youth whose voice, more shrill than clear,
Cried out—in tones that pierced the ear—
Lur-li-ety!

His speech was thick, his blood-shot eyes
Were red as any sunset skies,
And like a crack'd tin trumpet rung
The accents of that swollen tongue
Lur-li-ety!

In Wedel's bar he saw the light
Of bat-wing burners gleaming bright,
But miss'd the peeler, standing by,
As from his lips escaped the cry
Lur-li-ety!

"Come, none of that," the peeler said,
"The liquor's mounting to your head."
To walk more straight the stranger tried,
And, with a faltering voice replied—
Lur-li-ety!

"Shut up!" the peeler said, "You'd best,
Or in the lock-up you shall rest."
The stranger winked his wicked eye,
And, stuttering, still he made reply—
Lur-li-ety!

"Beware, young man, too full of wine,
Beware the forty shilling fine!"
This was the peeler's last good night!
An answering hiccough said "All right,
Lur-li-ety!"

A passenger by times a foot,
Next morning pass'd the Golden Boot,
And heard a voice that faintly cried
As from a gas-pipe's dark inside,
Lur-li-ety!

Arrested by the stammering sound,
He heedfully explored the ground,
And, lying in the gutter, found
The owner of the voice, half drown'd—
Lur-li-ety!

There, in the twilight, cold and gray,
Sleepy, nor sober yet, he lay;
When ask'd to rise and walk away,
This, this, was all that he could say—
Lur-lur-lur-li-ety!

In Re-Ward of Charity.

Our contemporary the *Herald* has for once been foremost in a good cause, and has called attention to the case of Mrs. Chidley, who it seems has been mulcted in the sum of a hundred pounds for law expenses, in consequence of having taken charge of two orphan children named Sherry. A holy father, one Gerald Ward, was indignant that heretic Mrs. Chidley should afford a Port of Refuge to these young Sherries, and commenced a suit in Chancery against her, alleging that as the parents of the children died in drunkenness and orthodoxy, the guardianship of the orphans and of certain small properties in Collingwood, properly devolved upon the priesthood of the Catholic Church. The children evinced a heterodox preference for good Mrs. Chidley, and objected to being removed to the Catholic Orphan Asylum; and Mrs. Chidley, though of a meek and toy-shop-keeping disposition, folded her wings about her adopted brood, and braved in their defence all kites of church and law. It seems she has been ruined in consequence—the hundred pounds of costs, whereby she sustained her right to exercise a christian virtue, being no small matter to her—and the judges have left her the children—and the debt.

The *Herald* very properly urges that the money should be paid for her, and very heartily we say *amen*. We feel truly sorry that this appeal should be necessary—that Mrs. Chidley's private goodness should be dragged forward among all the questionable public goodnesses that are paraded before the world. Better would it have been had she been able to bear the silent sacrifice of the hundred pounds as well as the other sacrifices she has taken upon herself, but unfortunately inexorable fate has ruled it so, that she has not got the wherewithal to meet this extra demand, and in justice to her we are called upon to do her the wrong of asking the public to interfere in a matter that would have been better left to herself.

Mr. Punch of Fleet-street has unhappily no grand-children; but his son (now resident four doors below the place where the *Argus* is demanded of conscience, etc.) feels inclined to go to Collingwood, and buy no end of penny trumpets and squeaking sheep, in the hope that, while providing for the pleasures of possible *Punches*, he alleviates the wants of actual Sherries. It is a pity that Mrs. Chidley should need help, but it will be disgraceful to us all if she should need it long.

A Nugget from Balaarat.

Punch extracts the following from a recent number of the *Balaarat Times*:—

> Backing Out.—The localist of the Star after the caustic Times dose of Monday has backed out of the Municipality job on the merits. He endeavours to ride off in the mares nest of grammar. Be it so.

Punch respectfully enquires (1) what is a "localist?" (2) What kind of equestrian feat is alluded to by the expression "backing out of a job, on the merits?" (3) What is a "mare's nest of grammar?" And (4) how is the aforesaid "mare's nest" converted into a vehicular conveyance, and is it a safe and comfortable carriage "to ride off in?"

Representative Men.

THE MALCONTENT.

HE is the victim of circumstances, and their martyr. His asseverations of the fact are so frequent and so earnest, that it is impossible to dispute it. Law, conventional usage, and society itself were banded against him, almost from his cradle; they were stronger than the object of their persecution, and they triumphed. His life has been one continual protest against the tyranny of circumstance; but it has been his unhappy fate to protest and suffer. At school his mind was struck with the glaring inequality with which the gifts of fortune are distributed. The box of his bed-fellow overflowed with marbles, plum-cakes, box-wood tops, gilt-edged story books, and accumulated "tips"; the youthful malcontent's own chest was destitute of any such treasures, and to equalize their apportionment he appropriated a clear moiety to his own use. Unspiritual circumstance exhibited its hostility towards him, at this early period of his life; and for attempting to rectify the inequalities of fortune, he was expelled from school.

Arrived at manhood, he embarked his means in a business of which he had no previous knowledge; and, still encountering the enmity of circumstance, he was subjected to an impertinent examination in a Court of Bankruptcy, reproved by an unfeeling Commissioner for his want of forethought and experience, badgered by angry creditors, and dismissed with a third class certificate.

Thence he passed into the office of a merchant in Mincing-lane,—a member of "a base, brutal, and selfish oligarchy of capitalists," as our malcontent was accustomed to denounce them, in the course of his eloquent harangues on "The World's Wages to the World's Teachers," at Codgers' Hall. The merchant, indifferent to the cause of human progress, and blind to every interest but his own, demurred to the late hours at which the malcontent was accustomed to present himself at business, each morning after the Codgers' Hall debates, remonstrated, threatened, and discharged the World's Teacher. "Such," said the enlarged clerk, moralizing on the force of circumstances, over his fourth glass of brandy-and-water, on the evening of his discharge,—"Such are the wages which the world awards to its teachers,—wrong, contumely, poverty and neglect!" And in a fit of abstraction, musing on a scheme for the regeneration of society, he pocketted the silver spoon.

After a brief period of eclipse, the malcontent shone out again behind the counter of a betting shop in the Strand; and, for a time, circumstance seemed to have suspended hostilities against him, and to have sworn a truce. Delusive fancy and deceptive hope! Shylock and Mr. Moss Moses (of May Fair and St. Mary Axe) who will "do" a little bill for you at 70 per cent., one third cash and the other two thirds port wine and pictures, are not more remorseless and inexorable than circumstance. Circumstance decreed that an "outsider" should win the Derby in 18—; circumstance rendered it impossible that the malcontent should meet his engagements: therefore the shutters of the betting shop went up; the hopes of depositors went down; and the occupant of the establishment went off.

Everywhere confronted by implacable circumstance, what remained for the malcontent but to flee from his enemy, and endeavour to retrieve his broken fortunes in a new world! There would he find a noble sphere for his ambition, recognition of his abilities, and a recompence for his exertions. A people, gorged with wealth, and plunged in barbarism, would receive him with acclamation. His future successes should compensate for bygone failures; and when he had amassed a fortune, and had become satiated with colonial honors, he would return to England, and settle down in one of the tall houses at Albert Gate.

So the malcontent took passage for Australia, and blessed us with his presence. His old adversary, Circumstance, must have arrived before him; for when the vessel which conveyed our representative man to these shores, anchored in the bay, no deputation of smiling "merchants, bankers, and others," waited upon him to offer him a choice of situations, with nominal duties and princely stipends; there were no facetious diggers congregated on Cole's Wharf for the purpose of pelting new comers with superfluous nuggets; and his arrival excited no perceptible sensation in the public mind, and was unnoticed by the public press.

Month after month has passed away, and he still remains in unmerited obscurity and idleness. He may be met with at the bars of taverns; he may be heard of at various segar divans; he may be seen executing "fast" dances at the Salle de Valentino, and in Cremorne Gardens; his face is well known to the markers in half-a-dozen billiard rooms; and his name has been briefly mentioned by Sergeant Downing, in the City Police Court; but obdurate circumstance, combined with the deplorable condition of the colony, still denied him employment, and

> "Froze the genial current of his soul."

Therefore he is a malcontent, and therefore does he, at various times and under various signatures, forward to the public journals in England those graphic narratives of the state of affairs in Victoria; those pictures of what is passing around us, which are conceived in the spirit of a Crabbe, executed with the fidelity of a photograph, and finished with the laborious minuteness of a Rachel Ruisch.

"Melbourne," he writes to the editor of the Hogs' Norton *Weekly Illuminator*,—"Melbourne is the moral cesspool of the other hemisphere, into which Europe has poured its dregs and feculence. Its streets are thronged with starving thousands; and those who cannot live by plunder, die of inanition. I will not trust my pen to describe the hopeless depravity of the female portion of the population, or the vile expedients by which they obtain a wretched and precarious livelihood. Life and property are equally insecure; murders are events of ordinary occurrence, and it has been found necessary to divert the course of the river Yarra, as the original channel is choked up by the dead bodies of disappointed immigrants, who have committed self-destruction. All the necessaries of life are at famine price, and every avenue to employment is thronged by importunate petitioners. The climate is mutability itself, and the scorching blast of the sirocco, which may have withered the whole face of nature in the morning will be succeeded in the afternoon by a down-fall of rain, of more than tropical violence, but of such an icy temperature, that the thermometer has been known to fall one hundred degrees in fifteen minutes."

Much more will the malcontent write to the same effect, and ever with the same unswerving fidelity to truth. It is very doubtful, indeed, if accurate information, in regard to the colony, could be obtained in England through any other source. The martyr suffers, but the sacred cause of truth is served. Like the oil which feeds a beacon light, the malcontent is consumed in the very act of warning others from a treacherous shoal. Sublime in the heroism of self-sacrifice, he adheres to the land which offers him neither reputation nor employment. His continuance among us is a perpetual protest against the scandalous and iniquitous reports circulated and believed in England; in reference to his unhappy country. Neither industry, nor ability, nor worth can be appreciated here, for is not the malcontent idle and obscure?—his exertions at the billiard-table, and his letters to the Hogs' Norton *Weekly Illuminator*, notwithstanding.

The warmth of his social feelings will continue to draw him to the tavern, and the vicissitudes of the abominable climate will compel him to fortify his constitution with strong drinks, so long as any portion of the funds he brought with him from the betting-shop remains unexpended; and when death overtakes him in the shape of *delirium tremens* or a dropsy, the malcontent's demise will no doubt furnish a text for a homily, by another malcontent, upon the misery and the brevity of life in this frightful colony.

"TAKING THE PREMISES INTO CONSIDERATION."—All the petitions presented against Dr. Greeves's Beer-bill (or whatever he calls it), end by praying the Council to "take the premises into their favourable consideration and refuse to alter," &c., &c. It seems to us that this form of prayer is more suitable to the publicans, who fear that their premises (those on which wine and spirits may be drunk), unless taken into the favourable consideration of the house will have to be "shut up."

JUST PUBLISHED.

A new Local Farce by E. P. S. Sturt, Esq., J. P., entitled,

"TO OBLIGE BENSON."

With Notes by Mr. Le Soeuf.

Melbourne: Wilson, McKinnon and Fairfax, and all booksellers.

A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE.

"If they was gen'lm'n you'd call 'em misanthropes, but as it is they takes to keepin' a *Pike.*"—*Mr. Weller.*.

REVIEW.

VICTORIA: BY MUNCHAUSEN JONES: 2 VOLS., MILBOARD, & CO. LONDON.

(FOURTH NOTICE.)

It is always interesting to read the accounts given by intelligent strangers, of those men to whom we are in the habit of according the homage of our daily admiration, and we therefore transfer without comment Mr. Jones's graphic account of

THE GREAT STATESMEN OF VICTORIA.

"During my stay in Melbourne, I took great delight in visiting the gallery of the Council Chamber. I was generally accompanied by a gentleman well acquainted with the history of the members, and from him I gained much interesting information which I propose conveying to my readers. In the first instance, I may mention, however, that the Melbourne Council Chamber is a magnificient specimen of the purest Grecian architecture. It was originally designed for a Presbyterian Church, but was sold to the State when its original proprietor (Mr. Kerr) adopted the Roman Catholic faith. The interior decorations are of later date than the general structure, and are of a somewhat florid character; but the great size of the hall, its admirable acoustic effects, the magnificent pictures with which its walls are adorned, and the sublime efforts of the sculptor's art, which crowd with an almost lavish profusion, every available niche and corner, render the *coup d'œil* grand in the extreme. Let the reader fancy himself seated in the front seat of the stranger's gallery, between myself and the gentleman I have alluded to, and I will endeavour to supply his place as nearly as I can in my descriptions.

"The Speaker of the House is Dr. Palmer—yonder gentleman under the velvet canopy. His features have a somewhat Jewish cast, but there is a life and vivacity about the dark eye and too attenuated cheek which tell us that though much use of the midnight oil has marked the lofty brow with furrows and wrinkles, it has not dimmed the fire of the soul. His lofty and commanding figure is well calculated to aid him in subjecting to a wholesome restraint, the eager spirits by whom he is surrounded. You can see that it is by no slight effort that he commands himself to abstain from taking any part in debate, even when the House is in committee. He justly observes, however, that the president of an assembly of this kind should not endanger his neutrality by being betrayed into discussion at any time. He is fortunately possessed of a sweet and even temper, and is remarkable for a strict accuracy of pronunciation, although in some cases his extreme care in this respect leads him to appear a little pedantic. Thus, instead of saying "I shall now put the question," he says "I shall now *poot* the question"; and one of the few offences against propriety which have called forth his mild rebuke was committed by Mr. Riddle, an aboriginal member, who observed to a political opponent 'You've *put* your *fut* in it, my tulip, and that's both rhyme and reason.' Dr. Palmer is an L.L.D., and a man of distinguished scientific attainments. Although it is supposed that he could square the circle if he liked, he has chiefly devoted himself to concrete applications of science to domestic purposes, and is well known as the inventor of 'Palmer's candle lamps' and 'Patent metallic wick candles.'

"That gentlemanly looking individual with the Grecian profile, sitting on the Speaker's left, is Mr. John Thomas Smith, a man who, in spite of the disadvantages of poverty and a scrupulous abstinence from the use of all illegitimate influences, has gained such universal respect on account of his cultivated intellect and high moral character, that he is now Mayor of Melbourne. He was educated at Oxford, where he took a "double first," and was about entering holy orders, when, disgusted with the frivolity and dissipation of college life, he somewhat precipitately took the pledge, and emigrating to Australia, devoted himself to waging war with intemperance and immorality. Being a moral homœopathist, he proceeded strictly upon the principle "*similia similibus curantur*," and thus the steps he took to disgust people with the public house and other abodes of vice, have subjected him to much misconstruction. His true character, however, is by this time pretty well understood.

"The military looking man, sitting next to Mr. Smith, is Major Hodgson, a Waterloo veteran, and Commander of the Forces in Victoria. He edited the best edition of Vauban's works, and is particularly distinguished for his knowledge of artillery manœuvres, and the construction of Pontoon bridges. "Hodgson's Punt' (a corruption of Hodgson's Pontoon) exists to this day, a witness to his skill in this respect. He was offered a brigade in the Crimea, and was exceedingly anxious to accept the trust, but an earnest representation of the danger to which this colony would be subjected, by the withdrawal of her ablest soldier, induced him reluctantly to relinquish the idea. As an orator, he is considered superior to Mr. O'Brien, and scarcely inferior to Mr. Myles, or the late Sir Robert Peel. For sparkling vivacity, epigrammatic point, and promptness in repartee, I have rarely seen him equalled, and never surpassed.

"Mr. O'Brien, to whom I have alluded, sits there on the back bench—a model of the thorough English gentleman and scholar. He occasionally reminds one of Sterne, by a somewhat over display of "sentiment;" and he is apt to adorn his speeches a little too ostentatiously with recondite quotations from the authors of antiquity, but his learning and judgment are so justly and universally respected that the instant he rises to speak the house is hushed into respectful silence, while he "devolves his rounded periods" with a grace, a finish, and a command of language and imagery, that win a ready access to every heart.

"That gentleman who has just risen to speak is Mr. Chapman—the greatest constitutional lawyer in Victoria. A superficial observer would not suppose what a massive fund of learning is concealed beneath his light and airy manner. He is a truly captivating speaker, never saying an unnecessary word, and never introducing a single irrelevant topic or superfluous fact. His witty sallies are perfectly fresh and original. He is emphatically the reverse of "prosy." He was recently offered a judgeship, but declined the honor with a few simple expressions of native modesty that charmed the whole colony, even more with the manner than with the fact of the refusal.

"That retiring young man yonder is Mr. Fyfe. Though almost equally at home upon all topics, his bashfulness is such that he can rarely be induced to speak upon any. Indeed, he was almost forced into public life, for which he fancies himself, most erroneously, to be not qualified. If he would only overcome his diffidence however, and speak a little oftener, he would make a great name for himself. On the occasion of a recent ministerial crisis, he was so overcome with the fear of being pressed to take office, that he wrote an earnest letter of supplication to the new premier, begging that he might not be forced into a position so opposed to his wishes. It is said, that he was so relieved as to shed tears when the premier told him that he was not included in the new arrangements.

That gentleman who sits next to Mr. Fyfe is well worth your notice. He is a statesman of most enlarged and liberal views, and were it not for the purity of his language and his sweetly modulated tones, would remind you (by his style of speaking) of the late Mr. R. L. Sheil. His name is Myles, and he is a representative of the County of Grant. He was returned by the largest majority that ever voted at a Victorian election, having been placed at the head of the poll in a very closely contested election by no fewer than 15,000 voters. Like all representatives from the Geelong neighbourhood, he sets an example to the House, of the propriety of disregarding local interests where the general good is at stake. Some of our readers may remember that a series of sporting papers written by "Myles's Boy," appeared some years ago in *Bell's Life in London*, but few would suspect that in the sedate and eloquent politician before them, they see that youth grown to manhood and changed from a racing prophet to a legislator, ardently devoted to profiting his race. Such however is the fact.

The handsome and stately face and figure of the gentleman sitting next to Mr. Myles, is also representative of Geelong. Mr. Harrison was elected in spite of the bitter and rancourous opposition of the *Geelong Advertiser*, and does credit to the choice of the electors. He has great weight with the House, and has a happy facility in accommodating his views to those of his party without in the least compromising his own independance. He is a calm and un-crochetty thinker, and a fluent and brilliant speaker, It is sad that so much true greatness should be dimmed by the fact of his being a man of very intemperate habits. He recently recovered a verdict of £800 however, from a teetotal lecturer named Dr. Mackay, who very improperly, it must be owned, held up Mr. Harrison to public odium, as a warning against the ill-effects of drunkenness.

Mr. Jones continues his sketches of our leading legislators at some length, but we hvae no room for further extract to-day.

LARMING INTELLIGENCE.

Late on Tuesday night and early on Wednesday morning, the utmost excitement prevailed in Flemington, owing to the issue of a succession of Extraordinaries from the office of the *Flemington Flambeau*, containing the following despatches from the Melbourne correspondent of that influential and widely-circulated journal:—

(By Express)

Melbourne, 6 p.m.

All is commotion in the neighbourhood of Hockin's Hotel. The Melbourne Garrick Club dine there this evening: and the riotous proceedings which have charterized previous dinner parties at this house and elsewhere, inspire a feeling of profound alarm, for the safety of the city, the New Constitution, and the colony. The Club is known to contain a number of authors, artists, barristers, surgeons, and other inflammable elements:—in fact it represents the New Chum section of society. People recall to mind the Duffy dinner, and the old colonists' festival, and put up their shutters with fear and trembling.

7 p.m.

The Club are assembling. Most of them wear dress-coats and white waistcoats—so did Robespierre!—this looks ominous.

It is rumoured that Mr. Hockin has judiciously filled his cellars with policemen; and that a detachment of the 40th are drawn up in readiness for action, in the Queen's Arcade.

A mounted messenger will convey the intelligence of any insurrectionary movement to the Mayor.

9 p.m.

I have just been favored with an interview with the head-waiter's second cousin; but he declines expressing any decided opinion upon the awful probabilities of the night. Thus much I learn, that the health of the President of the United States has been drunk with thunders of applause. What is in the wind? Is it annexation?

11 p.m.

Nothing fresh to communicate. The military are withdrawn; but I have not yet seen the policeman emerge from the cellar. I fear this abstinence from turbulence on the part of the Garricks bodes conspiracy. Can it be possible that ——? But, no, time will reveal all.

12 p.m.

The band has been heard to play *Mourir pour la Patrie*. Which country?

1.30 a.m.

The president and members of the Club have just broken up their conference. They are all sober: and, amazing to relate, they have neither broken the tables, the glasses, nor each other's heads. But there is danger in all this pacific self-control. It is subversive of the established principles of colonial dinner-parties. It amounts to a revolution in itself.

2 a.m.

All is quiet.

Lola Montes' Speech.

AT THE VICTORIA THEATRE, BALLARAT.

By Pleeceman X.

Listen gents, and likewise ladies,
Unto this here toonful lay,
Which relates a small hewent as
Happen'd on'y tother day.

Policeman X invites attention to a metrical record of a little incident which occurred at the Victoria Theatre, Ballaarat, on Thursday last.

Up at Ballarat, the golden,
Lola Montes went to hact,
And, in course, she rais'd a tempest
With her customary tact.

Relates the storm raised by Madame Montes, and reports her speech.

For a certing Mr. Seekamp,
(So the lady told her friends),
Had aboosed her spotless name, and
All for his hone selfish hends.

"The great gentleman attacks poor little innocent me. I am called notorious for my immorality." Report of Lola Montes' Speech in "Ballarat Star," Feb. 19.

He had been her gueest in Melbourne,
He had drunk no end of wine,
And at her Imperial quarters,
He had cut it very fine.

"While he was at my house, the sherry and port and champagne, were never off the table."—Ibid.

"He's a little fond of drinking,"
Said his green and gentle hostess,
"And of the champagne he swallow'd
Ten pounds, at the least, the cost is.

"You all know Mr. Seekamp is a little fond of drinking. I was a ten pound note out of pocket by Mr. Seekamp: but I was rather green at the time."—Ibid.

"When he's in a state of licker—
This here good for nothing man—
Then his wife performs his duty
Well as any woman can.

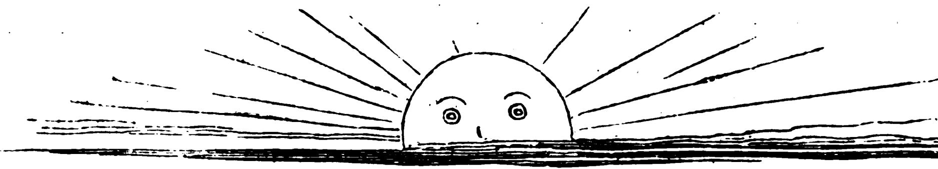
"His wife is obliged to do his duty while he goes out drinking—a good-for nothing fellow."—Ibid.

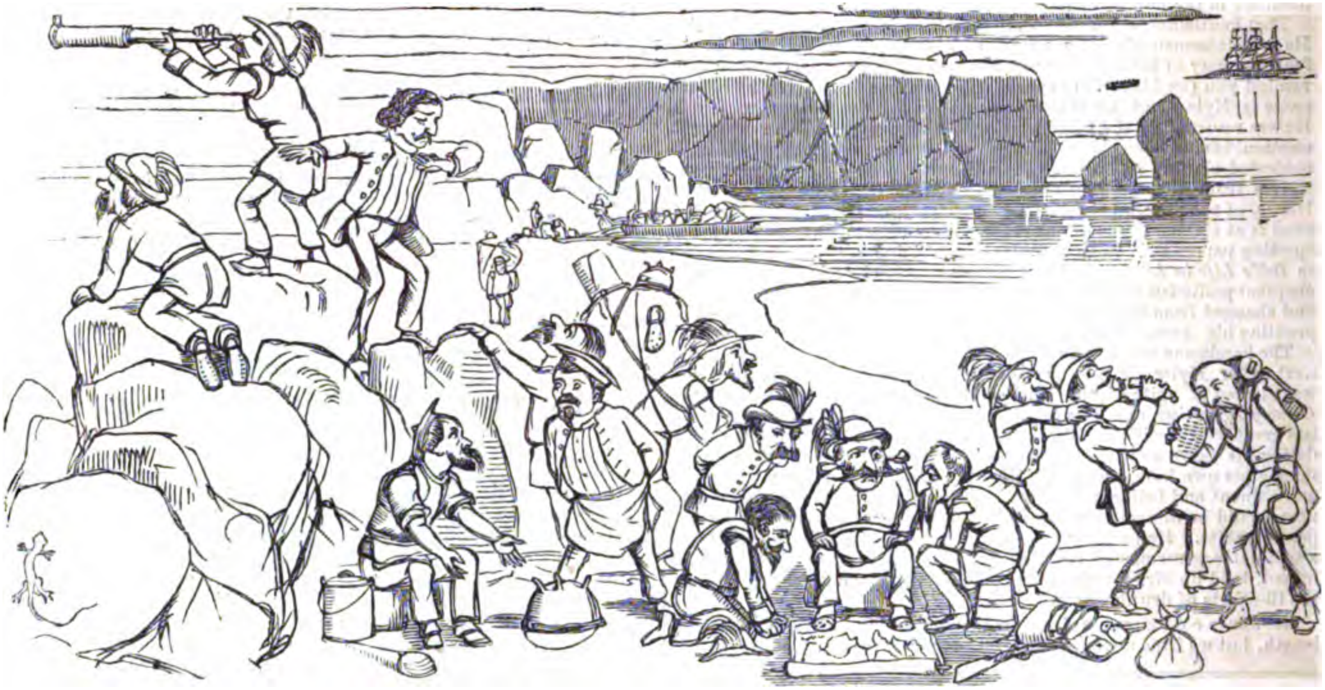
"He's to be a legislator,
This great man at Ballarat,
And he called you hogs, and
Diggers, what d'ye think of that!

"Mr. Seekamp told me that the miners were a set of —— hogs. He told me that he was a great man on Ballarat; and could do as he liked. He said 'I am going to be made a member of the Legislature.'"—Ibid.

"And because I took my play-bills,
To the office lower down;
Mr. Seekamp vows that he will
Write me out of this here town.

"Mr. Crosby thought that the other paper was a young, a rising, and a more respectable one, and that this, belonging to a drunking, good-for nothing fellow, could not do the printing properly. He—this Mr. Seekamp—has said that he will write me out of town."—Ibid.





SARDINIAN COLONIZATION.—(According to the Proposal of "An Australian Patriot."

"But you ladies young and bootyus,
And you men so strong and brave;
Your protection 'gainst this Seekamp,
Let me humbly sue and crave."

"I speak to the ladies as beauty,—to the men as strength. - - - - Do protect me: pray do."—Ibid.

Then did Lola curtsey lowly,
And the folks did shout like mad;
And I think for play-house bisness,
This here row was not so bad.

"And here Lola retired amidst tumultuous applause."—Ibid.

HOW TO HELP THE WAR.

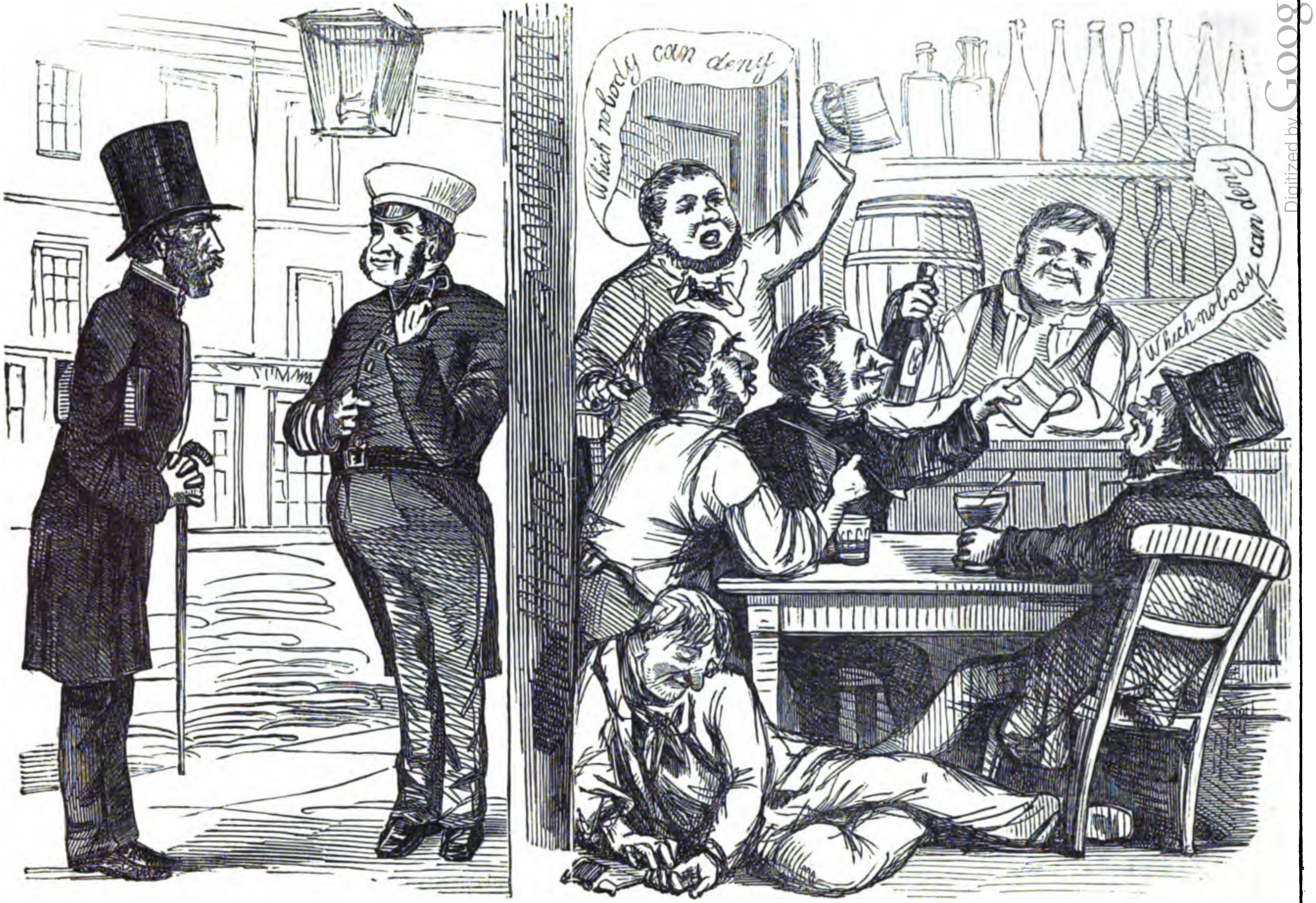
A great idea was propounded in the columns of the *Age*; on the 14th of the present month, by a writer signing himself "An Australian Patriot," and who heads his letter as we have done this notice of it—How to help the War. His proposal is to reward the Sardinians for their aid in the present struggle, "by setting aside a part of the territory of Australia for settlement by Sardinian soldiers." The scheme even thus vaguely stated, at once recommends itself to public sympathy, but we learn to admire the writer much more when he unfolds the details of his proposition, and shows how carefully it has been matured. He says:—

> "There is a large tract of unoccupied country south of the Swan River, which might be offered to the victors of the Tchernaya. If this western country were settled by Sardinians, it would tend to promote the objects of the present war, for it would open up a trade through Egypt, raise that country to greater mercantile importance, and interest the future Australia in maintaining the independence of its government. The climate of the south of Europe and of Turkey is similar to that of Australia, and their productions might thereby be introduced into this country, and the Sardinians might thereby easily naturalise themselves among us.
>
> "Again, the Sardinian people have been struggling to develope their industry and commerce for the last half century, and one of their principal difficulties has been that of finding a market for their natural productions. Now, IF THIS MANLY AND ENTERPRISING PEOPLE HAD ALLOTTED TO THEMSELVES THAT LARGE TRACT OF LAND BETWEEN WESTERN AND SOUTHERN AUSTRALIA, the re-action which it would occasion across the Isthmus, would cause their industrial pursuits to expand and especially to bless Australia.

The most erroneous impressions concerning the nature of the country which an Australian Patriot so nobly proposes to give to the Sardinians have become prevalent. Thus it is generally supposed that not a single river empties itself into the sea, along a coast line of more than fifteen hundred miles—along the whole coast in fact of the country which it is proposed to cede. That only one white man—Mr. Eyre to wit—has ever succeeded in forcing his way through the wilds and deserts of that dreary region, inasmuch as out of his entire party, he and an aboriginal boy only lived to reach King George's Sound. That they were sometimes a week at a time without reaching fresh water, and that their horses almost all died in consequence. In short, that altogether the tract of country so eminently adapted to a Sardinian constitution is very much like what the Sahara would be without camels or wells.

Now it is evident that all this is sheer nonsense. "An Australian Patriot" would never have written his letter without having informed himself of the nature of "that large tract of land between Western and Southern Australia." Probably he has explored it himself and we earnestly beseech him in that case to publish an account of his travels, in order that Mr. Eyre's description may be refuted, and that the present illusions of geographers may be dissipated.

The reference to "opening up a trade with Egypt," is less specific than we could wish. What the trade is to consist of we should like to know. According to the present false idea prevailing of the country, it's chief material products are sand and salt water. It would be almost like carrying coals to Newcastle, to export these commodities to Egypt; and though "spoiling the Egyptians," may be a meritorious work, we doubt whether "the faithful" would quite fall into the idea sufficiently to purchase either article. Some particularly rich spots in the future Sardinian colony are indeed said to furnish scrub and bandicoots, but even these do not look promising as a staple for the Egyptian trade.



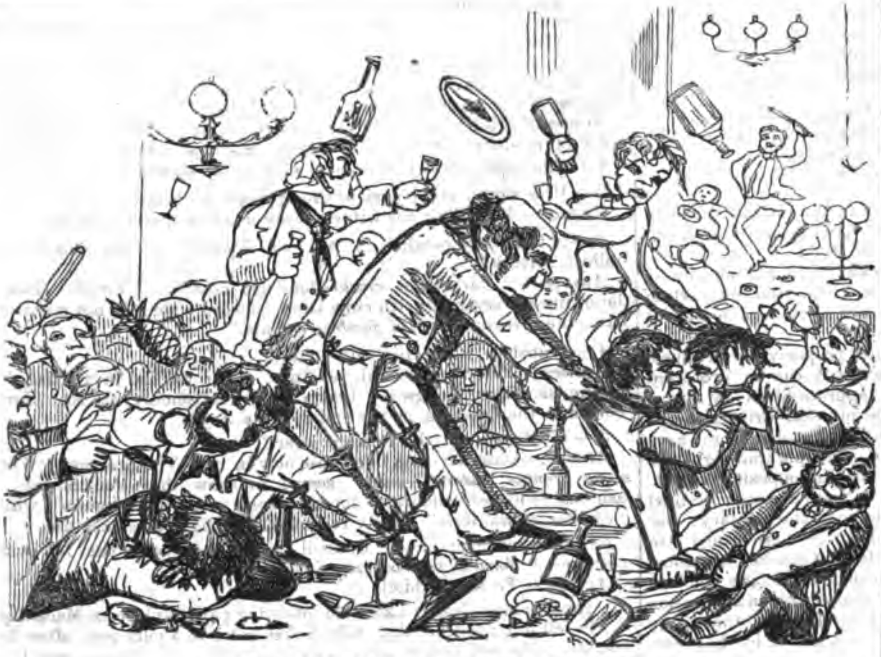
EVENING SERVICE.

[SCENE—*The Pig and Whistle, —— Street, Melbourne.* TIME—*Sunday evening.*]

DISTINGUISHED PHILANTHROPIST: Constable, I fear liquor is being sold in this establishment to-night.

POLICEMAN: Liquor, Sir; bless your 'art, Sir, no. Werry serious landlord here, Sir. Always has a prayer meetin' o' Sundays, and they're now a singin' o' hymns.

(*Moral.*—Never alter a law which works so well as that which now keeps the public houses closed on Sunday).



A PUBLIC DINNER IN MELBOURNE;
OR,
A FEAST OF REASON AND A FLOW OF SOUL.

PHILOLOGIENT.—Among the other novelties of the week the *Herald* has coined a new word, and has so far triumphed over ordinary usages as to adopt any sort rather than the one wanted. Speaking of the theatrical absurdity of exhibiting as to temples in Palmyra, scenes which the night before had done for streets in Venice, the critic remarks, "Surely this is rather *avachromatic.* The editor is said to have looked in Lemprere for the word, but finding nothing to justify a charge, got Scrutator's opinion that it was all right, and being satisfied by that gentleman, let it pass.

A NEW ORDER OF PLANTS.—One of the "eminent hands" who contributes to the open column of the *Leader* remarks that in some of the geological formations of Australia may be found many "vegetable plants," and desires that scientific men should apply themselves to the investigation of them. The only deductions to be made from this peculiar and apparently abundant expression is that the writer wishes to mark his discovery as distinct from the 'plants' sprung by detectives.

Why is a man who shuts up his shop at sundown like a man just concluding a bargain with a young Israelite?

Because he closes with the early Jew (dew).

Why does the Attorney General shew a decided antipathy to heated projectiles?

Because he cant bear the ball(h)ot.

G. A. P.

With respect to this subject, we can only wait for enlightenment until an Australian patriot furnishes farther details, but in the mean time we would suggest to him that the Egyptian scheme would be much advanced if a company were got up to introduce the flood waters of the Nile into the Sardinian colony by means of a large gutta percha hose pipe.

We are particularly and additionally gratified that the editor of the *Age* approves of an Australian Patriot's scheme, and like that great man, is in possession of some exclusive information, indicated in the subjoined note, which was appended to the patriot's letter :—

(The subject of this communication is not devoid of interest at any time, and will probably receive earnest discussion when the land is in the hands of our own Parliament Meanwhile the question has a speculative interest only, and cannot, at present, be carried out.—ED. AGE.)

The judicious journalist has doubtless received private information (favored by Atticus) to the effect that the land in question is going to be placed in the hands of "our Parliament," probably that the grace of the gift to the Sardinians may be ours. We trust that South Australia, which at present lies between Victoria and "the land," will be thrown in at the same time. As Mr. Raffaello would say—Great Works!!

Our artist was so fired by enthusiasm when he read "An Australian Patriot's" letter, that his eye began to roll in a fine frenzy directly, and he produced a magnifient cartoon which we have caused to be engraved, representing the Sardinians eagerly taking possession of their fertile and salubrious new possession. We fear, however, that his imagination was a little distorted by previous misconception and prejudices, fostered by the untrustworthy accounts given by Mr. Eyre.

Fashionable Movements.

John Smith, Esq., and party have left their tent at the Jim Crow Ranges, on a prospecting tour.

Messrs. Kelly and Fahey have arrived (with a letter of introduction from Mr. Justice Barry,) at Captain Prices' hospitable mansion at Pentridge, for the season—from a short visit to the country seat of Mr. Mollison, M.L.C.

William Crowbar, Esq., has arrived at Wintle's Hotel from a short stay at the bar of the Supreme Court.

Punch's Letters to Missing Friends.

No. 1.

TO BRIEFLESS O'BRALLAGHAN, ESQ.

MY DEAR BRIEFLESS,—

"Eheu fugaces
Anni labuntur:"

IT is now six weeks since we enjoyed our little symposium, in your favorite corner at the *Argus.* I have not forgotten the recipe you gave me for the manufacture of whiskey-punch, nor your promise to communicate with me, as soon as you were settled: and I often contemplate with affectionate interest the autograph you were kind enough to present me with, attached to your I. O. U. for twenty pounds. The fine flavor of your parting joke is not yet dissipated; and I retain a lively recollection of the playful spirit of curiosity by which you were actuated in exploring—with so much vivacity of action and agility of limb—both sides of the street, on your way home. I remember—can I ever forget—the burst of impassioned oratory, in Demosthenic Greek, with which you electrified the sleepy policeman; and the tender embrace you bestowed upon the lamp-post, lives, like the Danish King's commandment to his son,

"All alone
Within the book and volume of my brain
Unmix'd with baser matter."

Wherever you may be, and whatever you may be doing,—whether shepherding a claim, or anointing scabby wethers, or defending suspected sheep-stealers, I know that my publication will meet your eye; and while it upbraids you for your silence, it will offer "something for your advantage."

My dear Briefless, it is neither good for your own interests nor for those of society, that talents like yours should languish in obscurity. Nature has gifted you with a glib tongue, a countenance that can never be abashed, an immunity from conscientious scruples, a respectable belief in the credulity and gullibility of your fellow-creatures, an implicit confidence in your own judgment and discernment, and a sovereign contempt for those of others. "Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them?"

You will remind me of the land of your nativity—

"That dear little Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
  Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave;
Whose sons, unaccustom'd to rebel commotion,
  Tho' joyous, are sober—tho' peaceful, are brave.

"The shamrock their olive—sworn foe to a quarrel.
  Protects from the thunder, and lightning of rows;
Their sprig of shillelagh is nothing but laurel,
  Which flourishes rapidly over their brows."

You will tell me that you participate largely in the retiring modesty and shrinking diffidence of your countrymen. No fibs, my dear Briefless, between friends,—you know better, and so do I.

A splendid opportunity presents itself, to any able and ambitious aspirant for notoriety, of acquiring profit and distinction, on 'certain of our gold fields at the present moment. Look to it, and do not let it slip, I implore you.

The question at issue is simply this—whether property (or an appropriated object) exists; and if it exists, whether it can be protected against the incursions of tresspassers, and appropriators by force. Political economists will tell you it can. You my dear Briefless, as a a barrister "learned in the law," know that it cannot. You have only to assert this sacred and incontrovertible principle that right has no force whatever—not so much as a *locus standi*, in opposing might, to secure for yourself unbounded popularity. You have only to hurl high sounding words of defiance against the police, the military, and the "voracious" guns and swords with which they are armed; to elicit a hurricane of applause. When the excitement reaches it highest point, you may with safety, challenge the authorities to take you into custody. Martyrdom is profitable. Your temporary incarceration would be recompensed by future fees. If the minions of the Camp refuse to arrest and imprison you, you will still be a gainer by the event. Turbulence will beget transgression of the law; transgression of the law, will be followed by legal investigation and trial; legal investigation and trial, by the retention of your services to defend the accused. From all which, it clearly follows, my dear Briefless, that your proper sphere of action, is that which was immortalized by the national poet of Scotland. In a word—

"Among the *rushes*, O!"

Accept my advice, and with it the assurance of my distinguished consideration and unalterable regard, And believe me to remain, my dear Briefless,

Your attached and sincere friend,

MELBOURNE PUNCH.

UNIVERSITY OF MELBOURNE.

EXAMINATION PAPER.

MR. PUNCH having been favored by the courtesy of the Chancellor of the Melbourne University, with a copy of the Question Paper, which it is intended to issue at the ensuing examination for matriculation, now places it in the hands of his readers. Mr. P. has submitted the questions to the eminent Philological and Scientific Professor, who are constantly retained on his staff, for solution, with the following result, which cannot but be highly interesting and valuable, both to the students and to the literary world generally, inasmuch as it will afford the means of accurately answering the exact questions, and so will secure success to the candidates without the useless labor of studying subjects on which they may never be examined.

1.—Quote instances of the Origin of Slang.

Answer.—When Virgil wished to come Paddy over Mœcenas he invoked *Pales*, the goddess of Chaff (palea), and immediately afterwards proposed to erect a temple on the *green* in his honor. Hermes applies the term "*Decoxit*" to a person who was "up the flue," plainly meaning "his goose is cooked." "All serene" is from Longfellow's "Voices of the Night." "Here we are," and "Shut up" are Scriptural expressions. "Go it" is merely *Hoc age*. The interpretation "*I hinc in malam rem* (Terence) is sufficiently significant.

2.—How would you translate the expression "testes facito"?

Answer.—Literally: for witnesses are as often made as found.

3.—Is there any parallel in Ancient History for the language of bullock drivers?

Answer.—"*Cursibus* et *crudo* decernet Græcia—" Virgil. Greece determines everything with curses and—a word which I'll not mention. Also, the invocation "*Da facilem cursum.*"

4.—Translate "Edoctus belli artes."

Answer.—There are several readings, viz.: Skilled in martial discipline, as Major Hodgson. Learned in gastronomy, as Mr. Kerr. Versed in the fine arts, as the critic of the *Argus*.

5.—What hats did the Romans wear?

Answer.—Chimney-pots like those now in use. The passage "*Virosaque Pontus castorea—mittit*" seems to show that Pontus was a fashionable hatter, celebrated for his strong serviceable castors; while "*cæditur et tilia levis*" clearly recommends a light gossamer tile.

6.—To what member of Council would you refer the following passage—"*Formosi pecoris custos formosior ipse.*"

Answer.—To Mr. Riddell.

7. Render into elegant Latin the following paragraph from Macaulay:

"IT fell out the other day, that Nokes got into a jolly row, after this fashion. He met a party by the name of Styles on 'Change, and they turned into the Criterion to liquor; there they had sundry cocktails and spiders, which Nokes stood, as well as a tot of gin to an old blackfellow, whose mug tickled him above a bit; the other party shouted in his turn. After several rounds, Styles got in a state of beer (the ice disagreed with him, nothing else), and broke out in a fresh place, and insisted upon singing a comic song on the counter, and he called the people a set of old snobs, and otherwise abused them. Just in the nick of time, a Bobby dropped into the bar, and took him before the Beak, who fined him a tenner; as he had nothing about him, he was obliged to take it out in bricks."

Answer.—Recens evenit ut Nox in joviali clamore incidit, hoc in modo. Homine invento (nomine Stylus) in Varietate, inverterunt in Criterione ut deliquerent; quo biberunt varios coctiles et araneas, quos stetit Nox, necnon totam laqueam nigro seni cujus crater supra morsum titillavit; alio vicissim cantante. Post multos cyclicos, (glacie discordante, nihilo alio), Stylus invenit in statu cerevisiæ, et loco novo erupit; carmen comicum in abacum canere valde desiderans et popules seriem veteramentariorum vocans et aliter objurgans. Sed in sectione temporis cecidit in temonem Robertulus quidam, et cepit eum coram Nasutum, qui mulctavit notis decem, quas non habens circa eum necessarie extulit in testis.

8.—Do your classic acquirements furnish you with an expression for this examination?

Answer.—*Quære doceri.* Queer things to be taught.—(VIRG. ÆN. VI. 609).

MUNICIPAL MOTTOES.

Mr. Punch begs respectfully to enquire of the Ballarat Municipal Councillors—

1. Whether their motto "Justicia Omnes," means justice to all?
2. Whether all languages will be treated like the Latin?
3. Whether they think that "Justitia Omnibus," smacks of the vulgar, and implies no taxation of four-wheeled vehicles;
4. Whether "Toby," who sometimes acts as Mr. Punch's special reporter to Ballarat—ever exercised an undue influence over them, in the manufacture of dog-latin?
5. Whether the "dog-days" had anything to do with it?
6. Whether it be not desirable—that Municipal Councillors in general—and BallaaratMunicipal Councillors in particular—should confine themselves to English?

REVIEW.

Victoria: By Munchausen Jones: 2 Vols., Milboard, & Co. London.

FIFTH NOTICE.

We continue our extracts from Mr. Jones's admirable critical account of

"The Leading Statesmen of Victoria.

"The Loddon district is the most densely populated part of the Colony—the great centre in fact of Australian manufacturing activity. The large and important constituency of the Loddon have for their senior member Mr. John Goodman—yonder old gentleman, whose looks bespeak him rather to be a thinker than a speaker. He has risen very slowly to political eminence in Victoria, having spent the first fifty years of his life in the private prosecution of manufacturing undertakings. As a statesman, his value consists, not so much in readiness of debate as in his great discretion. In this respect he is unrivalled, and he is thus one of the most influential leaders of the anti-squatting party. You cannot expect any rhetorical display from Mr. Goodman, but you can always be certain that he has carefully considered the effect of every word he says and every motion that he makes. He never commits either himself or his party. He never uses either a phrase, argument, or illustration that his adversaries can lay hold of, and when you pursue his trains of reasoning beyond the point to which he has advanced them in speaking, you invariably find, the farther you follow them, that the more do they tell in support of his cause. He is one of those whose tongue never outruns his mind. To use an equestrian metaphor, he always has his intellect completely "in hand," and you may be sure that he has carefully studied in private every bearing and tendency of each syllable that he pronounces in public. It is as vain as beating against a rock to try to excite him so as to throw him off his balance and make him say in the heat of debate, a single word of which his cooler judgment would disapprove. In fact, his calm reflective habits, and his great age and experience have combined to secure for him the soubriquet by which he is generally known as "the Nestor of the Mercantile interest in Victoria."

"His colleague Mr. Fellowes is a very different man--an impulsive enthusiast, recklessly indifferent to form and precedent, but readily roused whenever great principles or the interests of justice or humanity are at stake. At such times his sunken eye is lighted up with the fire of genius—his pallid cheek glows with generous emotions—his small, feeble and emaciated figure seems to dilate—his customary bashfulness leaves him—and he carries the house with him in his impassioned bursts of poetical eloquence. One is frequently distressed to observe in him, however, that the mind is too strong for the body, and that the latter gives way in the unequal contest. After one of his sublime and terrible oratorical displays, he sinks back utterly exhausted in his seat. Nothing moves his indignation so much as an injustice perpetrated under colour of the law, and he will rave by the hour at the way in which modern society by it's tame deference to statutes and authorities has lost the native dignity of more primitive races, and has sacrificed that intuitive sense of right and wrong which he declares ought to be sufficient for the adjustment of all differences and disputes.

"Observe the Herculean figure of that young giant in the green Newmarket coat. You can readily percieve by his countenance that whatever force he possesses in debate is rather to be attributed to his tremendous animal power than to intellect or intelligence. He is a noted wrencher of knockers, assailant of the police, and general chieftain of the "fast" young men of Melbourne. His merits are precisely of that order which that class can appreciate, while they naturally respect him for his prowess. His name is Fawkner, and he is the acknowledged leader of the squatters. Though possessing little or no natural ability, he has been so carefully trained in the recognised schools of learning, that when wanting in an idea he can always supply it's place with an apt classical quotation. Unfortunately he is altogether unable to overcome the prejudices of his patrician birth and breeding, and the contemptuous tone in which he speaks of the common people is more arrogant than that in which Coriolanus addressed the plebeians of Rome. In debate he is thick-witted, heavy and dull, and one is tempted to pity him on observing his ponderous distress when the more active sharp-shooters of the Council direct against him those shafts of sarcasm which he is utterly unable either to parry or return. Though his contempt for the commonality is so great, he is a man of singularly modest mind and indeed morbidly inclined to undervalue his own abilities, so that he fancies himself to be a man of much less influence than he really is—very rarely addressing the house, and on these rare occasions confining himself entirely to the championship of squatter rights and denunciations of the insolence of the people and the radical tendencies of the age. There are, indeed, some odd contradictions in his opinions. Thus, he is a theoretical republican—his notions on this subject being supposed to be occasioned by the manner in which he has saturated his mind with the thoughts of Plato. Again, he has the utmost contempt and aversion for soldiers, and if he had his own way would not allow a red coat in the colony—volunteer corps being, according to him, much cheaper and more effective for all legitimate military purposes. If he could manage, however, to overcome his patrician prejudices, his wild and dissipated habits, and his morbid bashfulness, and were a little less of a squatter partizan, his influence in this country might be not inconsiderable.

"That supple and elegant though loosely and carelessly dressed figure, reclining in an easy attitude of graceful negligence on the Speaker's left, is the tabernacle of Dr. Greeves' light and playful spirit, The airy and almost kitten-like pliancy of his form and movements, and the nonchalant style of his dress, innocent of all buckles and braces, and such fetters that render modern costume almost as stiff and cumbrous as knightly armour, are thoroughly typical of his natural and unaffected mind. Not to him do the lines of Abdallah apply:—

"-—— This stiff coated population,
This sewed-up race—this buttoned nation,
Who, while they boast their laws so free,
Leave not one limb at liberty;
But live with all their lordly speeches
The slaves of buttons and tight breeches."

"When Dr. Greeves rises to speak, you at once feel that you are in the presence of a true child of nature. His tones are clear and musical as those of a sky-lark, and his words flow from him as spontaneously as the notes of that "blithe spirit." They freely express every passing shade of thought and feeling in a heart that knows no guile, and therefore needs no concealment. Perhaps the extreme candour of Dr. Greeves and his habit of saying always what he feels at the moment, may occasionally betray him into inconsistencies which a less unsophisticated mind would avoid. He is perfectly indifferent to public opinion however, and pours out his thoughts as they come, without art or effort. Rhetorical artifices—studied pauses and emphases—striking attitudes—conventional looks and tones;—these things are utterly foreign to his disposition; but Mother Nature and innocence, a light heart and a clear conscience, have been to him the best masters of elocution. It was to Dr. Greeves that Tennyson addressed the beautiful lines, beginning:—

"Clear-headed friend, whose joyful scorn
Edged with sharp laughter cuts atwain
The knots that tangle human creeds," etc.

Dr. Greeves is an ardent advocate of the Maine Liquor Law, in consequence of which, it was observed that at his election not a single wine merchant or publican gave him a vote. Some of his most striking speeches were recently made in support of a measure for introducing the ballot principle into Victorian elections. It was worth a day's march to witness the trenchant style in which he swept aside all the shallow nonsense about the ballot being un-English—conducive to falsehood and hypocrisy and so forth—and his arguments came with double force from one so well known to be singularly averse to anything in the least savouring of sham or disguse. It may easily be supposed that Dr. Greeves is no party man, and it is not likely that he will ever be persuaded to take office. Indeed we fear that the state of society in this age is scarcely such that perfect purity, simplicity, and transparent candour, would qualify a man to be a minister."

The Absence of the Attorney-General.—In consequence of the great number of measures postponed last Friday until last Tuesday in consequence of the absence of the Attorney-General, and as it would seem that when that Hon. and learned gentleman is away the present council is utterly unable to carry on any business whatever, it has been proposed that in future the council shall go circuit with him, that the Attorney-General shall constitute a quorum, and that in his absence there shall be considered to be "No House."

A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE.

("—— the Burnished *Greeves*.")--*Tennyson.*

Representative Men.

THE MOONER.

Why, when and whence he came, is as little known as the song sung by the Syrens, the name of the man in the iron mask, the amount of a miser's charity, or the lost language of the Boristhynian Porphyragi. How he subsists and what object he has in subsisting at all, is as unintelligible as a Runic inscription to a Feejee.

You meet him at all hours of the day, and everywhere. Curiosity is the special faculty of his mind, and ubiquity the peculiar property of his person. If a bricklayer tumbles from a scaffold and breaks his trowel or his neck, you are sure to find the Mooner on the spot, at the very moment of the accident, boring the bystanders with questions which they are unable to answer, and vexing the police by volunteering that sort of help which retards rather than assists.

The Mooner is a constant attendant at all races, reviews, and public ceremonials, public dinners inclusive. If he were in Austria, he would be suspected as a spy, if in France as an agent of the Government police. He indentifies himself so closely with festivities and ceremonials of a public character that he may be heard to express himself in terms of the warmest self-gratulation upon "the dinner which *we* gave His Excellency the Acting Governor," and of the occasion "when *we* laid the first stone of the Western Market."

He is to be met with, mooning about the dress-circle of the Theatre Royal; studying the list of arrivals at the Flagstaff; dipping his fingers into mats of sugar, bags of flour, and chests of tea at Tennent's; pondering over the bill-of-fare at the Criterion; deliberately mastering the contents of the play-bills posted on dead walls and boardings; patiently listening to the colloquies of a group of Chinamen in Little Bourke-street; wedged in a steaming crowd of flushed listeners at a public meeting; planted in the front row of the stalls at Coppin's Olympic; vacantly eyeing the dancers at Cremorne; uttering feeble jokes in the segar-shops; picking up useful information in Billiard rooms; admiring the gilded covers of the books in the Public Library; and intently observing the movements of the cricketers on a Saturday afternoon in Richmond Paddock.

He has no visible means of subsistence, and yet never appears to want. He leads a life of laborious idleness, and is constantly on the verge of making his fortune by a magnificent scheme, such as that of distilling rum from pumpkins, or of converting the Theatre Royal into a menagerie, but abandons the project as soon as he has convinced himself of its feasibility. He communicates his theories, in the strictest confidence, to the whole of his miscellaneous acquaintances, and derives immense satisfaction from the reflection that every individual honored with his confidence, must be deeply impressed with his ability. He confesses to a feeling of disappointment with the colony, inasmuch as he has not, hitherto, derived from it either wealth or reputation; but he is magnanimous in his animosities, and generously announces his determination of giving it (the colony) "another trial."

He is convinced that his abilities are as various as Dean Swift's substitutes for a candlestick, and that they must eventually meet with their recognition and reward; and therefore he continues his mooning career, exhibiting himself at all seasons, in all public places, as who should say, "I am here, ready for use. I am open to an offer for the Governorship—a seat in Council—a share in a station—a partnership in a first-class mercantile firm, or a lucrative office in the Customs. The newspapers cry out 'more head,'— look at mine!"

But the Mooner is unnoticed in the general throng; receives no messages from Government House; is not sent for by Mr. Haines; nor courted by shepherd kings or merchant princes. So he dissipates his ability and his attention upon a thousand trifling objects, and moons away his waking hours, in the manner above described. He haunts the Queen's Arcade, when the band is playing; the shady side of Collins-street, when colonial belles come forth on shopping excursions; Batman's Hill, when there is artillery practice going on; the Exhibition Building, on the occasion of an Oratorio; Fancy bazaars; Government land sales; the Beach at St. Kilda, on a Sunday afternoon; the Supreme Court; the Strangers' Gallery at St. Patrick's Hall; the bar of the Royal, about the hour of rehearsal; the Hall of Commerce at "high noon"; and the Queen's Wharf, when emigrants and their luggage are coming ashore.

Sometimes the Mooner is applied to for information by a new chum, or he is appealed to as an authority by an indignant drayman whose services are estimated, by fresh arrivals, at the English rate; and the Mooner becomes majestical, and he delivers his information or his judgments with an oracular grandeur both of tone and language, designed for impressive effect, but occasionally provocative of ill-mannerly merriment.

If any of *Punch's* readers desire to know more of the Mooner, let them study him any morning, between nine and twelve, while engaged in a gratuitous perusal of the copies of the *Argus* and *Herald*, pasted upon boards, outside the office of the former journal.

HORRIBLE DISCLOSURE.

The *Argus* in noticing the recent insolvency of a very well known resident of Melbourne, gives the following particulars:-

> Assets, £276 6s.; liabilities, £35,738. Causes of insolvency stated to arise from the pressure of a creditor who executed a deed of assignment, by which the insolvent assigned all his property in 1854 for the benefit of his creditors, then valued at £14,000 sterling.

With respect to the slight discrepancy between the assets and liabilities, if Mr. Wilkinson is satisfied so are we—that is no business of ours just now. But we are truly sorry to find that traffic in human beings has become a recognised institution in Victoria. That this is the case, however, is clear, for we read that when the insolvent's stock was taken in 1854, his creditors were valued at £14,000. As the Editor of the *Herald* would write, "The classical student is aware, that in Rome debtors occasionally became the property of their creditors in discharge of their debts," but even Scrutator, we believe was not aware that the opposite practice obtained in Victoria, and that creditors were disposed of as assets for the satisfaction of their own claims. Such it seems is the fact however, and a new and horrible meaning now attaches to what we previously considered merely an idiomatic expression—viz., that creditors are very apt to find themselves *sold*, when debtors go into the Insolvent Court.

Why is the horse-radish the most unfortunate of vegetables?—Because it is always getting into scrapes.

THE BATTLE OF Ballarat.

[Which is Not to be Found in the "Percy Reliques."]

God prosper long our noble selves,
Our lives and safeties all ;
A woful battle once there did
On Ballarat befall.

To write the Spanish Dancer down,
Erle Seekamp did essay,
The child may rue that is not born,
The battle of that day.

The light-heeled Lola Montes did
A solemn promise make,
Her fling upon the play-house boards
One summer night to take,—

The softest hearts on Ballarat,
To win and bear away.
These tidings did Erle Seekamp fill
With anger and dismay.

He sent the Spanish dancer word
He would prevent her sport ;
The lady fair, not fearing that,
Did to the house resort.

And many bearded diggers bold,
In scarlet shirts arrayed,
Assembled in the house the night
That Lola Montes played.

Ah, deftly played that lady fair,
And soothly spake her part ;
No heart, that beat 'neath scarlet shirt,
But felt a tender smart.

And when the green baize curtain fell,
The diggers raised a shout,
That shook the very roof, and call'd
That Spanish lady out.

With "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"
Fair Lola did appear,
And when the stormy plaudits ceased
She claimed the gen'ral ear.

And bitter words, all hissing hot,
She spake of that same Erle ;
She called him idle drunken loon,
She called him "Skamp" and churl.

I ween her taunts did chafe him sore,
I ween it "gall'd his kibe,"
When in the *Star*, on Tuesday morn,
He read each jeer and jibe.

On Tuesday night, fair Lola bent
Her steps towards the Star-
Hotel, and won a riding-whip
By chance, at the bazaar.

And, therewith arm'd, she sallied forth
Erle Seekamp to defy ;
Her little mouth compress'd in wrath,
While fire flashed from her eye.

"Come forth, come forth, thou vap'ring Erle,
Thou scribe, so rude and rash,
And yield thee to the punishment
Of Lola Montes' lash.

"Ere thus I will out-braved be
One of us two shall die:
I know thee for a craven, Erle,
Ne craven, 'Skamp,' am I."

Thus spake the lady haughtily,
To Seekamp at the "States,"
While, with a blaze of hate and scorn,
Her flashing eye dilates.

Erle Seekamp grasp'd his riding-whip,
(For he was armed also,)
And with sharp words and haughty mien,
Did thus defiance throw:

"I'll do the best that do I may,
Whilst I have power to stand:
Whilst I have power to wield my whip
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Then, in a struggle dread and dire,
The combatants did close,
And on each other rain'd a shower
Of swift and stinging blows.

Erle Seekamp's face, bore bloody trace
Of Lola Montes' lash:
Her shoulders fair, if they were bare,
Would show a crimson gash.

Ah me ! it was a grief to see
So pitiful a sight,
Like lions wode, they laid on lede,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did smoke,
And glow like furnace red,
I wis the Erle and Lola too,
For breath were sore bested.

They flung their whips aside, anon,
And tore each other's hair,
'Gainst which the crowd rais'd protest loud,
And swore it wasn't fair.

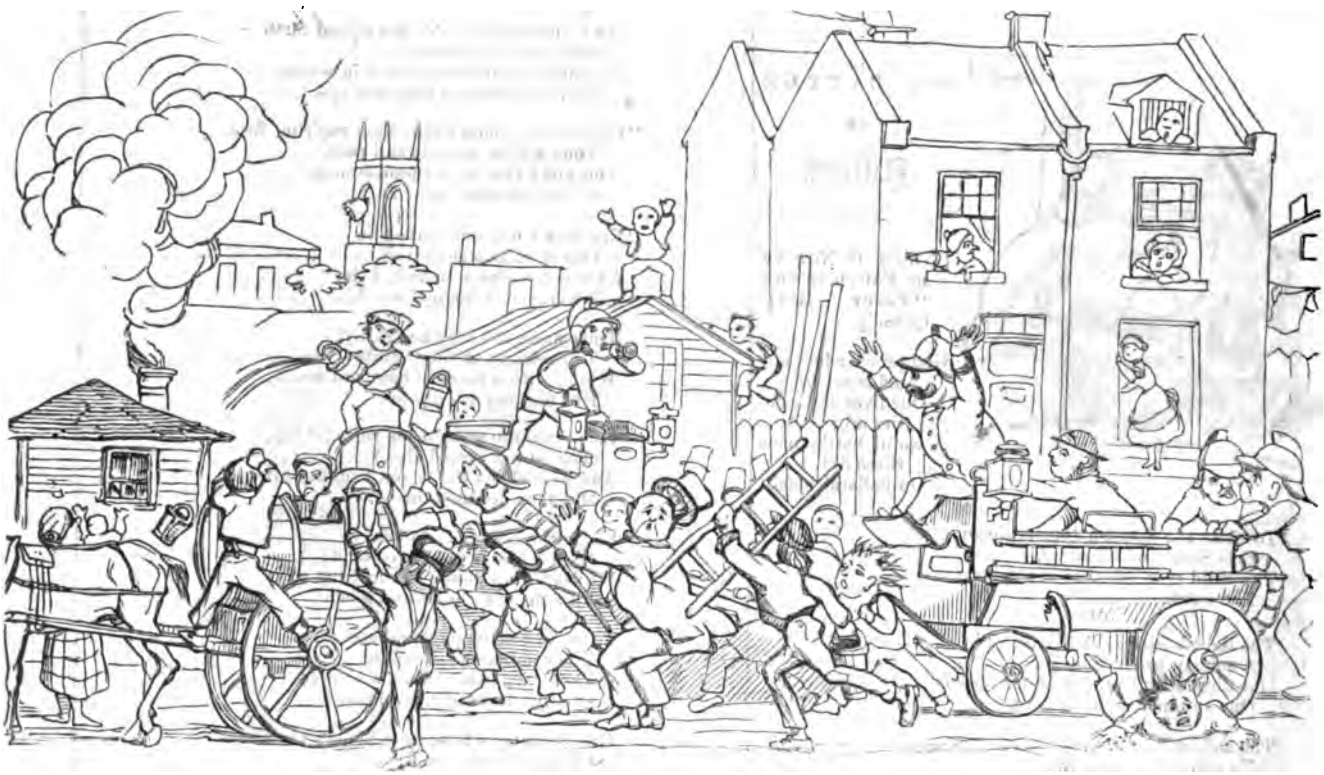
With such vehement force and might
Each other's hair they tore;
It seem'd as if, beneath bare polls,
They'd scud for evermore.

The fight did last from half-past five,
'Till setting of the sun;
For when they rang the evening bell,
The battle scarce was done.

The rumour ran on Ballarat,
The doughty Erle was slain ;
These tidings spread along the road,
That is y'clept the Main,

"Now God be with him," quoth the folk,
"Sith 'twill no better be ;
I trust we have, on Ballarat,
Five hundred—good as he."

Howbeit, it did haply chance
No deadly blow was strook ;
And from the field of combat, both
Alive, though faint, were took.



FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

The Fire Bell has roused all Melbourne, in the middle of the night, and the water-carts and engines arrive at Mr. Smith's just in time to prevent the fire in his back kitchen chimney from going out by itself.

Night coming on, the crowd did from
The battle-field decamp ;
So ended this keen strife between,
The dancer and the "Skamp."

God send us gold, and bless this land
With plenty, joy, and peace ;
And grant henceforth that foul debate,
Betwixt these two may cease.

A NEW DOGBERRY.

One Lane, J.P., has lately infringed on Captain Vignolles' prerogative, and has put forward a claim to be considered the "most senseless and fit man to be a magistrate," He is not altogether unknown to fame, but his last achievment by far outshines all former feats, and endangers the laurels of Vignolles himself. He commenced by ceding to a party of jumpers, portion of a reef that had been hitherto held according to rule, by a firm of some local standing. The aggrieved party petitioned the Executive, who declined to interfere, on which the whole claim was jumped. The second Daniel, Mr. Lane, being called in, offered to give up the whole reef in dispute to Messrs. Syme and Co., the original holders, if they would withdraw a notice of appeal against his former decision. This being of course refused, he gave up the whole to the jumper, who rejoices in the appropriate name of Sharkie.

So Mr. Lane first does wrong, and then offers to undo it for a consideration, and, on refusal of his terms, doubles the wrong. This is not all, but it is quite enough, reasoning by analogy, to qualify him for the highest post on the list of stipendiary magistrates, a rank to which he is understood to aspire. Possibly he has acted with a view to display his qualifications, as in some churches, a minister is expected to display his gifts, before he can obtain a call.

AN "IMPOSING STRUCTURE."

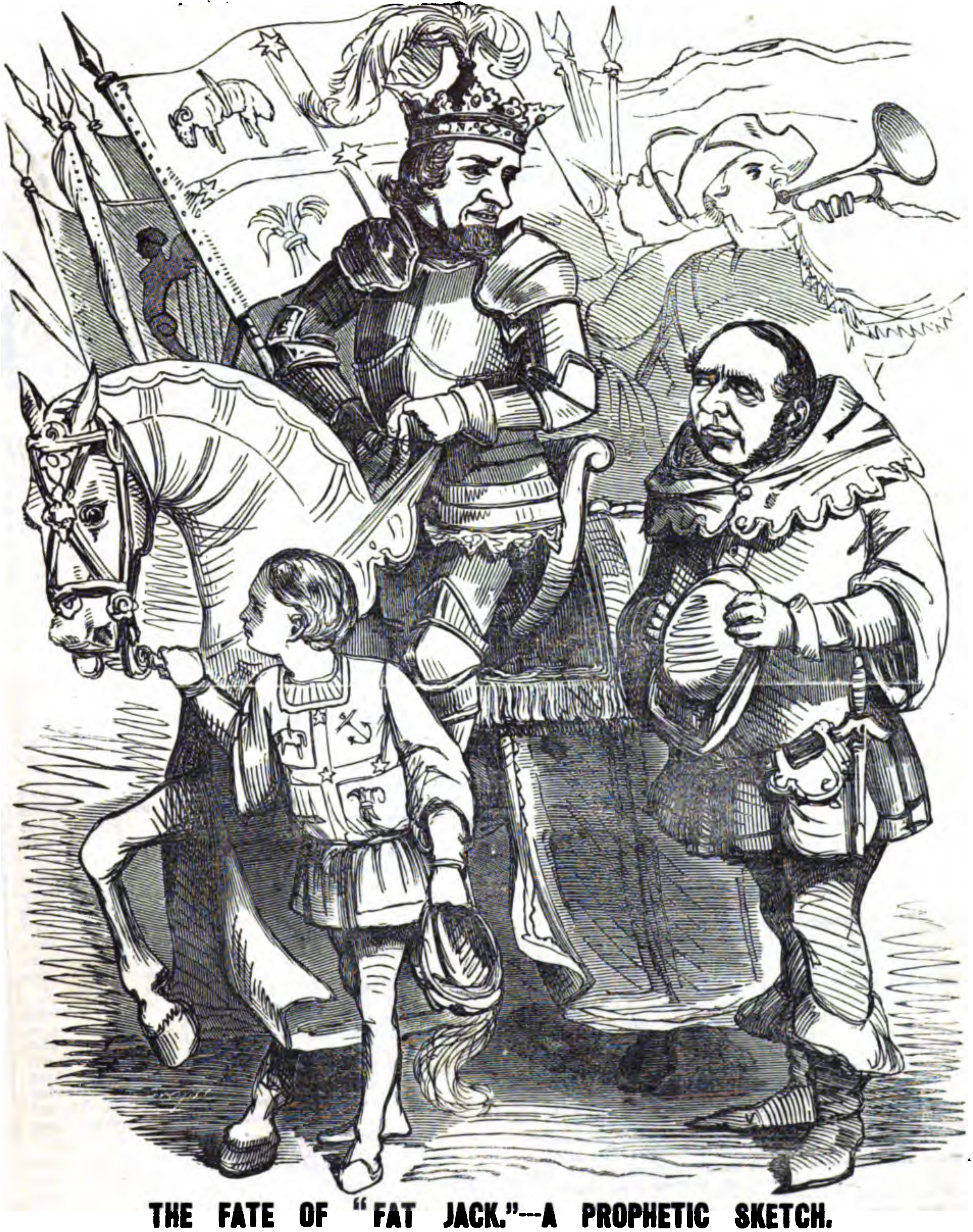
AMONG the valuable things brought to us by the *Marco Polo* is a copy of the *Illustrated London News* of Nov. 24th, 1855, containing an engraving denominated "The Town Hall, Melbourne." The drawing appears to have been sent to the Editor by Mr. "Stubbs, Sen., of the firm of Stubbs and Son," along with the following description—"Among the many buildings claiming notice is the Town Hall, in Swanston-street, an imposing structure, not yet completed. It is in the mixed Italian style, reminding one of the manner of Inigo Jones." What shall we say, gentlemen, for Mr.. Stubbs's reminiscences of Inigo Jones—start it gentlemen if you please.

On looking at the engraving, however, instead of that very valuable lot of mixed Italian building promised us, we find a chateau of the mixed Kensington Palace and Westminster Abbey style, certainly not reminding one in the least of the Town Hall ; and surrounded with terraces and flower gardens. On calling upon our memory for farther information, however, we remember the drawing before us to be a copy of Messrs. Knight and Co.'s design for a Government House, although the unfortunate inhabitants of London are having it palmed off upon them as a perfect representation of the Town Hall. Well may it be called an "*imposing* building."

Mr. Stubbs, honest man, gives a very flourishing account of Victoria and the gold-fields, and the Editor, by way of being impartial, quotes a long piece of Mr. Hewitt's well-known letter, and like an ass, not between two bundles of hay, says he does not know which account to accept.

FREE TRANSLATIONS.

Amor patriæ—The love of place.
Audito multa sed loquere panca—Never give a silent vote.
Caput morturun—A silent member.
Dilige amicos—Stick to your party.



THE FATE OF "FAT JACK."---A PROPHETIC SKETCH.

King Henry the Fifth (MR. CH—LES G—VAN D—FFY)—
I know thee not, old man—Fall to thy prayers;

* * * * *

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;
Presume not that I am the thing I was:
For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.

THE INN OF TAILORS.

FOLLOWING the example of the barristers, another ancient and honourable order, we find, is about to seek further protection and enlarged powers from the Legislature. Accordingly the members of the order of Tailors have caused the following Bill to be drawn up :

A BILL TO ESTABLISH AN INN OF TAILORS.

WHEREAS it is expedient to promote and encourage the study of tailoring, and to make provision for the due qualification and admission of persons to practice as tailors, and as such object can best be attained by the establishment of an Inn of Tailors. Be it therefore enacted by His Excellency the Governor of Victoria, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council thereof, as follows—

Preamble.

I.—That John Milton, George Nicholls, Ebenezer Lush, Charles Edwin Jones, William Little, Frederick Walters, and James M'Gaw, shall be the first benchers of the said Inn,—George Nicholls to be treasurer.

Benchers and Treasurer appointed.

II. That the Benchers for the time being of the said Inn, shall be a body politic and corporate, and shall have perpetual succession by the name and title of the treasurer and benchers of the Goose Inn in the City of Melbourne, and shall have a common seal, and by that name and title, shall and may sue and be sued in all Courts.

Incorporated.

III.—That the said Corporation may from time to time make bye laws, rules and regulations for the admission, expulsion, conduct, and education of students and for calling to the shop-board and for disboarding whomsoever they think fit.

Power to make Bye Laws.

IV.—That the said Corporation shall and may take and hold any kerseymere, tweed, broadcloth, holland or other textile fabric, but shall not alienate or dispose of the same or any part thereof except as hereinafter provided, and no such kerseymere, tweed, broadcloth, holland, or other textile fabric shall be seized or sold under any execution or process whatsoever, either at law or in equity.

Power to hold Kerseymers.

V.—That the said Corporation shall have exclusive power to call to the board, or to disboard such persons as they shall think fit ; but no person shall be so called unless and until he shall have been a student of the said Inn for such space of time not exceeding five years, as shall be fixed by the said Corporation, or unless he shall have been admitted to practise in some Inn of Tailors in England, Ireland, or Scotland, or of some British colony or possession.

Call to the Board.

VI.—That no person shall hereafter be admitted or allowed to practise as a Tailor in Melbourne, or any part of the Colony of Victoria, unless he shall have been called to the Board by the said Corporation, in the manner hereinbefore mentioned; and no person shall practise as a Tailor in any part of the colony aforesaid after he shall have been disboarded by the said Corporation.

Admission of Tailors.

VII.—That any call to the Board shall be made by a certificate, under the Common Seal of the said Corporation, in the form or to the effect in the schedule to this Act; and every person before he shall be so called shall pay to the said Corporation the sum of pounds.

Certificate of Call.

SCHEDULE.

VICTORIA *(to wit)*.—This is to certify that A. B. of ——, has been this day called to the board by the Treasurer and Benchers of the Goose Inn, in the city of Melbourne, in testimony whereof the said Corporation have hereunto affixed their common seal this day of

Sealed in our presence

J. M. }
G. N. } Benchers.
E. L. }

A Question of Privilege.

ALL the world knows—at least as many persons know as would carry a parish election for St. Pancras—that Messrs. Lalor and O'Shanassy have in a Pickwickian sense, been charging one another with saying the thing that is not ; and Mr. Lalor has now moved for a committee to determine what words may be made use of in the debates of Council. Our clairvoyant reporter has furnished us with an account of the deliberations of this committee, and a copy of their report. We hasten to lay a few extracts before our readers :—

* * * * *

Mr. O'BRIEN said his sintiments was ————

Dr. GREEVES considered the word "sintiment" most offensive, and that unless standing orders were suspended, the verb and governing noun ought to agree in number and case.

Mr. FAWENER was quite of a different opinion. This was a squatter trick, *a squatter trick*—A SQUATTER TRICK—as if it wasn't enough to monopolise sixty millions of the people's acres without monopolizing the people's language too. A man had a perfect right to do what he liked with his own nouns and verbs.

Mr. WILLS moved that aspirating the letter H before a vowel was offensive and unparliamentary. He had heard "appy omes" called "happy homes" by the Attorney-General ; and he (Mr. Wills) felt that this was a personal reflection upon himself.

Dr. OWENS seconded the motion of Mr. Wills.—Put and carried.

Mr. MOLLISON moved that old colonists and representatives of the Pastoral interest should not be restricted in the use of words. These gentlemen were in the habit of using strong language to bullocks and other quadrupeds; and it came very hard upon them when irritated by Honorable members not to be permitted to apply the same epithets. His friend Mr. Furlonge had suffered greatly in this respect.

* * * * *

Finally, the committee agreed to the following report.

REPORT OF THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON PARLIAMENTARY LANGUAGE.

THE Select Committee on Parliamentary Language have the honor to report as follows:—

"All words found in Johnson's Dictionary may be made use of, subject to the following restrictions and reservations:—In words beginning with *h*, as Hawk, Handsaw, Horse, etc., the *h*, is not to be sounded, the pronunciation 'awk, 'andsaw, 'orse, etc., being considered more in accordance with Victorian Parliamentary usage, For the same reason words beginning with a vowel as, ignorant, upstart, etc., are to be pronounced hignorant, hupstart, etc.

No member should be permitted to call another a liar more than once in a single debate ; and the committee are of opinion that (excepting squatting members) no member should be permitted to prefix to the word liar any adjective having reference to the circulating fluids of the body.

"The retort "you're another" is opposed to the spirit of the standing orders. Members should address the chair, and say "the honorable member is another."

"The epithets beast, fool, scoundrel, ass, miscreant, ruffian, villain, and others of the like import, should be avoided as much as possible ; but your committee cannot recommend their being disallowed in a council constituted like the present, and the question of their propriety ought to be left to the decision of the new Parliament.

A "WATERBUBBLE & BOWTRILL FLUTE" CANARY.

CHORUS OF YOUNG LADIES.—"SWEET! SWEET! SWEET! SWEET!"

(The reader is cautioned against letting that bad passion—envy—take possession of him while observing the attentions bestowed on the canary above depicted).

An Important Discovery.

The *Illustrated London News* heads the report of a recent judgment, given by Judge Crampton in the Ecclesiastical Court, at Dublin, with the following astounding announcement:—

A "Protestant Clergyman may Marry Himself."

It appears that a certain Reverend Mr. Beamish, had thought proper to fill at once the important posts of bridegroom, grooms'-man, parson, clerk, and witnesses; and that upon the information of an opposite neighbour who saw the transaction, an action was laid by some parties interested. The extraordinary announcement quoted is then merely a lively way of intimating that the marriage so performed is held to be legal.

"The majority of your committee are of opinion that such sentences as "Them parties was noways particular;" "Him and me hadn't no right to be put upon;" "Some on us thinks very different to that;" and others similarly constructed, are not strictly correct: but considering how many honorable members are in the habit of speaking in this style, your committee would not recommend any innovation upon established usage,"

COLIN CAMPBELL,
Chairman

AN IMPALPABLE MEDIUM.

At the Criminal Sessions, Castlemaine, as we are informed by the *Argus*, of Thursday last, "A-Hun was sworn, by blowing out a light *through an interpreter*."

Punch would be glad to learn a few particulars concerning the birth, parentage, habits and aspect of this intangible interpreter—this "airy nothing"—who appears to be compounded of the same "penetrable stuff" as Jacob Marley's ghost, looking through whom, Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge discerned the two buttons on his (Jacob Marley's) coat behind. An interpreter through whom you may blow out a light, must be a phenomenon more remarkable than the living skeleton, or the shadowless man, or the pig-faced lady, or the calligraphic Miss Biffin or St. Denys of France (after his decapitation), or the Siamese twins, or and one of Barnum's monstrosities. What an ingenuous and transparent creature this interpreter must be!—even a child might see through him.

A Base Miscreant.

Our insane correspondent, who explains his lengthened silence by informing us that he has been appointed editor of the *Flemington Flambeau*, and is studying elocution under Mr. O'Brien, M.L.C., in order to qualify himself for a seat in the Council, sends us the following heinous specimen of the misuse of language:—

"Why is it desirable to cultivate the acquaintance of a man with knock-knees?

"Because a friend *in-kneed* is a friend indeed."

We shall write home to the unfortunate perpetrator's friends in England, apprising them of his melancholy state of mind, by the next mail.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT,
In Preparation, and will shortly be produced
A NEW MONOPOLYLOGUE,
Entitled,
The Soldier, The Actor, The Consular Agent, and The Merchant,
By JAMES TARLETON, Esq., U. S. Consul.
In the course of the entertainment will be introduced the admired
REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC DINNERS.
(For particulars see small bills.)

Cleanliness is next to Godliness.

Considering the dirty doings of which some honourable members are occasionally guilty, we are not surprised that a considerable minority should have voted against the second reading of the "St. Kilda Sea Bathing Company's Bill." The second reading has been carried however, and we trust that the two bathing-houses which it is proposed to erect, will be ready by the time the two houses of the new Parliament are opened, In that case, perhaps, the members of both will take care to come to the performance of their duties, with clean hands.

Classics for the Million.—A well-known caterer for public amusements is advertising for a Classical Comic Vocalist. If he lived in a "Greek" neighbourhood, we might suppose that the vocalist was wanted to sing the odes of Anacreon localised for the occasion, or to chaunt passages from Aristophanes with hits at public characters; but as it is we are in the dark as to the kind of entertainment for which this peculiarly qualified performer is desired.

Why are staff-officers so called?—Because they are frequently found to be sticks.

PIRACY OF INVENTION.

Among the multitudinous evidences of the need for a stringent patent law, is the case of that important invention, the screw-propeller, which was stolen from us by the Ancient Romans. Cæsar expressly states in his Commentaries, that every galley was propelled by *it's crew*.

STEAM COMMUNICATION.

A Dialogue.

Scene—DOWNING STREET.

Present—SMYJTHE, BROWHNE JOHNYS, AND ROBYNSONE.

Smyjthe—I say Nutcracker's the better horse of the two for a short distance.

Johnys—Well, I don't care, I'll race you a mile and a half for a pony —each to ride his own horse.

Smyjthe—Done.

Robynsone I tell you what it is, though I've no more time to talk now—It's almost two o'clock, and I must be off at three to have a pull with young Larkyns of the Foreign office, and I've got an infernal draft to write about Australian postage. I should like to be told how much I know about the matter. I've got old Mugger though to coach up the facts, and he's put a few down for me to work on, or I'm blessed if I ever should get on.

Browhne—Why, I thought they'd got a post-office in Australia long ago.

Robynsone—Oh, so they have, but that kind of people's never satisfied—the more one does for 'em the more they want, and nothing 'll please 'em but steam communication—and I've got to write all about it. It's a precious slow job.

Smyjthe—I should think so. I say though, Robynsone, if you've been coaching up Australia, you can decide a bet I made with Jemmy up stairs. He bet me a bottle of wine that Geelong was the capital of New South Wales, and I said it was in Van Diemen's Land. Who was right?

Robynsone—Well, I never can quite make out about New South Wales, but I rather think it's another name for all Australia. I know Geelong's not the capital though. Geeleng's somewhere near Ballaarat, in South Australia. I know that because poor Ghyles, who had to bolt you remember, wrote me all about some fun he had with some cads at Geelong the day before he started for Ballaarat.

Browhne—I can tell you all about Geelong—it's a regular swell place wherever it is. When Russell was head cork and bottle washer here, just after he got back from Vienna, there was a little red-faced buffer, with boltey eyes, that had been following him all the way there and back, and kept worrying every day about the New Constitution or something. Well, this old buffer used to fasten on to me sometimes, and we had no end o' talk, and he told me Geelong was a finer place than Melbourne by ever so much, and he was mayor of it, and ought to know. Geelong's just at the mouth of the river as you go up to Melbourne, and the Melbourne people are as jealous of Geelong as can be, and wont let the ships stop, down there, or anything.

Robynsone—By Jove, you *are* up in Australian geography. I shouldn't wonder if you could tell me where Bendigo is. I always take an interest in Bendigo because it reminds me so of the grand turn up between him and Caunt.

Johnys—Oh Bendigo's somewhere west of Castlemaine—Western Australia you know.

Smyjthe—Why that's a convict colony isn't it.

Robynsone—Yes, that's why they had to pass an anti-convict act, as old Boltey-eyes told us. But that doesn't help me with my draft. I wonder how long it takes to get to Australia now a days.

Browhne—Captain Cook took three years going round the world and Australia's about half way, so I should say eighteen months would be about the figure.

Smyjthe—Plenty fast enough too for a slow place like that.

Robynsone—Ah, but I see old Mugger says it can be done in fifty days, if the thing's well paid for.

Smyjthe—By Jove that gives you all your materials at once. I could write a stunning draft on that information. Of course you'll say my lords 'll be very happy to do it when the colonies subscribe the money. That'll be doing the thing civilly and yet save all bother about really getting up steam communication.

Robynsone—No, that wont do. Mugger tells me Victoria—that's Adelaide, isn't it—is willing to subscribe £50,000 a-year, and that would be pretty well enough by itself. No, I see my way. I must lug in New Zealand and all manner of out-o'-the-way places, and say we'll give 'em steam communication when they are all agreed about the route and the share each should pay and so on. That'll keep 'em fighting for years, and we shan't have the bother of getting up the steamers for all that while. Let me alone for that kind of thing. There was an old chap with a Newfoundland grievance handed over to me when I first came into the office. My instructions were to put him off always but to keep him sweet. He's as civil as can be to this day, but he's getting into very low water, and we shall soon be able to buy him right off with a place in Sierra Leone. His predecessor went out six months ago, and as soon as he leaves a vacancy (which I suppose he has done by this time) old Codfish, as we call him, is to have it.

Smyjthe—Ah. well, I dare say it'll come all right. I wish you joy of your job, Robynsone. Come along other parties, and let's get all these infernal colonies out of our heads, somewhere. Nothing I hate so much as the shop.

[Exeunt. *Robynsone sits down and commences the draft of a despatch, since published in the* Argus].

Is there for Honest Grocery.

Is there for honest grocery,
 That feels disdain and a' that;
The arrant snob we pass him by,!
 We dare sell tea for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Our coffee, figs, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though a grocer's shop we keep,
 Wear apron white and a' that,
And toil and trade while dandies sleep,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their foppish airs and a' that,
The honest man what'ere his birth
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see the supercilious glance,
 The stare the strut and a' that,
Of fools who dress and mince and dance,
 And scent themselves and a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their self-esteem and a' that;
Such brainless dandy ne'er do weels,
 Are mere *clothes-pegs* for a' that.

The Governor can give a place
 To whom he likes and a' that;
An idiot boast a lordly race,
 A useless life and a' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 His silly pride and a' that,
An honest man of sense and worth,
 Is miles and miles o'er a' that.

Then let us pray that soon he may
 Return again and a' that,
Who illustrates how false the test
 That snobs apply and a' that,
 For a' that and a' that,
 The time will come for a' that,
When Nicholson returned again,
 May Premier be for a' that.

Infringement of Copyright.

It is reported that Captain Vignolles, J.P., and Mr. Lane, J.P., (who to judge from one of his recent decisions, must be a very crooked Lane) are about to apply for an injunction to restrain Messrs. Rogers and Murray from appearing in the characters of Dogberry and Verges, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, at Coppin's Olympic. *Punch* trusts that the injunction will be refused, for though Messrs. Viguolles and Lane may sustain the *role* of the Sicilian constables more naturally, the clever comedians at the Olympic infuse far more humour into the parts. In brief, whereas Messrs. Rogers and Murray provoke laughter, Messrs. Vignolles and Lane simply excite contempt.

A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE.

"Goodman Delver. * * * Cudgel your brains no longer, for your dull ass will never mend his pace with beating * * * fetch me a stoup of liquor."—*Hamlet*.

LEGERDEMAIN EXTRAORDINARY..

The difference of opinion respecting the creation of a new judge has been set at rest. Mr. Jacobs is a more wonderful wizard than people thought him. It is to be presumed he would not have issued his advertisement relating to this subject unless he had good reason for the significant wording which conveys the announcement. He said his entertainment on Wednesday evening would be "under the patronage of *His Honor the Chief Justice Sir William and Lady a'Beckett.*" From this it may be gathered that Mr. Jacobs has, with singular dexterity, and with admirable recognition of the rights of women, transformed Sir William and his excellent lady into one concrete embodiment of arch-judicial authority, and the lady-world of Victoria will be gratified to know that if not represented in the Legislative Council of the colony, they at least hold a place upon the bench of the Supreme Court, and considering that the wife is the better half of the connubial whole, unless Mr. Jacobs' chemistry has been of so recondite a nature as to produce a completely neutral result by the aforesaid combination, it is only reasonable to infer that female influence will preponderate in the weighty decisions of this tribunal. The early hour at which we went to press last evening (we are compelled to go to press early, to ensure the satisfaction of the hundreds of thousands of our subscribers) prevented our being able to say what the appearance of this compound judge was at the Theatre Royal. It is to be expected that this wonderful performance of Mr. Jacobs will direct the attention of the Government to the necessity of securing his services at any price, for if he can effect such a mysterious process as to consolidate a judgeship, he may be able, out of his magical bottle to pour a concentrated model governor.

The Great Pluralist.

TO MELBOURNE PUNCH, ESQ.

Sir,

It is time that the directors of the Gas Company should be roused to a sense of their duty to the shareholders, and should instantly dismiss Mr. A. K. Smith from his present post. I admire the noble and disinterested spirit Mr. Allen has displayed in exposing the abominable and treacherous conduct of the *gallant captain,* in devoting to other pursuits, energies, the entirety of which the company has bought and paid for. It is sheer nonsense to say, that a man can do his duty as engineer to the company and attend to other avocations in his leisure hours.

I speak from experience Sir. I am a government officer and my business hours are from ten to four. My mental labour during that period is as great as *my* brain can properly bear, and I flatter myself that my brain is as strong as *Captain* Smith's at any rate. My evenings I spend as a man should, in recreation, that relaxes my mind and fits me to do my duty to my employer—the state. I should be ashamed of myself were I to do a single stroke of work after office hours. On the contrary, either at billiards, or at Cremorne, or at a quiet game of unlimited loo, or otherwise I spend my time as a gentleman should, and acquire a proper healthy relish for my glass during the evening, and my soda-water in the morning. Even as it is, when I rise, I often find myself quite used up and over worked, and feel that to extend the hours of labours even to five o'clock, would be more than exhausted nature could bear.

My object in writing to you now, however, is to say that I have discovered no less then *nine additional offices,* filled by Mr. Smith, and of which Mr. Allen makes no mention, viz :—

64

1.—Owner — of the screw steamer "Blazes," 2000 lbs. register (new 64
measurement), and half a donkey power.
2.—Captain of ditto.
3.—Chief officer of ditto.
4.—Second officer of ditto.
5.—Third officer of ditto.
6.—Chief engineer and inspector of machinery, and fittings of ditto.
7.—Second engineer of ditto.
8.—Stoker of ditto.
9.—Crew of ditto.

I trust after this *expose* the directors will no longer hesitate to do their duty, and

I remain Sir,
Your obedient servant,

A GOVERNMENT OFFICER AND SHAREHOLDER IN THE GAS COMPANY.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Nobody would take our Kerr for a water-dog, any more than old King Cole, who

"Loved for to lave his clay,
But not with water, for in that quarter
He'd a Hydrophobia."

He has laid his "taboo" upon every attempt that has been made in the city to bring either water to the people or the people to the water,—save one, which is said to be productive of large dividends; and now, when for want of other and nearer facilities, bathing accommodation has been provided at St. Kilda by private enterprise, he coolly tells the proprietor of the bathing ship to "move on" with as little compunction as he would send a hurdy-gurdy grinder into the next street. However, the Surveyor-General has taken the matter up, so that we hope a stop will soon be put to all opposition in that *Kerr-water*.

Vigorous Efforts appear to be making, to obtain an increase of speed in the conveyance of the mails to and from Europe, all previous movements in favor of steam, having ended in smoke.

Q.—Why should W. Nicholson's furniture sell well?
A.—Because he was almost the first cabinet maker in Victoria.

TAGE
COACH-WOMEN
AND THEIR
WHIPS.

No colonial architect will ever think of introducing the ancient symbols of the drama—the lyre, the thyrsus, and the tragic and comic masks—among the decorations of a Victorian theatre. He will substitute for them an implement which is destined to cut (literally to cut), a far more prominent and, withal, a more deeply incised figure, on the colonial stage ;—an implement which flourishes now in the hands, and anon upon the shoulders, of leading actresses ;—an implement, the frequent use of which, marks the advances we have made in civilization, –records our social progress, in rubrical characters, as it were.—melodiously proclaims it, in swelling chords, or, as a lisping young lady would say "thelebrateth it with a *thong*." Let this new symbol of the drama—this new accessory to the stage, enjoy the undivided honor of a line ; and be all fitting typographical distinction accorded to

THE WHIP.

Punch never takes up a Ballarat paper without finding or expecting to find some allusions to this flagellator, among the dramatic criticisms. It must form part of the stage "properties" at the Victoria Theatre, just as a scourge used to form portion of the inventory of an ascetic's stock-in-trade ; or just as the knout constitutes the chief ornament of a Russian police-office, at the present day.

Last week, *Punch* had the honor of recording "in numerous verse," the "Battle of Ballarat." This week he finds a second sanguinary fray reported in the columns of the *Ballarat Times*, and as Livy's picturesque narrative is sometimes preferable to Macaulay's animated "Lays," *Punch* will allow the annalist of the *Times* to speak for himself :—

> "It is necessary, before we give any account of the disturbance, to state that Madame Montes had a share in the proceeds of the Theatre ; and, on one evening the house was so full, that she expected to receive at least £80 more than Mr. Crossby thought proper to award her ; Madame Montes, perhaps correctly, believing herself defrauded of her just due, made use of some expression derogatory to Mr. Crossby ; and on Saturday evening she, with her characteristic boldness, repeated them in the presence of Mr. Crossby and his wife ; whereupon Mrs. Crossby immediately commenced striking Madame with a heavy whip, which she broke in the struggle, then seizing Madame by the hair, beat her most unmercifully about the head and neck, so much so, that it rendered Madame totally unable to appear on the stage according to public announcements."

Playful little creatures ! Divest the narrative of the serious aspect it assumes in the eyes of the severely judging *Times*, and what is it but a cheerful picture of the sportive gambols of Merry and Cherry Pecksniff, while that estimable moralist, their father—represented to the life by Mr. Crossby—stands complacently by, an amused spectator, benignantly smiling on the innocent recreations of those professional lambkins. The broken whip, and the unmerciful blows inflicted on the head and neck of the fair Lola, must be mere figments of the writer's fancy ;—Merry and Cherry would never indulge in such violent horse-play as that ; nor would the serene and high-minded Pecksniff countenance it for a moment. Let us read a little farther on :

> "Anyone knowing the calibre of Mrs. Crossby, will easily understand how unequal the contest must have been, especially as the sole spectator was Mr. Crossby, her own husband, who, it is easily to be understood, would not call foul play, so long as his wife was what is called 'getting the best of it.'"

A palpably distorted narrative. Supposing it were true, it would convict this "sole spectator" of unmitigated ruffianism, and such a charge is palpably untenable. Is not Lola this manager's "breadwinner,"—the bird who lays him golden eggs,--the actress and dancer upon whose reputation, popularity, notoriety, or what-you will, he trades and grows rich ; and would he stand unconcernedly by, and witness her undergoing a battering and bruising, even though it *were* inflicted by his own wife ? Impossible ! A nigger-driver—Haley himself—would be more careful of his black "cattle."

> "So severely was Lola handled, that Dr. Mount was sent for to dress her wounds ; he wrote a certificate to this effect, that in consequence of severe injuries sustained by Madame Montes, it was impossible for her to appear that evening. This certificate Mr Crossby had the stupidity to bring before the audience, on Saturday evening, and had the still further stupidity to state the real cause of her indisposition, thinking no doubt, thereby, to enhance his interest and position in the eyes of the audience. He stated on the stage, how his wife had amused herself by the agreeable recreation of a personal combat with the redoutable Lola Montes, and then went to the side wing and brought forth this championess, whom he introduced as the 'whipperess of the whipperess of whippers ;' a title, which is not likely to be disputed by any of the fair sex on Ballarat, and of which the enviability is not a matter of question."

"Great works !" as Signor Carboni Raffaello would observe, and "goot worts" too, as Sir Hugh Evans might add. "The whipperess of the whipperess of whippers !" Why, this "flogs creation." It was the unexpected appearance of the manager's wife in a new part, and ought to have created a profound sensation. To devise such an epithet was a splendid effort of genius ; to appropriate it was an act of sublime hardihood ; and to glory in it, a manifestation of the highest moral courage. But what said the audience ?

> "The audience did not appear to take the matter exactly as Mr. Crossby would have wished, for a great clamour arose for Lola Montes, and one man jumped on the stage and took the medical certificate from Mr. Crossby's hands and read it aloud. The uproar then became very great, and the majority of those present went back to the office and demanded their money again, which was at once returned, the theatre after that remaining open free to all who liked to enter, but it must be said, a continual hissing was kept up throughout the house, until the performance came to a termination "

Blind, unreasoning, unappreciating audience ! "Clamor, uproar, and hissing,"—what an amazing insensibility to Amazonian daring and womanly worth, do these demonstrations imply ! "The whipperess of the whipperess of the &c., &c., &c.," ought to have been honored with an ovation at the very least. But "the age of chivalry is gone." Burke said so, and the Ballarat *Times* confirms the assertion. One more extract, and that shall be the last :—

> "It appears that Mrs. Crossby has not had enough of glory, for during the whole of yesterday (Sunday) forenoon, she had kept up a sort of MEN-crow and actually made another whipping assault on Lola Montes, using at the time language the most disgusting that could disgrace the mouth of a man much more a woman. Lola is very severely hurt, in several places, and it is likely she will not appear again on the stage at Ballarat."

Punch, conscious that his immortal publication finds numerous and admiring readers in England, is anxious to impress upon actors and actresses in the other hemisphere, who may contemplate visiting Victoria, and who may feel deterred from so doing, by reading the foregoing lively narrative, the assurance that "cow-hiding" is not a Colonial institution, but has been imported with other valuable "notions," by enterprising managers from the States. Nevertheless, as a precautionary measure merely, and to be prepared for all contingencies, actresses from Europe may judiciously provide themselves with silver-mounted hunting whips ; and perhaps it would be as well if such ladies, when single, were accompanied by an elder brother, sinewy, stalwart, and six feet high.

A Band of Hope.

Wanted to know what is a Band of Hope ? Such an organism, in connection with a teetotal body, proclaims aloud its intention of commencing (what is not stated), at Blank, on Blank evening next. Is it a Band of brass designed to play upon the people ? or it is a musical body about to commence on Blank evening, a never ending concert, like a reverend gentleman in this town, who once announced that he would "commence preaching on Sunday next, at eleven o'clock, and continue till further notice ?" We pause for a reply.

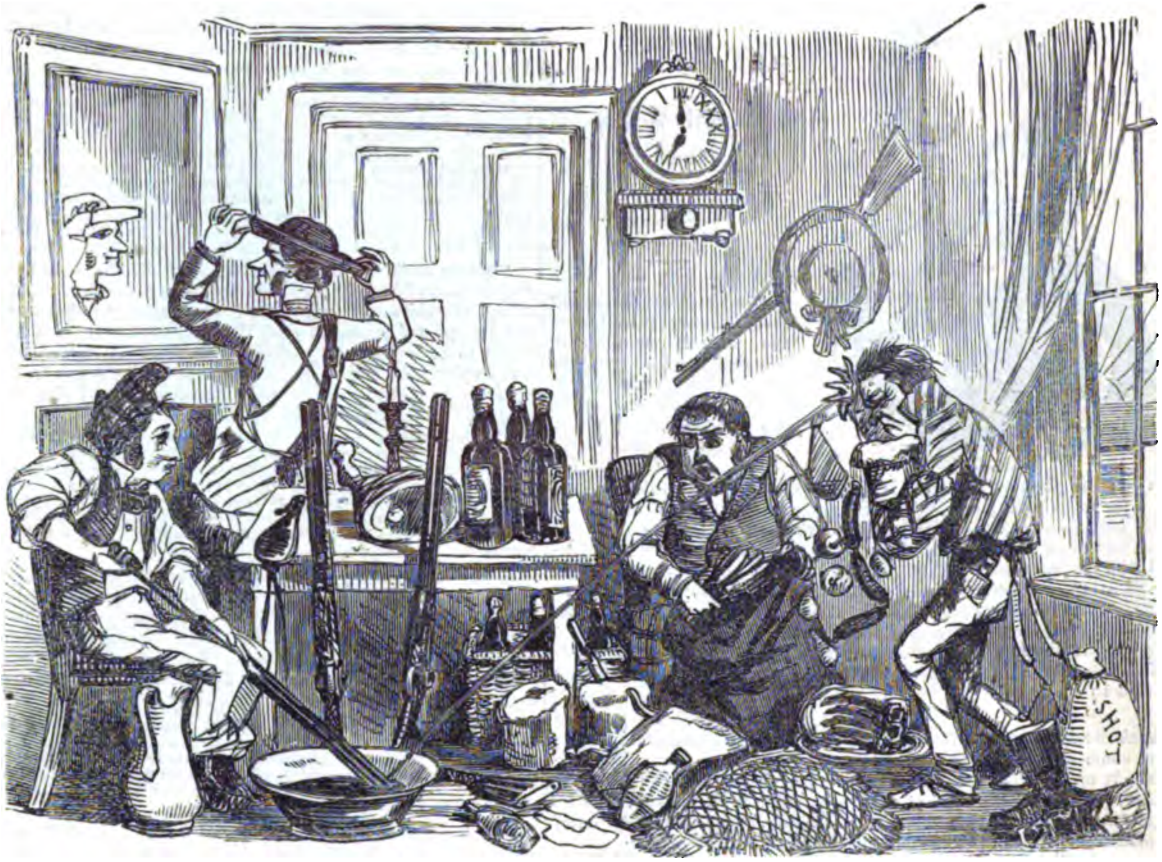
NOTES AND QUERIES.—The word "clipper" has not originated from the practice of clipping the sails of vessels to prevent their going too fast—though the "runs" ? made by some of the Clipper-ships of late would lead to that supposition.

A "KINDRED" TOPIC—Marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.—The Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock.

THE "PERFECTION" OF RIB-BONE-ISM.—Woman !

MAN-HOOD—a hat, Woman-Hood—a bonnet.



MR. NIMROD GREEN'S SHOOTING EXPEDITION. No. 1.

Mr. Nimrod Green (a brother of our old friend, **Newchamp Green, Esq.,**) resolves upon a grand shooting expedition, and he and a few friends make preparations accordingly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Partington.—The Spit of Arabat was taken to cook the Russian goose.

Turf.—It is rumoured that Dr. Milton has put in a liberal tender for the Grand Stand at the Melbourne Races.

Geelong.—It is understood that the testimonial to Mr. James Harrison, M.L.C., will be presented by Dr. MacKay.

Materfamilias.- The Reverend Gerald Ward subscribed £50 to the "Chidley Fund," to show that his proceedings were dictated by principle only, and that, now the case has been decided against him, he is desirous to shake hands, and to contribute his mite towards the expenses which Mrs. Chidley has incurred through his error of judgment.

A Merchant.—The fee for a private box at the Post Office is very properly fixed at £3 per annum, in order not to increase the number of lessees; the clerks in that department being already so much overworked that they have scarcely time for those civilities to applicants at the windows, for which they have become so deservedly celebrated. Your suggestion that the fee should be reduced to £1 would only have the effect of procuring a tenant for every private box, and then every person who had one would be able to obtain his letters at once, and the other residents in Melbourne would be able to obtain their letters sooner in proportion, as the labor of the letter carriers would be reduced. It would, therefore, be unreasonable to expect that your suggestion could be entertained.

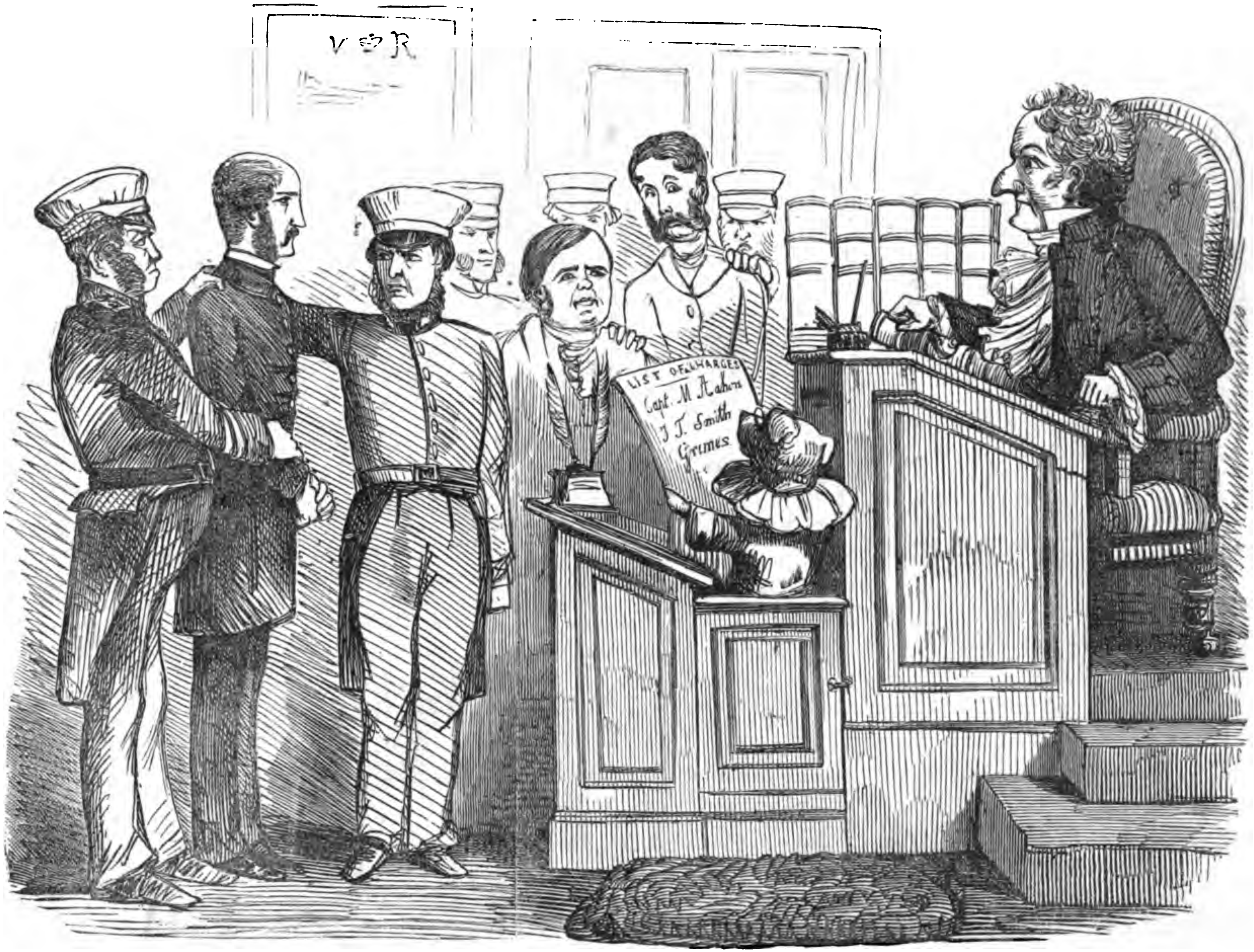
A New Chum.—The present Mayor was elected to the Chief Magisterial Chair in consequence of his having had some years' practice at one of the Colonial Bars. He used to be considered without a rival in drawing a brief, or in the technical language of the bar, "summut short."

THE GOAT THAT ONCE THROUGH PRAHRAN'S STREETS.

We understand that during the last week a melancholy voice has been heard in different parts of Prahran singing to the air of "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," the following touching stanzas. At the same time a form has been seen to glide past, strongly resembling that of a well-known representative of the Loddon.

The goat that once in Prahran streets
  A scanty pasture found,
In Prahran's roads no longer bleats,
  Stray pigs no more abound.
No more knee-deep in mud I pace,
  The swamps are almost drained,
And cleanliness usurps the place
  Where filth and squalor reigned.

No more to swell the doctor's bill
  The foul effluvia rise;
No more on valley, plain, or hill
  The putrid garbage lies.
So poor the undertaker's trade,
  No other chances come,
Save when disease his hand has laid
  On some debauched old chum.



REMANDED FOR FURTHER ENQUIRY.

"At the close of the examination in the well-known Forage case, the Presiding Magistrate, Mr. PUNCH, said, 'Prisoner at the bar: I am sorry to see you in your present position, and trust you will yet be able to clear your character. In the meantime, however, I must remand you for a week, that an opportunity for further investigation may be given. Suitable bail will, however, be taken. Call on the next case.'"—*Argus.*

THE SMUGGLERS BOLD.

BY PLEESMAN X.

I'VE a tail of bold
  adwenture,
 Vich all may hear as
  chews,—
An owdacious case of
  smugglin
 By a pare of uprite
  Jews.

On Thursday last there
  came on board
 A steamer in the bay,
A hofficer, named Mister
  Haymes,
 Who civilly did say—

Unto the mate (a
  Hebrew gent,
 This mate he was also,)
"I think as how there's gold concealed
 In this here craft, d'ye know."

Says that there mate, "We've only sheep
 In this here vessel's 'old
You'll find as how we a'nt not got
 A blessed hounce of gold."

Says Mister Haymes unto the mate,
 "I shant not stir a hinch
From this ear spot till I have spoak
 To galliant Capting Clinch :

"There's serting cases down below,
 As I rekwire two C,
Bill Lyon don't u tri to come
 Th' old solcjur over me :

"For I was born afore to-day,
 And no a thing or too,
If you don't bring them cases up,
 They'll disagree with yoo."

Then up came galliant Capting Clinch,
 And says, "What is the row ?"
And Mister Haymes he tolled him all
 I toll'd you all jest now.

And Capting Clinch his orders giv
 A serch to hinstitoot,
The mate began to think as ow
 In it he'd put his foot.

Up came three underd sheep or moar,
 And then too boxes small ;
Thus henter'd in the cargo-book,
 Perseptibill to hall :—

"Horwitz and Marks, of Hobart Town,
 In dimond J and S ;
With Won, Three, Too, above the mark,
 Won, Fore, Five, at it's base."

Says Mr. Haymes, quite joyfully,
 "This claim is rich, I trust,
T'ant very far to sink afore
 I strike on lots of dust."

At fust he found a lare of shirts,
 All nicely packt away,
And underneeth that linnin fine,
 The finer mettle lay,—

Sum hateen underd hounces, wich
 The duty hadn't pade.
The site did Mister Haymeses hart
 With much delite perwade.

Seven thousand some odd pounds or moar's
 The vally of that gold,
One half of which to Mr. Haymes
 Belongs, as I am tolled.

The other half the taxes gets,
 I'm sure I don't object ;
And, what is moar, a lumpin fine
 Horwitz and Co. expect.

If folks will run grate risks and brake
 The laws wots dooly past,
They didn't ought to grumble if
 They air bowled out at last.

Hard working diggers dooty pays
 On nuggets grate and small ;
Wot's fare for one in this ear land,
 In course is fare for all.

Horwitz and Marks as forfitted
 All claims to my respex,
They'll be cut dead, next time they meet
 With me, Perleesman X.

A GREAT WANT.

"A fellow feeling," says an obscure poet, "makes us wondrous kind," and we have therefore intense sympathy with one Samuel Harding Henshall, whoever he may be, who proclaims in the columns of the *Age* that he "wants £5 or any lesser sum placed to his credit in the Bank of New South Wales, or Oriental Banking Corporation." Although we share Mr. Henshall's want, our taste is more catholic, and we would not limit intending contributors to place or amount. So far from binding our well wishers to pay into one of two banks, we shall be glad to have £1000 or a larger amount paid to our credit with any bank in the country. Beyond this declaration. the only further manifestation of our unity of sentiment with the advertiser is, that we sincerely wish either of us may get it.

MR. FYFE, MR. PUNCH AND THE GEELONG OBSERVER.—In a recent number of the *Geelong Observer*, the writer observes, while pronouncing a panygeric on Mr. Fyfe, "Has even *Punch*, who soon picks up any eccentric specimen of humanity, caricatured Mr. Fyfe?" Mr. Punch would not have the inference drawn, that he implicitly believes in Mr. Fyfe, because that gentleman has not yet been depicted in the Parliamentary portrait-gallery. To prevent misunderstandings, however, the omission shall be speedily supplied. At the same time, Mr. Punch does not endorse the sentiments of the Geelong Correspondent of the *Argus*, and sees no objection to Mr. Fyfe's dining with Mr. Duffy as often as the latter gentleman can bear it.

BLOW! BLOW! BLOW!

BY A....D T...Y..N.

Blow, Blow, Blow,
 From the fiery north, O Wind !
And I would that the dust thou bringest,
 Had been left unstirr'd behind.

O well for the digger at work,
 In the drive of the cool moist mine !
O well for the bather who dips,
 In St. Kilda's sparkling brine.

And the whirling dust blows on
 To the purple Southern Main ;
But O for a melting strawberry ice,
 And a beaker of cold champagne !

Blow, Blow, Blow,
 Like the blast of a furnace, Wind ;
But no refuge cool from thy scorching breath
 Can my panting body find.

icholson's Testimonial.

WHEN it was announced that a subscription was to be raised for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. Nicholson on his departure for England, a number of distinguished gentlemen whose names will be found below, expressed their anxiety to contribute, and to let Mr. Nicholson know their sentiments towards him, by the presentation of the following complimentary address :—

TO WM. NICHOLSON, ESQ., M.L.C. &c.

SIR,—

We the undersigned, heads of departments, desire on the occasion of your quitting these shores, to express our sense of your high character and general political worth, and especially of the great service which you rendered to us upon the occasion of a recent crisis. We cordially agree with you that it would have been impossible to find men who could fill our places or spend our salaries with such satisfaction to us as we do ourselves. We feel however, that nothing but your forbearance saved us from the annoyance of seeing this important duty imperfectly performed, and we acknowledge, that if you had obstinately persevered in your attempt to form a ministry, we should not only have been now out of office, but it would have been extremely doubtful whether we should ever have been in office again.

We feel greatly obliged to you for proceeding to England, as we are aware that while you remained, we should always have been exposed to considerable danger, as it would have been known that a man was accessible who would make a better head to our government than any of our number. Your noble and disinterested conduct in leaving the country in our hands, deserves our warmest thanks and praise; in token of our feelings in this respect, we beg to present you with the accompanying small token of our esteem and regard, and to subscribe ourselves,

Your deeply obliged
Humble Servants,
(Signed)

WM. C. HAINES, Chief Secretary
W. FOSTER STAWELL, Attorney-General
R. MOLESWORTH, Solicitor-General
H. C. E. CHILDERS, Chief Commissioner of Trade and Customs
C. SLADEN, Treasurer
C. PASLEY, Commissioner of Public Works
A. CLARKE, Surveyor-General.

At the same time that the above address was written, Mr. Punch was requested to subscribe to the testimonial and to append his name to the document. He felt, however, that an autograph letter from himself, would be alike more suitable and more valued, and he accordingly penned the following:—

TO WM. NICHOLSON, ESQ., M.L.C.

MY DEAR NICHOLSON,

I am truly sorry that you are going to leave us for a time, and I can only express a hope that you may enjoy your visit to Europe much, and that your enjoyment may be concentrated into the shortest possible time, so that we may speedily have you among us again. There is no man in Council for whom I have a higher respect, and I fear that the national cost of your absence will be a heavy price that we shall have to pay for your enjoyment abroad.

At the same time, my dear Nicholson, I feel bound to say that your recent conduct with regard to the ministerial crisis somewhat lowered you in my esteem, though you will be gratified to learn that it leaves you one of my prime favourites still. But you ought not to have abandoned your task, and I am convinced that if you had not crippled your own movements by the ridiculous old chummish idea that you ought to have confined yourself in your selection of colleagues to the curious lot with whom you are accustomed to sit on the representative side of the present Council Chamber, you might readily have superseded with better men the self-satisfied little clique that now chuckles over your failure, and flatters itself that it contains the only men forthcoming, who are fit to govern this country.

Still I admire you heartily. I never heard you open your mouth in Council that some sensible remark did not issue from it, and that is more than I can say for any other man there.

As you are rich and I am not, I shall not subscribe to your Testimonial in a pecuniary way, but I have instructed the publisher of my unparalleled work to hand over to you, as many bound volumes and loose numbers as you choose to pay for, and shall conclude by subscribing myself!

Your well wisher and best adviser,
MELBOURNE PUNCH.

Alarming News.

MRS. GAMP, of Bourke-street, east, in the city of Melbourne, *Punch* regrets to learn, experienced a severe nervous attack on Monday last, which excited the most alarming apprehensions in the minds of her anxious friends. Her dilapidated bonnet was observed to quiver with emotion; her umbrella was agitated from the handle to the ferule; and her patten rings vibrated with tremulous excitement. Somebody had lent her a paper from the Cape, containing an extract from a St. Helena paper, setting forth, as she observed "Ow an evil dispoged Rooshan privatehear had bin and chivied a British bark, which gold ships might be waylaid, and robbed and murdered, and nobody not never a bit the wiser. Goodness knows," the old lady added, "they may come into the Bay and blow us out of our beds, which it's not to be deniged is a visitation on our sins." And Sarah thereupon delivered herself of a scream which terrified the whole city, and she has been comatose ever since.

Punch sent round to the old lady's lodgings three times in the course of last evening, but his messenger obtained no other reply to his enquiries than this:—"There is no visible change for the better in the condition of the patient, but her recovery is not despaired of."

THE MODESTY OF THE *AGE*.

THAT the present age is one of progress everybody knows, and it is almost equally true that it is an age of every other possible characteristic. But to descend from generals to particulars, and to observe the *Age* which circulates among us rather than that in which we circulate ourselves, we find many of the desirable qualities absent or limited in intensity. The following passage we quote is, however, hopeful, as manifesting the dawn of a characteristic which has not, as far as we are aware, been hitherto detected in the above mentioned organ of public opinion :—

> "Our modesty is severely tried by these complimentary allusions" (referring to some mention of the paper in the House). "We get credit for an amazing amount of effort and influence,—more, we fear, than we have any claim to."

The *Age* may, perhaps, seek to obtain credit for more influence than it has any claim to, but whether it gets it is quite another question. The present disclaimer is, however, quite refreshing.

Dogberry on Mag-icide.

NATURE never produces her great men in duplicate. There was but one Solomon, but one Sir Matthew Hale, but one Sir Thomas More, but one Judge Story; and there is but one Captain Vignolles,—*Punch's* Captain Vignolles,—Victoria's Vignolles,—the Vignolles of Ballarat. This stipendiary and oracular magistrate can be ethical, humorous and judicial, all in a breath. He will discourse upon a moral obligation like Sir James Mackintosh, est like Gilbert a'Beckett,—and decide like Draco. At the Ballarat police court, on Thursday last, one James Bacon was summoned for killing a magpie, the property of one James M'Carthy; albeit, the defendant contended that the bird was his own property, and that he was therefore entitled to wring its neck. But the stern Minos of the Ballaratian Bench awed the offending magicide into silence by a withering denunciation of this sanguinary deed:—

"His Worship" (to quote the report which is given in the Ballarat STAR,) "considered the deed to be a bloody-minded act—in short, a beastly (birdly?) case—and how any one could justify it he could not conceive; moreover, he thought that any one committing such cruelty, should be driven from the pale of society."

Hear that, ye slaughterers of the crafty daw. Give every magicide his desert, and who shall 'scape exile and excommunication?

One of the witnesses being unable to furnish any material evidence, drew down upon herself a rebuke from the judicial Captain, in which the sternest gravity was delicately tempered by the most infantine and frolic humour:—

"Then you know nothing of the magpie," said his Worship, "or who killed poor cock robin? Perhaps they made a PIE of it! (Playful magistrate!) Oh, you may go down. I have seen more magpies than one."

And birds of another feather too,—boobies and owls to wit, or *Punch* is very much mistaken, The wife of the defendant was then examined and made oath that the bird was her property, and that it was accidentally killed in a scuffle between her husband and herself. Being a lady of vigorous aspirations, Mrs. Bacon observed, that the bird was in her "harm" at the time of the accident. Whereupon, from the sparkling depths of the Captain's effervescing humour, there bubbled up the following brilliant pun:—

"Well, some HARM arose, apparently out of it!"

"A good matter surely," as Christopher Sly says, "comes there any more of it?" Oh, yes! The last witness examined, makes incidental allusion to a cockatoo, and the Captain's choler rises, like the crest of that well known bird:—

"God knows," exclaimed the irritated oracle, "how many magpies and cockatoos are in this case (omitting all reference to owls and boobies). IT IS NOTHING MORE THAN A BRUTAL MURDER—A DISGRACEFUL MURDER! I cannot call it the murder of a DUMB animal; and I fine you £10, and £10 damages. This will stop the chattering of some magpies, in future.

"Flat burglary as ever was committed," says Goodman Dogberry, when the watch reports that he has overheard Borachio acknowledge the receipt of a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully. "A brutal and disgraceful murder," exclaims the Dogberry of Ballarat, on hearing the evidence in the henceforth celebrated magpie case. "Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the watchman?" Vignolles or Dogberry? Dogberry or Vignolles?

But are magpies the only birds whose "chattering" is to be stopped? Is there no booby, perched upon a wooden bench, whom it would be an act of charity to itself, no less than of advantage to the public, to silence, and at the same time, to remove from its too conspicuous perch?

Punch submits the question to the consideration of those who are entrusted with the supervision of the magisterial aviary, and "pauses for a reply."

Melbourne Wholesale Prices Current.

MR MELBOURNE PUNCH not being entirely satisfied with the reports of the Melbourne Markets appearing periodically in the columns of his contemporaries, directed Toby to take exercise in Flinders lane, yesterday, and to make the most of his opportunities of smelling out what was going on in the interiors of the stores.

The greater portion of the subjoined intelligence, was obtained by Toby during a fraternization with a large dog at the rear of one of the stores. To the disgrace of the caninety, and to the great disgust of Toby, who shed tears while recounting the fact. This very dog in learning the object of the enquiries, began to give false quotations, and many articles with which his master was heavily stocked, rose considerably, while those of which he was a buyer, fell. Melbourne Punch rejoices for the sake of humanity, that nothing like this has ever occurred out of this brute creation.

Toby's report is given in his own words:—

BREAD-STUFFS.—The catastrophe season having set in with unusual mildness at Chili, it will be seen that there is every prospect of a short supply from that quarter, when it is remembered that last year, the entire crops were destroyed three time that the sixteen mills at Concepçion were rendered useless by a storm, and that all vessels calling at the various ports, had to leave without being able to secure cargoes, and that the Chillians then commenced shipping to this port, at a rate of 1000 tons a week; it maybe supposed that as the crops had only once been destroyed by smut up to our latest advices of the present harvest, the prospects of shipments are very uncertain. Whiting has in consequence declined.

BRICKS.—A demand is springing up for good colonial. for the New Legislative Council Chambers; shipments are taking place notwithstanding. One fine parcel is in process of shipment for the home market in the George Marshall. Money has been bid for an imported fire brick from New Ross. The edges are slightly worn, which renders this parcel less adapted for firmer work, but does not detract from its value for building purposes. It is understood that the consignees have determined to try the Sydney market.

PROVISIONS.—All kinds of good provisions are scarce. Those importers who managed to save their bacon through the last crisis, are now selling it at speculative prices.

RICE.—Has advanced, which Messrs. Stickle and Co., account for, in their circular for the "Mermaid," from the fact of its being riz at the French Island of *Reunion*.

SOFT GOODS.—Buckram is still. Enquiries for *tarletan*, by American houses, have been frequent since a late theatrical dinner, but no transactions are reported.

Melbourne Punch begs to inform importers generally, that he has given his publisher directions to issue the above remarks, in a circular form, one day before the sailing of the next mail ship. Merchants requiring interesting statistics will be permitted to furnish their own.

Educational Qualification.

IN consequence of the strictures which the press has been called on to make upon the qualifications and demeanor of various members of the Town Council, that respectable and intelligent body has issued an order that all candidates for seats at the Civic Board furnish evidence of their being able to read and write, and produce, also, a certificate of their having "larnt manners." The following document is an office copy of a letter which has been put in by an aspirant for honors, in compliance with the new regulation:—

Gentlemen,—I feel great pleasure in acceding to your request to allow myself to be placed in nomination at the forthcoming election for the councillorship, owing to the resignation of Henry Groom, Esq., for Fitzroy Ward, and state, having had the honor of being previously requested, it then not being in my power to devote my time I declined; but this being the second request, and finding myself in a position, on account of being about to leave the Builders' Arms.

I beg to say that should I have the honor of being elected, I pledge myself to use every exertion in my power to forward the interests of the ward.

I am, Gentlemen, Your obedient servant, WILLIAM DALZIEL.

Whether Mr. Dalziel has been previously requested to "state, etc.," to "decline" to "devote his time;" whether the pledge of future exertion is given now in advance of the anticipated honor of election; whether the pleasure he feels is due to his having been previously requested: what he is in a position to do on account of being about to leave the Builders' Arms; what he formerly declined, and what he was previously requested to do, are all matters beyond our province, and we therefore leave the question to the examining officer.

The letters of the other candidates differ in but few points from the language usually spoken and written in the colony, and would therefore be uninteresting to our readers.

A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE.

"The Gold-Fields Government Nominee."

(Mr. Pyke's Speech).

A NEW WORK OF FICTION.

A few days ago, our insane contributor forwarded to us a bulky package (of which he forgot to pay the carriage), containing the manuscript of the first four chapters of a new work of fiction (to be completed in twenty parts), which he requested us to revise for the press, print, publish, and properly advertise, and remit the profits to him at our earliest convenience. On looking over the M.S., we find that our contributor's madness has some "method in it"; but the style and subject of his composition, he must allow us to observe, remind us of something at some time written somewhere by somebody else. We subjoin part of the first chapter of the story, in order that our readers may have an opportunity of confirming or removing our suspicions. At the same time, whether our insane contributor's new work of fiction be original or otherwise, we must decline the risk of its publication; and we must also express our belief that the most speculative of Melbourne publishers would be disposed to give very

LITTLE FOR IT.

Chap. I.

A Ridge of Sand, a Heap of Sunshine, and Forty Winks, (More or Less).

Two months ago, Sandridge lay broiling in the sun one day.

A scorching sun, upon a hot-wind-day, was no greater rarity in the colony then, than at any time since the patriarchal Fawkner first landed on its solitary shores.

Everything in Sandridge, and about Sandridge, and in any way associated with Sandridge, had winked at the brazen sky and flashing sun, and been winked at in return, until a habit of winking had become general there. New arrivals were winked out of countenance by winking white houses, winking white tents, winking white sunbonnets, winking white wide-awakes, a winking white table of rates and fares, winking white dust upon a winking white road, and the winking white tenements upon winking but wide-awake Emerald Hill. Busmen winked at their horses, and the intelligent animals winked at their drivers in return. Amphibious boatmen winked at exigeant porters, and the burden-bearers winked at the tritons in reply. Briny bathers winked at scrutinizing sharks, and the salt scrutineers winked at the pickled plungers in their turn. The barman at the Chusan winked at the barmaid, and it was astonishing to observe that the barmaid did not wink in reply: for the only other things to be seen not winking and blinking, were two old women, the joint proprietors of a ginger-beer and apple-stall, shadowed, like themselves, by a chaise-umbrella. These ancient fruiteresses did sometimes nod a little; but they did not wink, for —— they were fast asleep.

There was scarcely a breath of air to stir the blue veil of the young lady, just landed from the *Ocean Chief*, or to mitigate the glow upon the lovely face beneath. The boards of the pier, winking in a white heat, burned the soles off her shoes, converted her stockings into tinder, and blistered her delicate feet, as she lightly passed from one extremity of it to the other. That pier had winked in the white heat, and had never cooled, night or day, for nineteen months. People had boiled their coffee, toasted their muffins, and fried their chops upon its boards. It had cooked the almond-eyed Chinaman's chow-chow, and the swart Lascar's pipkin of tumid rice. It had kindled the cutty-pipe of the Saxon, and the doodeen of the Celt. By day, its radiating heat warped the timbers and melted the cables of the vessels at their moorings; and by night it illuminated the whole of Hobson's Bay with its winking incandescence.

The universal wink made the eyes ache. Towards the distant outline of Mount Macedon, indeed, it was moderated by dense clouds of dust, majestically marching sea-ward; but it softened nowhere else. Far away, the pepper-box tower of St. James' Cathedral, looming through the dust, winked from the hill-side, winked at the flag-staff, winked at the Telegraph-office, winked at the Exhibition Building; and the Exhibition Building, and the Telegraph-office, and the flag-staff, individually and collectively winked vehemently in reply. Far away, the dusty green trees overhanging dusty crab-holes, withered beneath the wink of earth and sky. So did the oxen with their ponderous yokes, attached to long files of drays, creeping slowly toward the Black Forest, with loads of flour, picks, pails, pickles, gunny bags, brandy, and beer; so did their mealy-mouthed merciful drivers, when they alighted for a nobbler, which often happened; so did the man at the turnpike-gate. Everything that lived or grew was exposed to the annoyance of the universal wink; except a litter of blind kittens, feebly mewing from a basket of hay, in the back sitting room of a Sandridge boot and shoe shop. The very dust winked at you jauntily, as it passed, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were winking.

Blue-stone, bricks, corrugated iron, canvass, scantling, shingles, could not exclude the wink. Grant it but a chink or key-hole, and it came wavering in like a will-o'-the-wisp. The holds of the vessels were the free-est from it. To come up on deck from that cavernous wilderness of bales, barrels and packing-cases, peopled with rats, and smelling of bilge-water, was to emerge from the gloom of Cimmerius into the baleful light of the Inferno. So, with the white-hot pier, frying every pair of soles that approached it, with the apple women sleeping at their stall, with the blind kittens mewing in their cradle, with the boatmen winking at the porters, and the bathers winking at the sharks,—Sandridge, a fact to be smelt like brine, to be tasted like grit, lay broiling in the sun one day.

* * * *

[Our insane contributor is requested to call for his manuscript.]

An Unattractive Exhibition.

In immediate proximity to the announcements of public entertainments in the daily papers, appears the following :—"A.'s sore leg is being cured by B.'s Everyone's Ointment, — street." Of course we alter the names, lest our mention should in any way subserve the object of the author of the disgusting announcement. Setting aside altogether the solecism involved in the idea that Everyone's ointment can be B.'s, or *vice versa*, we should like to know whether A. has been chartered like Jacobs or Brooke to exhibit himself daily for the behoof of this novel Barnum? If not, of what earthly interest can it be to the public, otherwise than on grounds of universal philanthropy to know that his leg is in process of recovery. In any case the supposed exhibition of a sore leg should be referred to the parties who objected to the display of the Greek Slave: or perhaps better still to Dr. Milton, the great crusader against the display of legs.

HE CONJURER IN COURT.[*]

By Pleesman X.

Praps uve herd of Matthew Jacobs,
Wich has got the magic bottle ;
Wunderfler than anything as
Eer was writ by Harry Stotle.

This here Wizard's fellow lodger,
Was unkommen fond of chaff ;
And poked fun at Matthew Jacobs
For to make the hothers laff.

And won morn as they was sitting,
Heating eggs and drinking koffy ;
This here chaff became too strong for
Wizard Jacobs' fillo-soffy.

For says Hutchins (t'other lodger
At the house in Collins-street),
" Youre a clever fellow, rayther,
And your tricks is wery neat.

" But we lawyers beat you ollo,
Cos our tricks projuice more rhino,
You ant got lodged at your bankers
So much cash as I have, I know."

Then he winked at t'other lodgers,
Sorter kinder wicked wink,
Wich was lo and onbekommen,
You'll agree with me, I think.

Says the Wizard to the lawyer,
And his wrath began to rise ;
" Bounce like yours, now, Mister Hutchins,
Gentlemen, like me, dispise.

" But I'll bet you half a dozzing
Bottles of the bes[illegible]port wine,
You ant got so big a ballince,
At the Yewnion Bank as mine."

" Dun !" says Mister Hutchins, straightway,
And they fixt a time to go ;
For to get the pass book which should
Moochally their ballince show.

And the Wizard went quite punkshul
To the Bank as was agreed,
Wen he got there, howsomdever,
Nort of Hutchins kood be seed.

Up the street he look'd, and down it,
But no Hutchins kood he spy,
Says he, "Somehow, I'm a thinkin,
This year bet is all my eye."

And he waited, waited, waited,
'Till an hour its course had roll'd ;
Then returned untoe his lodgins,
Quite konwinsed as he was sold.

Jest at tee time home came Hutchins,
And he grinn'd a dreadful grin
At the Wizard, who was hangry,—
Well he might be !—so took in.

Chucklin at his norty oaksin,
Mister Hutchins said as ow
He should claim the wine as won, and
Then ensood a hawful row.

Mortal challenge—deadly combat—
Hojus words, I can't repeat—
I kood ear the haltercashun,
As I passed upon my beat.

And on Friday, these two betters,
Which much better hort to no,
Summonsed were before their worships,
J. T. Smith, J.P., and Co.

Both complaining, both defending,
Both a-pitching on it strong,
Both indignant, both contending
Tother chap was in the wrong.

Wich, no doubt, was quite correct, and
So their worships did decide,
And dismist the case ;—for once I
In their judgment coo-inside.

And says Mister Hull to Hutchins [†]
(Wich likewise is wery troo,)
" This ear Wizard's such a wonner,
He'd dewour a kove like u."

MORAL.

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature, 2,"
But, legal gents and conjewrers,
It's *not* the cheese for yew.

Don't boast about yure ballinces,
Nor make such foolish bets ;
For if so be as at the bank
You've got too much assets,

To rid you of your surplus cash,
Is easy, I expex,—
Jest send a blank check, duly sined,
Untoe Perleeseman X.

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[*] Vide the Police Reports in the daily papers on Saturday last.

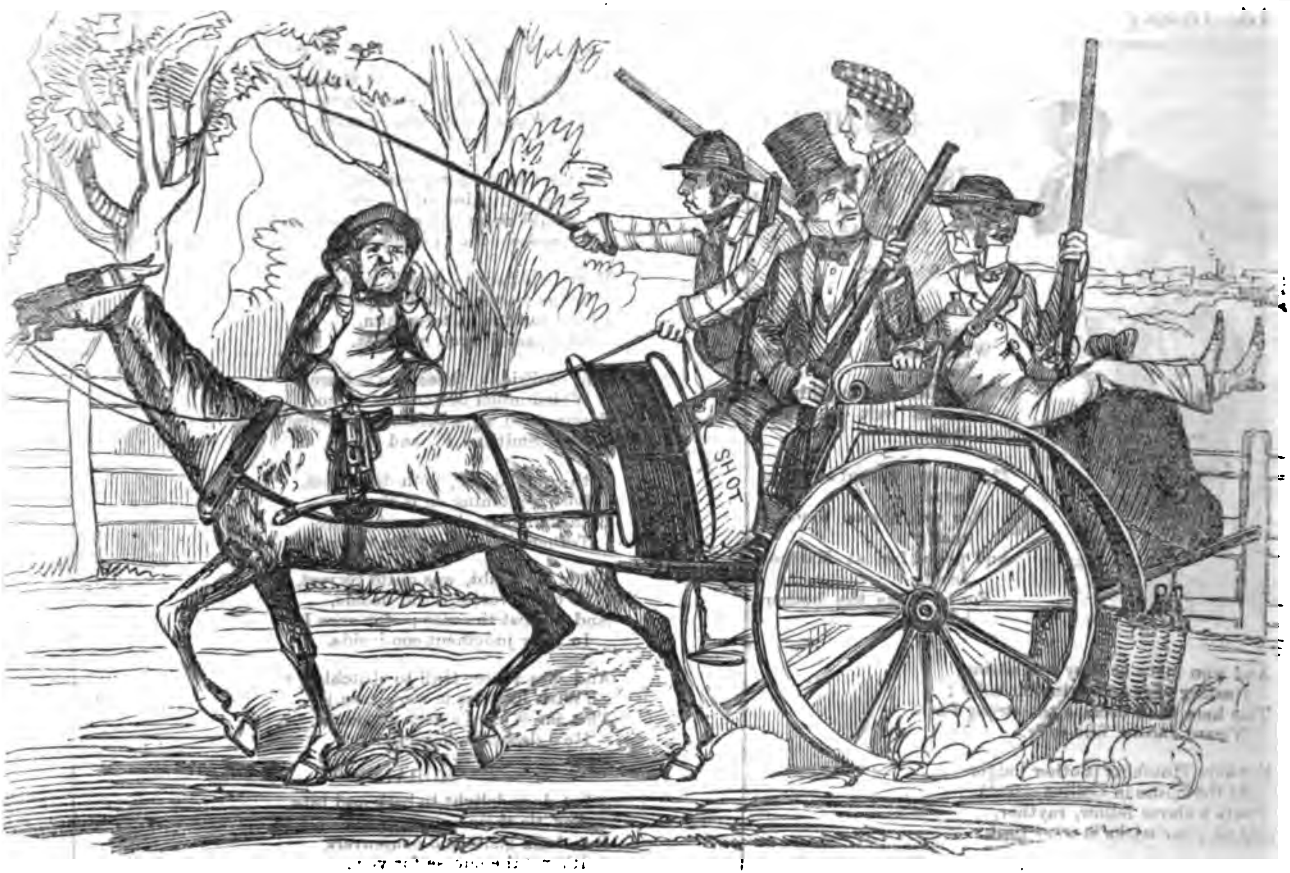
[†] The Bench dismissed both the complaints, the Mayor administering a few words of advice to Hutchins, and Mr. Hull emphatically declaring that the wizard could eat the other up, if he liked.—Herald report.

The Use of a Public Grant.

It will be remembered that when the Philosophical Institute asked the Legislative Council lately for a grant of money, assurance was given that the aid was not wanted for the payment of debts, inasmuch as the old debt of the Philosophical Society had already been paid (by an acceptance), but for the publication of transactions and reports of public interest. In the newspaper reports of the last meeting of the Institute, we find the following items. A motion to the effect—that as the society enjoyed the aid of public funds, the public had a right to be put in possession of reports of its proceedings—was shelved. While at the same time a vote was passed of £70 towards relieving the acceptance held by Goodhugh and Trembath !

So the debt was paid, was it, and the money was wanted to defray the expense of promulgating public information.

History tells us how Mr. Micawber (who by the way, is said to be now in the colony), was wont to say that when he had given his acceptance, he felt that the debt was cancelled, and that he could once more walk erect before his fellow man; but it was left [illegible] Dr. Wilkie and Mr. Wekey to realise the idea, and to demonstrate it successfully to the Legislative Council.



MR. NIMROD GREEN'S SHOOTING EXPEDITION.—No. II.
MR. GREEN and his friends start, armed to the teeth. They keep a bright look-out for Kangaroos along the Brighton Road. Also for Emus; but to their disgust and astonishment, perceive none in any of the trees.

UPPER YARRA DEFENCES.

HAVING long suspected that the Upper Yarra was in a very defenceless condition, and that any Russian cruiser, which succeeded in passing the Falls, and Princes' and the Railway Bridges, would be able to do pretty much what she liked with all the shipping between Melbourne and Richmond—Mr. Punch recently appointed himself and Toby to be a commission to enquire into, and report upon the subject. The result of their labours is given in the subjoined progress report.

Your Commissioners first directed their attention to the jetty immediately above Princes' Bridge, at present used for the embarkation and dis-embarkation of passengers and goods of the "Expert" line of steam vessels. Your Commissioners are of opinion that a battery placed upon this point would effectually protect the river from Prince's Bridge to Morgan's boat-shed; but your Commissioners conceive that the present structure would need to be materially strengthened to enable it to bear the concussion of powerful artillery. A convenient harbour for small vessels lies under the shelter of the jetty referred to, the shoal water being at the same time much frequented by cattle and horses, which would be protected from foraging parties, of the enemy. should your Commissioners' suggestions be carried out with respect to the battery.

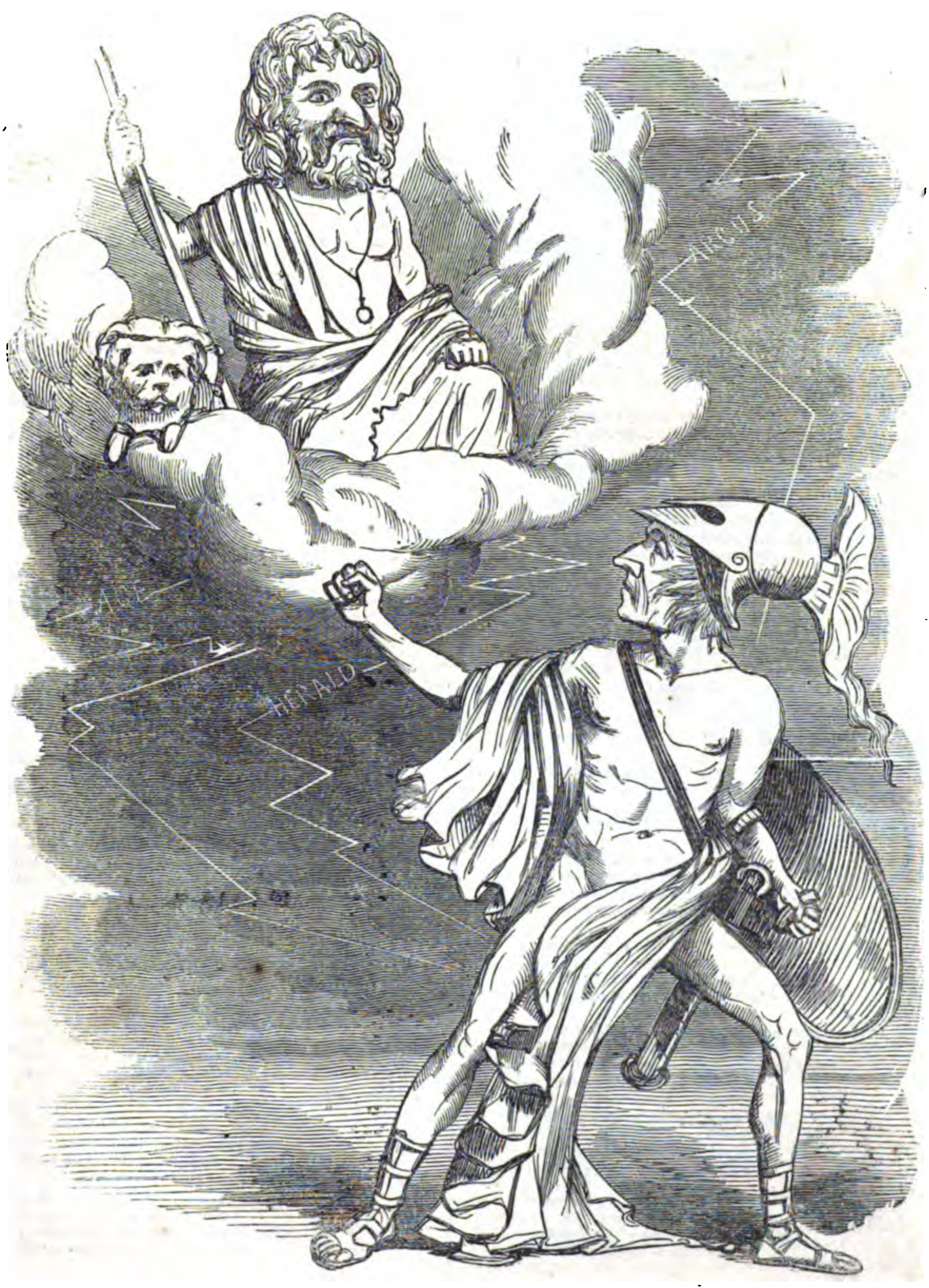
Your Commissioners regret to have to report that that noble and powerful steam vessel the "Gondola," has been completely dismantled. Those who have in former days, stood on the deck of this gallant craft, while, under the influence of that mighty power, steam, she flew through the foam at the rate of nearly a mile an hour, will join your Commissioners in announcing the loss that has occurred to the steam marine of the Upper Yarra. Your Commissioners are of opinion however, that the Government should lose no time in purchasing the hull of the "Gondola," for the purpose of mooring it across the stream as a block ship, in which position it is deemed that she would be found as useful and as ornamental as the block ship of Admiral Shillinglaw in Hobson's Bay. Your Commissioners would urgently represent the advantage of placing the whole Yarra defences under the command of that distinguished officer, as probably few naval men have had so large an experience as himself in fresh water.

IMPROVEMENT WANTED.

THE model of Cronstadt is announced to b[illegible]re-opened with great improvements in a few days. What the improvements are, is at present a secret, as is also the occasion of their being made. It not unfrequently happens, that the improvement of premises is coincident with a change of owners, and we hall be very glad to hear by the next mail, that Cronstadt has sustained such a change of proprietors, as will call for very extensive extensive alterations and improvements. No doubt the proprietor of the exhibition has received telegraphic information of the capture.

SEEING IS BELIEVING.

LONG enough ago we determined to believe nothing that we heard and only half what we saw, but our experience before and since that conclusion, has hardly furnished an instance of such distrust of self as Mr. Jacobs manifests in his announcements. Nobody need believe anything that he says; all his flaming accounts of his success, all his promises of new attractions are flam, and not entitled to credence. Here are his own words, "Jacobs must be seen to be believed." Do not therefore trust him out of your sight, reader, and if you can trust him in what you see him do, you must be sharper than most of his visitors.



AJAX DEFYING THE LIGHTNING.

(FROM MR. FAWKNER'S CELEBRATED SERIES OF *POSES PLASTIQUES*.)

THE YARRA.

(An Idyl.)

[The following poem was shewn to Mr. Alfred Tennyson several years ago, and is supposed to have suggested the idea of his recent Idyl "The Brook." The structure is in both cases certainly much alike].

Here by this bridge we parted ; I for the Punt
And he to Sandridge but too late, too late.
The *Expert* had started, and I musing lingered.

I stood upon the flowing Yarra's banks ;
I thought of what it had been, what it was ;
And asking whence it came, the Yarra answered,
In even verse—why not ?—the following words :—

I rise mid mountain ridge, and peak,
And cliff, and scrub, and stone;
I tribute take from many a creek,
Unnoticed and unknown.

Through nets of tangled branch and leaf,
Through overgrown defiles,
I struggle over rock and reef,
For many secret miles.

Where silent 'possums climb and cling,
Where wombats lurk and sleep,
I babble, murmur, leap, and sing,
As on my course I keep.

I make the valleys green and cool,
I hurry over ledges ;
I settle in the silent pool,
I lap among the sedges.

The parrot glances, gold and red,
He wheels, and swoops, and cries,
The wild duck soars above my head,
Or on my bosom lies.

The squatter lives by mutton, beef and fleece,
By fleecing sometimes also, it is said,
And close behind me, at the "Prince of Wales,"
Religiously he knocks his profits down.

I reach where brindled ox and steer,
In grassy valleys graze,
I turn and saunter calm and clear,
Where colt or heifer strays.

The lonely herdsman here and there,
Lies down beside my brink ;
The hobbled horse limps up with care,
And crouches down to drink.

The timid sheep about my banks,
In cluster'd columns come ;
They line my pools in fleecy ranks
Beneath the spreading gum.

The squatter rears his dwelling small,
Above my brimming stream ;
His sheds are fashioned roof and wall,
With bark, and slab, and beam.

And so I creep along with stealth
But ever as I flow ;
I carry with me joy and health,
And comfort as I go.

Ah, me, if I had got a hundred acres
Upon the Yarra banks at Heidelberg,
Not often in these dusty Melbourne streets
Should I be found. But woe is me, alas,
I cannot raise the browns to buy the land.

I wind about through farm and field,
Among the golden grain—
Where vines their juicy treasures yield,
By thicket, copse and lane.

I foam and roar through whirring mills,
I turn the massy stone ;
Around the base of fertile hills
I place an azure zone.

I soak into the thirsty land,
Where clustered hamlets rise;
Where peaceful cots and homesteads stand
Between me and the skies.

About my banks the deep rich soil
Is cleared, and fenced, and tilled,
And thriving farmers strive and toil,
And dig, and plant, and build.

And ever as I flow along
Men more around me crowd,
And human signs become more strong—
The human voice more loud.

A Bill was brought into the Council once,
To free the Yarra from polluting filth,
But much they talked of vested interests,
And little cared for other peoples health.
Perhaps the members did not drink much water.
And therefore was it that they didn't choose
To pass the bill—I know they threw it out.
I saw a lady drink a glass of water,
And thought it was a shame that through such lips,
The essence of dead dogs should ever pass.

I reach where fell-mongers their trade
About my edge pursue,
And wool, and skins, and hides are laid
To rot, corrupt, and stew.

With filthy offal, scurf and scum
My poisoned waters reek,
And vainly man and beast may come
One wholesome draught to seek.

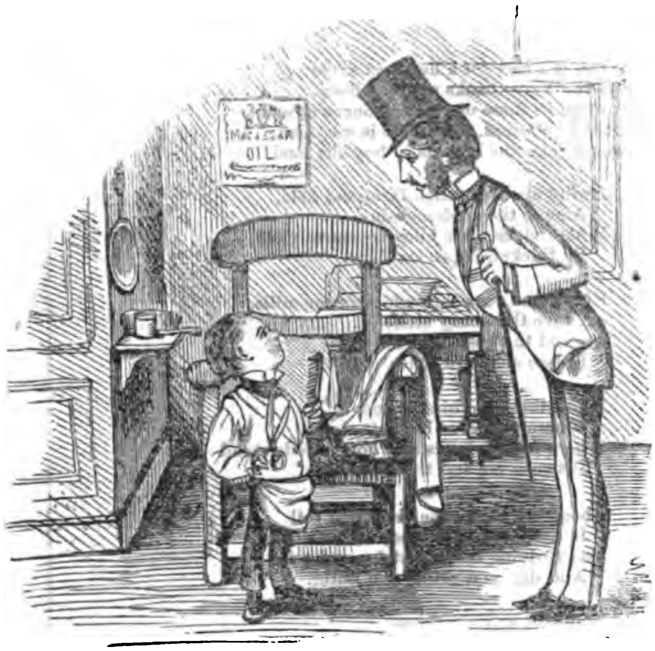
Foul putrid filth and noisome slime
In every bend and bay ;
Collect and grew from time to time,
And stagnate, stink and stay.

Dead pigs, and dogs, and mangy cats,
Promiscuously are thrown ;
With shoes and rags and battered hats,
And fat and flesh and bone.

The scabby arsenic-flavoured skin,
Lies soaking on my shore ;
And fœtid odours now begin
To poisen more and more.

In every eddy, garbage floats,
All forms of dirt that be
Disgust poor people in their boats,
Who sicken as they see.

Thus foul with filth and varied stinks,
I reach the crowded town ;
And so the water Melbourne drinks,
Is daily carried down.



YOUNG AUSTRALIA.

SWELL: Now, then, young shaver, run and tell your master a gentleman's waiting—I'm in a hurry.

YOUNG SHAVER: This ere establishment is my *hone*, Sir—what can I do for you.

Representative Men.

THE LAND MART-ER.

HE is the janitor of an Australian paradise—not to say of many paradises. Outwardly he shall be ill favored, with a greedy gleam in his eager eyes, a hard hungry mouth, a metallic ring in his voice, and a hand that closes round the hammer like the claw of a vulture: but inwardly you shall find him a patriot, a philanthropist, a practical politician and a philosopher.

Let others vaunt their affection for "the land of their adoption," and glow with rapture in its praise: *he* enriches it and makes it beautiful. Step inside the mart—if the half-a-dozen persons present, who always persist in blocking-up the door-way, will only let you pass—and judge for yourselves. The walls are covered with plans of townships, embryo cities, unworked gold-fields, farms, stations, and enchanting watering-places. A landscape figures upon every plan. Indigo streams meander through gamboge vallies; and an ultramarine ocean defines the creamy curves of its margin upon a beach composed of rose-colored tooth-powder. Cataracts of new milk tumble over boulders of sugar-candy; and Arcadian husbandmen remorselessly drive their silver plough-shares through meadows matted with gorgeous flowers.

Of the properties thus pictorially pourtrayed, the Land Mart-er is the fortunate possessor. An enemy to "rapacious" squatters and land monopolies of all kinds, he has cut these Canaans up into small sections, that his patriotism, his philanthropy and his political philosophy may be gratified, by witnessing the settlement upon the land of as many small farmers as there are sections. His benevolent and persevering efforts are seconded by four or five diligent coadjutors, who daily constitute the nucleus of his auditory. There are the two men in the garb of diggers, with countenances that are Hebrew in form and Saxon in color, and who are only to be characterized as gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion, who have undergone the operation of bleaching. It is the cue of the pseudo-diggers to ask leading questions of the Mart-er, in regard to the situation, title, and quality of the land under offer, and to communicate to disinterested by-standers their private opinion that "an a'lotment like that 'ood be a fortun to a cove at ten times the money bid:" and the probability is that it is knocked down to one of the pseudo-diggers, who is immediately offered an advance of thirty shillings for his bargain by the other, but demands two pounds, with a furtive glance at a soft-looking by-stander, who may possibly prove to be a verdant new chum, of small means and large agricultural aspirations.

Their is also a man with red hair, green teeth, and a profuse display of salmon-colored freckles on his face and hands. It is this gentleman's cue to quarrel with the Mart-er on the ground of his not having accepted a bid which was tendered as the hammer fell: and if the soft-looking bystander has not snapped at the pseudo-diggers bait; and a likely-looking stranger has strolled in, in the interim, the lot is again put up, knocked down at a higher figure to the last comer, who repudiates the purchase on the plea that he never made a bid, but who is possibly induced to pay a deposit and to ratify the contract, in consequence of the animated competition in the offer of a bonus for his bargain, which takes place between the two bleached Hebrews.

Coadjutor, No. 4, is made up as a market gardener. His is also the cue quarrelsome. He has attended the mart daily for a week, he affirms, in order to bid for a certain corner allotment. "Why doesn't the Mart-er put it up! Poor men's time is valuable. He has got the adjoining lots, and is willing to give a fair price for the corner. Put it up Mr. Auctioneer, and give a poor man a chance." Mr. Auctioneer however, affects to pooh pooh—the querulous market-gardener, for by this time the auditory has dwindled down to the four co-adjutors, a silent spectator, and a tipsy sailor, and, after raising his voice to a higher pitch, in praise of the property, in order to catch the ears of the passers by, but without effect, the Land Mart-er declares the sale closed, disappears behind a screen of green baize, and countermands the carriage which had been "positively ordered to be in attendance next morning, for the purpose of conveying purchasers and intending purchasers to inspect the land."

We suppose the eligible farms, and snug homesteads, and very desirable building allotments, lying in close proximity to excellent estates and surrounded by magnificent scenery, *do* sometimes find purchasers, and that the daily dialogue and pantomime of the Mart-er and his co-adjutors are not intended for their own diversion only, and are not gone through without some regard to the vulgar considerations of gain; and that people do sometimes invest ten pounds in the purchase of half-an-acre or more of scrubby land; or pay a deposit and omit to complete the purchase; or bid, in competition for the corner allotment with the pseudo market gardener, but *Punch* (whose curious and inquiring habits of mind lead him into all sorts of places, advantageous for the study of life and charcter,) never witnessed such an occurrence and is extremely sceptical thereanent. But even a Land Mart-er must live, and so must his poor satellites, and the imaginative individual who colors the plans, and the boy who points his cane at the lot under offer and the clerk who is always waiting to enter the name of a purchaser; and as these constitute in the aggregate, rather a numerous staff, and as they have no other ostensible means of livelihood (and do not appear to be, in fact, particularly adapted for any other occupation), *Punch* is compelled to conclude that a sale is occasionally effected, and that the gain upon one such transaction, unfrequent as it appears to be, must be sufficiently large to encourage the Land Mart-er and his coadjutors to persevere in their dramatic dialogue and daily pantomime.

No Particular Difference.

MR. PYKE is reported by one journal, to have enquired of the Surveyor-General, by what authority Mr. Taylor permits the diggers to work in his paddock at the Loddon, while another papers represents the Hon. Member as wishing to know how Mr. Taylor ventured to keep them out. "Its of no consequence," but the circumstance that the latter statement appears in the *Herald*, gives the presumption in favor of the former.

CON ASTRONOMIC.

"BONES! Kin yew told me dis kwaastion. Eh? If yew was tu hab a lot of letters from all your family to-hum, and you was only to read your muvvers, and fling de rest to de winds—why would dat dissemble de colors ob de planets, eh?"

"You'll hab to gib it up, so I may as well told you right a way. 'Kase Mars is *read*, and all de rest is *blew*." Yah. Yah.

REVIEW.

VICTORIA: BY MUNCHAUSEN JONES: 2 VOLS., MILBOARD, & CO. LONDON.

ALTHOUGH we earnestly recommend the reader immediately to apply to Mr. Robertson, or Mr. Blundell for a copy of the above valuable work, and to read it carefully through, we have determined to give a few more extracts for the benefit of those who may not chance to procure a copy of these highly interesting and accurate volumes.

"PROFESSIONAL MEN IN VICTORIA."

"Few circumstances delighted me more during my residence in this great and glorious Colony, than to observe the complete absence of those professional jealousies that exist to so sad an extent in older and more crowded communities. My attention was first called to this subject by the introduction into the local legislature of a bill entitled, 'A Bill to Establish an Inn of Court in Victoria.' The introducer of this bill was Mr. Fellowes, a member of the Council, of whom I gave some description in my account of the leading statesmen of Victoria. This bill proposes that those who desire to practice as barristers shall be required to give evidence of their having earnestly and diligently studied ethics, and of their knowledge of right and wrong. Barristers are to be required to give pledges that they will investigate every case before appearing as advocates in it, and that they will never employ their faculties in endeavouring to gain what they think an unjust cause. When Mr. Fellowes first proposed so sweeping a reform in the practice of the law, many plausible objections were raised. It was argued that it was desirable that every man, right or wrong, should be enabled, by hiring the wits of a lawyer, to have his case put in the most favorable light, and that thus the contention of equal intellects would ever leave a balance in favour of the man who was really in the right. But the liberal and enlightened spirit of the lawyers of Victoria speedily enabled them to see through this specious argument, and they very properly replied to it something to the following effect: :--

" 'If all litigants were equally rich, and all lawyers equally learned and clever, this would be very well. But it is not so. At present both the interests of clients and the morality of lawyers suffer. The client A hires Alpha, the advocate, and B hires Beta. The lease of Alpha's brain costs fifty pounds—that of Beta's but three, and these figures approximately represent the relative keenness and capacity of the two learned men. Alpha knows his client to be wrong, but has sharpness enough to put his case so as to make him appear legally right. Beta knows himself to be right, but has not ability to prevent appearing to be wrong, and accordingly he gets worsted. Length of purse thus decides the matter, and very likely the fees by which A secures Alpha's services, have in the first instance been nefariously obtained from B. This is obviously wrong. Injustice is dealt out to the clients, and the lawyers contract a habit fatal to their moral principles of desiring to prevail, rather than that justice should triumph. Nay more, the pleasure of success is augmented in direct proportion with the iniquity of the cause, because to conquer in the face of manifest right, shows superior astuteness in the advocate, and enables him to command increased fees in future. If on the other hand, if advocates be bound both by law and custom and public opinion to examine cases in the first instance as private judges themselves, and not to help any man to accomplish, what they believe to be a wrong, length of purse will give the wrongful litigant no advantage, because he will know that the ability he hires will be as strenuously devoted to detecting his faults as his merits, and if his case be intrinsically bad, he will have been only paying for the detection of his own weaknesses. An immense amount of litigation in the courts will thus be saved, as the primary investigations of counsel will dispose of all cases which are really not matter of doubt as to their right or wrong. Those which are matters of much doubt, will be brought before the court, and the judges, undistracted by the necessity of penetrating the designs and artifices of the lawyers, will be enabled to devote their whole attention to the material facts, which the lawyers will be entirely occupied in elucidating and making clear. It may be that the adoption of this principle will in the first instance somewhat diminish our business, but as we are no intellectual prostitutes, but anxious to use our faculties for the vindication of right, and the suppression of wrong, we would not for a moment take into consideration any possible injury to our incomes. We are by no means convinced, however, that this injury would accrue, because the uncertainty of the law would be so much diminished (as numbers of persons would, under the proposed system, come into court, to ascertain doubtful rights, who now prefer suffering a wrong to trusting to the chance of being able to buy successful advocacy) that there would be a great increase to the number of those cases which ought properly to be referred to judicial decision.'

"I was delighted to find that this was the spirit of almost the whole profession; and that it was considered a *sine qua non* that all artificial impediments to practise should be removed, and that any one who could show that his mental training was such as to insure his not wasting the time of the courts, should be permitted to earn his living by advocating the rights of all who chose to trust and employ him.

"Mr Jones has some more admirable remarks on the equitable spirit of Victorian lawyers; but as these remarks have reference rather to their strict observance of professional honor and understanding than to matters affecting the public well being, we pass them over. It seems, however, that while the practise of indiscriminately advocating right and wrong for hire has died out among the lawyers, it has unhappily been introduced into the conduct of the newspaper press. While Mr. Jones was in Victoria, a journal was established with every prospect of great success, upon principles which have not yet met with any general acceptance, but which may certainly be quite as well defended as the principles of lawyers, according to the too current code of forensic morality. The newspaper was called

THE ADVOCATE.

"'There are few things by which I was more struck than by the establishment of a journal under the above title, having for its object the indiscriminate advocacy of any cause good or bad, in support of which payment had been made. The writers comprised a considerable band of men, possessing great and acknowledged ability. They started upon the openly advertised principle, that every one who paid a certain sum into the office should have a leader written on his behalf, provided a leader on the other side had not been previously paid for; and the writers were men of such acknowledged honor (according to their code) that no one feared if he had once retained their services, that any amount of fee would induce them to betray him. As they were men of a very nice and fastidious sense, they declined all direct personal intercourse with the riff-raff whose causes they supported, but appointed a set of printers' devils to take the fees and the facts of the cases. Thus they went to work to make the best of every man's cause without any personal prejudice or bias. They contended, and with great force, that it was desirable that every man should have the opportunity of employing a superior and more cultivated and trained intellect than his own to put his case in its best and most favorable light, and as they had no hope of excluding competition, they were prepared to expect that other journals, conducted on equally moral and enlightened principles, would put the opposite arguments equally well. Thus there would be a fair and equal display of fact and reasoning for the public to decide upon. The possibility that one man would be able to pay for a slashing leader, and that another would not, they very properly considered as too hypothetical and exceptional to need consideration.

"When the *Advocate* was first started, some cases that seemed to tell against the justice of its principles did indeed occur. In consequence of a brilliant leader, one poor man who had been cheated of all he had, appeared before the public in so degraded and contemptable a light, that he was obliged to quit the colony, while the gentleman who had done the cheating was extolled with such effect that he was immediately elected a member of Council. A grocer who had a grudge against a tallow-chandler, had it established that the tallow-chandler's wife was no better than she should be, and the tallow-chandler was so much condemned in consequence, that he lost all his trade although he had been a bachelor during his whole life. Trifling occurrences of this kind, however, only served to show the superior ability of the *Advocate*, and it became correspondingly successful. The writers grew rich, and were universally regarded, while I was in the colony as among the best and most high principled men. While other newspaper writers who professed a conceited desire to promote what they considered right were very properly treated as a sort of pariahs the contributors to the *Advocate* were courted and applauded, and at once elevated to the rank of members of a liberal profession; and though I confess that at first the principles upon which they acted grated a little upon my prejudices, I speedily saw that all the arguments which could be adduced in favor of the ordinary practice of advocacy in Westminster Hall applied equally in favor of printed advocacy. I became a complete convert to the new principle of journalism; and I am sure that all admirers of ordinary forensic morality will, upon due comparison of the cases, come round to my way of thinking."

A SKETCH IN THE HOUSE.

There is a great cry toward. Some mishap hath chanced to the brewer's dray, and they despair of saving the *Wheeler*.

PEELE—*The Tournament of Tottenham.*

The Republic of Arcadia.

THE worst fears of the prophetic Fawkner—the Cassandra of the State—have been realised. Revolution and republicanism have reared their rampant heads in Little Bourke-street, and the Queen's Arcade has declared its independence of the municipality of Melbourne and the Colony of Victoria.

It has been known for months past that disaffection was rife in the region referred to. Foreign sympathisers, conscious of the carelessness of the Custom House authorities in this city, have covertly, cautiously, and continuously consigned to the care of a well-known firm in the Arcade, cases containing—what do our readers suppose? Whole regiments of soldiers, organised, clothed, armed and drilled in France and Germany!—artillery trains, ammunition, and every other article that is contraband of war! Thus powerfully garrisoned, the Arcadians closed their gates on Thursday last, and declared their determination to erect the district inte an independent state, governed by its own laws, taxable by its own Parliament, and in no way amenable to civic or colonial rule.

The greater part of the first day was spent by the insurgents in fraternizing with each other, in decorating their habitations with the colors of the republican flag (blue and white), and in ascertaining to what extent their stock of provisions would enable them to prolong the siege, should the Municipality of Melbourne and the Government of Victoria evince a disposition to emulate the obstinacy exhibited by George the Third and Lord North in the American War of Independence. It was found that, by the exercise of a moderate amount of self-denial, the insurgents might calculate upon subsisting for two days upon the oysters and ginger-beer accumulated by the forethought of the chief of the commissariat. The announcement was received with a shout that shook the roof, and its reverberating echoes being conveyed to the Government House and the Police Station, paralyzed the military and civil authorities with terror.

Thursday night was spent by the insurgents in sleepless watchfulness. The sentinels at the gates were doubled, and every precaution was taken against an apprehended *coup de main*. Friday morning dawned upon heavy eyes, fearless hearts, and a diminished supply of ginger beer and oysters.

A formal demand to unbar the gates, in the name of the Mayor, was made by Policeman Y, 92, and indignantly rejected by the Arcadians. A similar summons from His Excellency was delivered by an orderly, and contemptuously refused. A Council of War was held at Government House; and the insurgents prepared for the worst. The extramural friends of the Arcadians crowded round the gates and blew farewell kisses through the bars. A black board was hoisted over the spikes, with the inscription, "No Surrender—we will do or die." It was whispered that the whole of the gas-pipes had been charged with gunpowder, and that in the event of the Mayor or the Acting Governor proceeding to extremities, the insurgents were resolved to perish in the ruins of their desolated and exploded homes. The report occasioned several nervous Chinamen to migrate from Little Bourke to Stephen-street.

Nothing worthy of mention occurred during the whole of Friday night. The ginger beer and oysters were exhausted, and an ingenious Arcadian suggested that the bran *viscera* of the wax-dolls, and the parchment covering of the battle-dores, might be found susceptible of conversion to alimentary uses. A wreath of baize was immediately voted to the author of the suggestion.

On Saturday morning, success crowned the passive heroism of the insurgents. An orderly and a policeman, each carrying a flag of truce, appeared at the southern gate of the Arcade, and signified that his Excellency the Acting Governor (by and with the advice and concurrence of the Executive Council), and the Right Worshipful the Mayor, (by and with the advice and concurrence of the Town Council) had resolved to recognise the independence of the Republic, and were prepared to negociate a treaty of commerce, to accredit a diplomatic representative to the Government of Arcadia, and to make such arrangements for the ex-tradition of criminals and other international matters, as might be agreed upon by the plenipotentiaries of Victoria and Arcadia respectively.

The news circulated through the infant republic with incredible rapidity, diffusing universal joy. The gates were flung open, and the timely arrival of a convoy of provisions—ham and champagne—recruited the wasted energies of the famished Arcadians. Scented waters played from the public fountain, and the civilians of the Republic fraternized with the military of the surrounding colony. A President was provisionally appointed, and invested with a collar displaying the heraldic device of Arcadia (Q. A. C., *argent* on a field *bleu*), while a deputation of ladies presented him with the symbol of his Presidental authority,—a walking-cane *jaune*, with a handle, *entortille*.

At night the Republic of Arcadia was illuminated throughout the entire extent of its territory, and the President held a levee (on the steps). It is understood that the Arcadians contemplate establishing a daily paper, a guillotine, lynch law, the income tax, stump oratory, a foundling hospital, pensions for public servants removed from office on political grounds, a national debt, and every other institution incidental to nations in an advanced stage of civilization.

P.S.—Just as he was going to press, *Punch* was startled by the intelligence that an insurrectionary movement had broken out in Flemington, with the object, as it was stated, of separating that populous and important rival of the metropolitan city from the Colony of Victoria. If any further intelligence of importance should come to hand, *Punch* will issue a second edition.

GLOSSARIAL.

THE following phrases in the sporting columns of the *Argus* appear to need explanation:—

"An unexpected pluvial demonstration."
"An aeriform discussion."
"Cawrse having hitherto proved himself the best man he has *met*.

Solutions are invited.

MAIL CONTRACT.—Our readers will be happy to learn, that the British Government has taken up the celebrated clippers Snail, Tortoise, and Sloth, for the Australian mail service. The contract time from port to port has been fixed at one hundred and eighty days, and heavy penalties will be exacted for any excess.

HE BATTLE
OF THE
HALMA (ROAD).

By
PLEECEMAN
X.

Ye mewses nine, inspire my lay,
A hunacustum'd song
Must Pleeceman X to-day compose
Inn stately strayns and strong,

All of a great French nobilman,
Wich Champignon his name is,
My umbel pen has got to rite,
A harjus task the same is.

Count Champignon the Consul is
Of our great hally, France ;
To rite about so proud a gent,
I do with hor advance.

* * * *

Another gent and Monseer Chaine
In quarrel did engage,
And did arrange to fite a dule,
So harrogant their rage.

To rite the hother party's name,
A task is, ard and notty ;
But as near as I could ketch the sound,
Is name was P. O'Cotty.

There base and bludthirsty desine,
Each hother for to shute ;
Come to the ear of Mr. Smith,
A hofficer acute.

He straitway sent a pleeceman hout,
Who Chaine at once arrested ;
But P. O'Cotty woodn't come,
And gainst beein took protested.

For he was stayin with the Count,
Hall in the Halma road ;
Wich a werry pleasant spot it is,
And a most genteel abode.

The Count and he was havin tea,
Hall hin the Halma road ;
When the bold pleeseman warked into,
That most genteal abode.

The bold perleeseman sais, sais he
"'Taint no good to get scotty ;
You must kum with me if how so be
As you har P. O'Cotty."

In rorth hup jumps De Champignon—
A hangry gent was he;
"Yer—vat-yer-call—Perleeseman you
This flag here do yer see ?

Without my leave on Mr. P.
O'Cotty lay a hand,
And dredful war I hear declare
'Twixt France and Engleland."

When the pore pleeceman erd these words,
He trembled and grew pail;
He left the gents, and came to town,
Hand told his horful tale.

The beaks they larfed—the beaks they charffed,
And did these words pronounce,
"Fetch P. O'Cotty hear at once,
And don't you mind their bounce."

Hemboldened and hencouraged thus
The gallant pleeceman went,
But meanwhile hup the Count he comes,
And brings the tother gent.

And Chaine and P. O'Cotty then
Was sworn to keep the piece,
And hafter given proper bail,
Each gent got his release.

In Court it therefore chanced that as
Hon duty I attended,
The battel of the Halma (road),
I piecefully sor hended.

But when the story reaches France,
I certingly expex,
That Champignon will git the sack,
So shure as my name's X.

Improper Words.

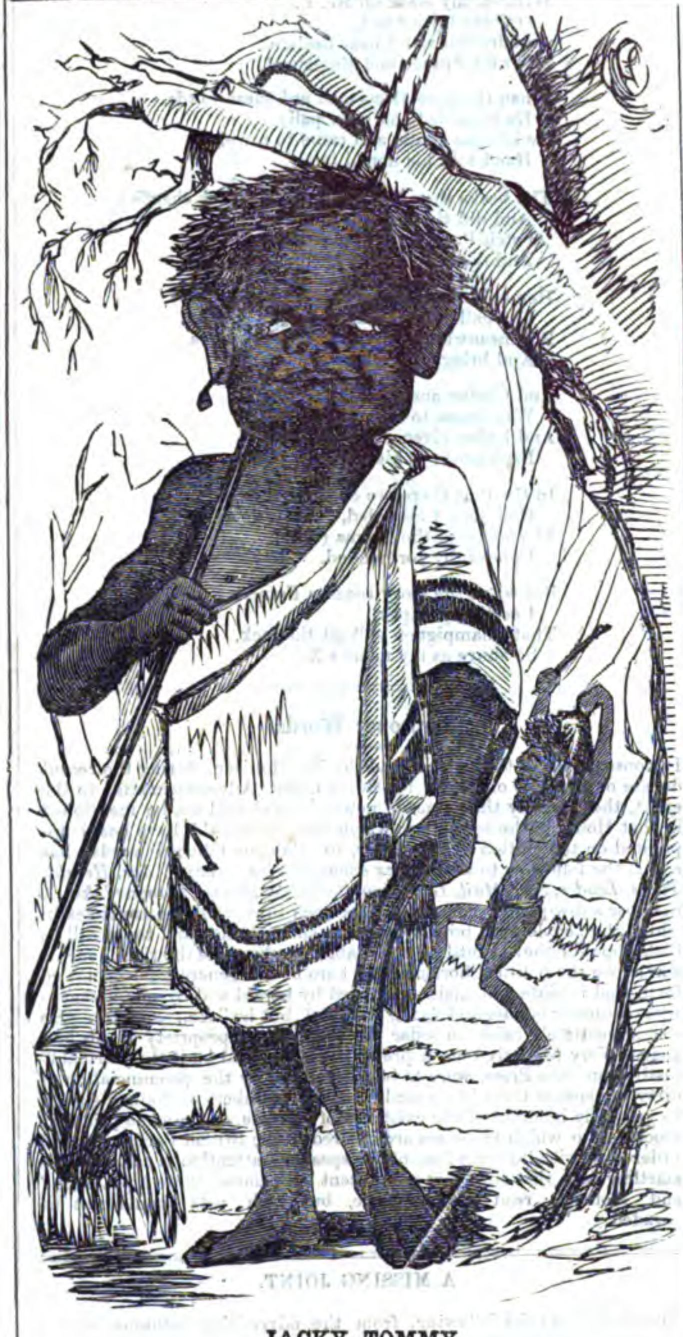
In consequence of the remark made by Mr. Mollison, during the recent debate on the vote of £5000 for Government Advertisements, to the effect, that "really the names of newspapers should not be mentioned in that House," the committee which was (or should have been) appointed on the motion of Mr. Lalor, to catalogue tabooed words, has added the following to their *index expurgatorius*. *Argus*, *Age*, *Herald*, *Times*, *Leader*, *Star*, *Mail*, *Guardian*, *Chronicle*, *Banner*, *Standard*, &c. A member subsequently commenced a speech thus, "These are times in which the people need both a guardian and a leader, and there will be little hope for the age until we are enabled to chronicle the rise of such a star above the political horizon. The hero of this generationdoes not go forth clad in plate and mail, preceeded by herald and by pursuivant—with flaunting banner and flying standard, but he" &c., &c., &c. He was immediately called to order for the gross impropriety of his language. Very properly too, A pretty thing it would be if that "ribald" institution—the Press, were to be recognised by the pronunciation of dirty newspaper titles in Council. No, no. Members of Council should be genteelly ignorant of the existence of journals, on the same principle according to which reporters are ignored in the British Parliament and ordered to withdraw the instant the speaker's attention is called to the startling fact, that strangers are present. Brummel "ate a pea once," and Mollison read a paper once, but such acts should not be paraded.

A MISSING JOINT.

PUNCH extracts the following, from the advertising columns of the *Argus*, of Monday last :—

JOSIAH Wilberforce Heath, late of Smith's tannery ; has lost the first joint of right thumb.—Persons affording information of the above will be rewarded. Address A. C. T., Post Office, Melbourne.

What can Josiah Wilberforce Heath want with the missing first joint of his right thumb ? Who could have appropriated that anatomical fragment ; and what is the amount of the reward for information concerning thereof ? Or has the advertisement an occult, cryptic, enigmatic, and metaphorical meaning ? Possibly, the "first joint of my right thumb," is simply a trope, like "light of my eyes," or "joy of my soul ;" and in that event, "Josiah Wilberforce Heath, late of Smith's tannery," may after all, be advertising for an erratic *fiancee*, or an errant wife. Who knows ?



JACKY TOMMY,

AMONG HIS "FELLOW COUNTRY-MEN."

(*Vide* Council Report.)

NATURAL HISTORY.

The *Geelong Advertiser* has proclaimed its discovery that oysters are crustaceous animals, and not testaceous as heretofore supposed. Communications have been sent to all the European scientific bodies, and it is expected that the prevalent error will be corrected in all the new works on Natural History. Mr. Blandowski, with the openness to conviction which characterises the true votary of science, altered the labels in the Museum immediately on receiving a copy of the paper.

Commission of Lunacy.

A Commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, was opened on Wednesday last, at the Criterton Hotel, to enquire into the state of mind of an individual who was represented to be the Editor of a publication called *The Three Halfpenny Whistler*.

A highly respectable jury having been impanelled, the learned Commissioner stated, that these proceedings had not been instituted by the friends of the unfortunate man, for it did not appear that he had any; nor by his heir, for there was no property to protect or to administer; but by a body of working men, who had invested their hard earnings in the establishment of the *Whistler*, for which they had paid very dear, and which had been ruined by the insane conduct of the subject of this inquiry.

At this stage of the proceedings, the alleged lunatic was led into the room, and his appearance excited a strong feeling of commiseration, and impressed all present with an equally strong conviction of his utter insanity.

It appeared from the testimony of a number of witnesses, that the unfortunate man had been much given to the study of theological works of a speculative character, and his understanding being naturally weak, his judgment irresolute, and his notions upon all subjects flighty and wavering, he had passed through all gradations of religious belief, until he had sunk into a bewildering negation of opinion, and thence into insanity. Habitually accustomed to view superior intellect, rank, worth and merit in others with an envious and jaundiced eye, his envy had assumed, since his insanity, such a rabid malignant character that he would dip his mouth into any gutter for the purpose of squirting filth at a superior; the evidence likewise went to show that the unhappy man was in the habit of indulging in such scurrilous and foul-mouthed personalities in regard to public men, as constituted, in the belief of several of the witnesses, conclusive evidence of a deranged intellect.

Here the alleged lunatic grinned fatuously, and muttered "fat Childers," "Bardolph Wright," "Muggins," "Buggins," "(P)antaloon Fawkner," and broke out into a wild and maniacal laugh.

The learned Commissioner enquired, whether the jury were desirous of having the unfortunate man's articles in the *Whistler* put in and read as evidence of his insanity; but the proposition excited so much horror and alarm in the minds of the jurymen and the bystanders, that it was immediately negatived *nem con.*

The jury expressed themselves perfectly satisfied as to the state of the patient's mind, and found that he had been insane from the 1st January, 1855r

He was then removed by his keepers, to the Asylum at Yarra Bend.

ON DITS.

Mr. Longden has received a numerously signed requisition from his present constituency, requesting him to allow himself to be placed in nomination again, and assuring him a re-election by an overwhelming majority.

Mr. Wright has declined, upon principle, to receive the eighteen hundred pounds recently voted to him in Council.

Mr. Allen, the late Secretary to the Gas Company, has presented Mr. A. K. Smith with a gold snuff box, as a token of esteem and respect.

Mr. R. H. Horne has published a letter in the *Herald*, denying the authorship of "Orion."

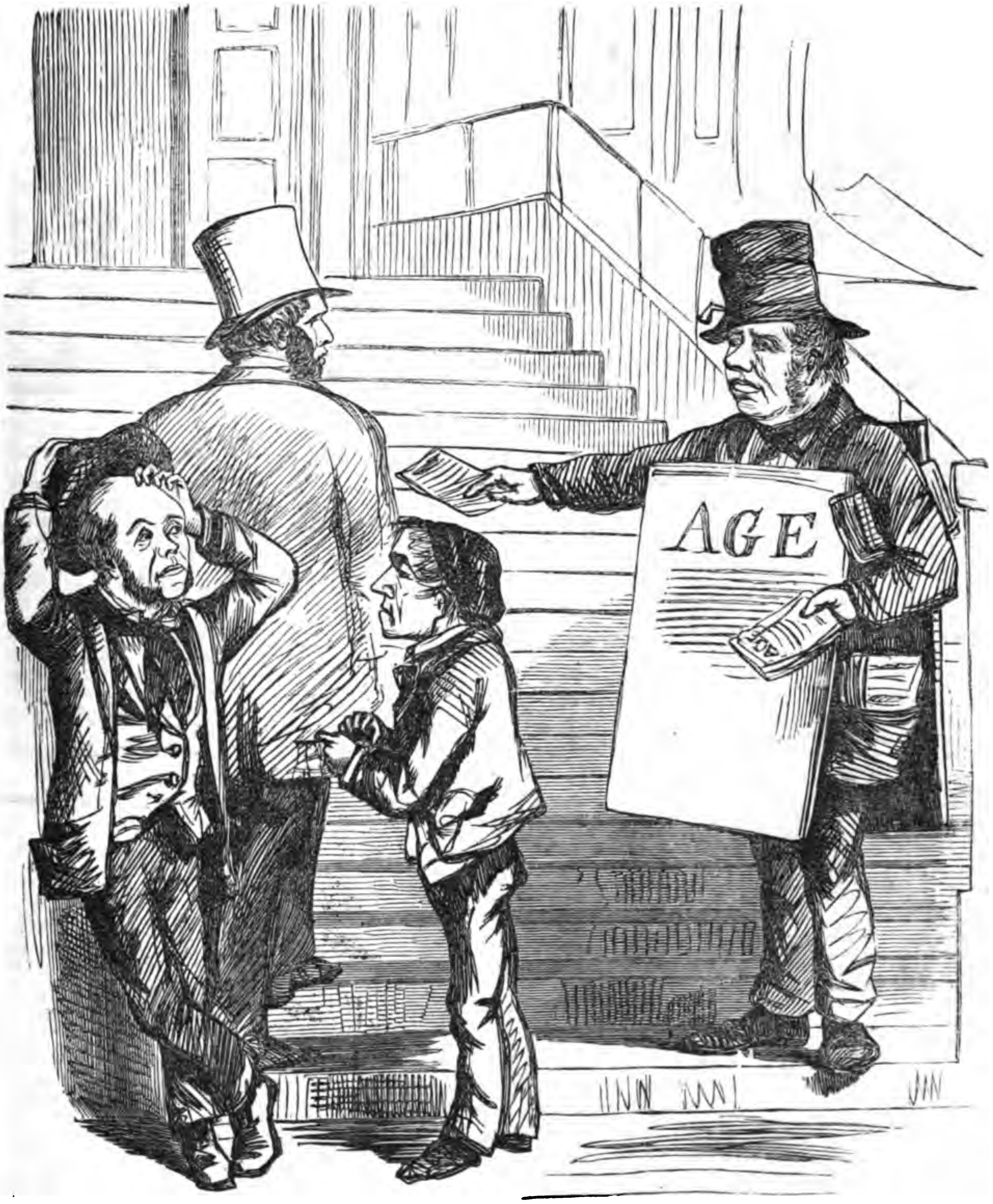
A number of the *Herald* is shortly to be published containing neither a dirty allusion, a classical quotation, a personal-editorial-reminiscence, nor a chess problem.

The Ballaarat and Geelong Coach was not upset during two consecutive days last week.

The Mayor has declared that, being interested in several Melbourne public houses, he shall not henceforth sit upon the licensing bench.

A government clerk was detected hard at work between the hours of ten and three, on Tuesday last. He was not immediately sent to Coventry.

A British mail ship anchored in Hobson's Bay, some years ago, after a voyage of less than eighty days.



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

First Boy: Well, if I was a big chap like him, I wouldn't go in for such a billet as that.

Second Boy *(A very genteel youth)*: No, Johnny. Noospapers is very low. I can't a-bear even to hear their names mentioned.

One—two—th—...
Stop—Wait a bit—I don't see it!

MR. NIMROD GREEN'S SHOOTING EXPEDITION.—No. III.

A CRISIS!!

Representative Men.

THE COLONIAL GENT.

The Colonial Gent might be briefly described as a London gent, somewhat damaged by the voyage—the lacquer of his character slightly tarnished, and its sharp edges here and there chipped off. In his speech he engrafts the expletives, he has picked up during a temporary sojourn on one of the gold-fields, upon the slang he has imported from the metropolis of Great Britain. In costume he is more eccentric, more variegated, and fuller of variety than he was in England. In jewellery he is more lavish, in pomades more exquisite, and in scented waters altogether more abundant than his narrower means allowed him to be in the old world. In manner he is more original, for he is necessarily flung upon his own resources, and creates where he would otherwise have imitated. Hence you observe in his deportment a singular conflict of the conventional reticence and affectation which pass for gentility in the other hemisphere, and the free and easy swagger which is considered to denote personal independence and the "individuality of the individual," in this.

To do him justice he is not deficient in the faculty of adaptability. He reconciles himself to the acceptance of a weekly salary of four or five pounds in a Government office, or in the counting-house of a Melbourne merchant, in lieu of the income of £80 per annum (paid quarterly), which rewarded his services in England, with a praiseworthy determination to conform to circumstances. Cremorne suffices him as a substitute for Vauxhall; and in the Salle de Valentino he revives his recollections of the Casino de Venise.

He has a great contempt for shopkeepers and cockneys (by which appellation he playfully designates the inhabitants of Melbourne); he entertains disparaging views of the Colony generally; affects *insouciance* and scepticism in regard to everything and everybody; and is sincere only in his veneration of himself. He considers the Government of the country in the light of an institution especially designed for the dispensation of official patronage. If he occupies a clerkship in either of the public offices, it is the profoundest conviction of his mind that he is miserably underpaid; and he communicates to his associates his intention of "going to Haines, and insisting upon a rise"; and he throws out dark hints that if the demand is refused, he will throw up his appointment and return to England. "How can these fellows expect to keep good men in the Colony," he enquires, with the air of a man propounding an incontrovertible truth, "unless the Colony makes up its mind to pay them handsomely?" And all his associates unite in the choral interrogation "Ah! how, indeed?"

The Colonial Gent is great in the article of shirt collars and walking canes. He may be seen to cast oblique glances at the plate glass windows of every shop in central Collins-street (his favorite lounge) for the purpose of admiring the reflected cut and set of the rigid circumvallation of linen with which his inflexible neck is fortified. His moustache is a work of art—high art, and his general make-up is creditable to his tailor.

His small-talk is inane and insipid, but it is clearly productive of amusement and gratification to himself; and, as inanity and insipidity are the characteristics of the conversation of his associates, the principle of mutual toleration is tacitly conceded by common consent. If the Colonial Gent ever indulges in eloquence, it is when he is engaged in discussing the tariffs (comparatively considered) of Melbourne or suburban laundresses.

All the admiration he can spare from himself he bestows upon the more animated, or, to use his own expression, the "fast" young ladies to whom he is introduced at the balls and pic-nics to which he is occasionally invited. His command of language being somewhat limited, he borrows the encomiastic epithets he bestows upon these young ladies, from the stable and the race-course. Thus, in the estimation of the Colonial Gent, Louisa A is a fine stepper, and Maria B is high actioned, and Sophy C is a skittish little filly, and Lucy D goes the pace in the galop like a thorough-bred fonr-year-old, etc., etc.

He draws largely upon his inventive faculties in speaking of his British antecedents; and as there is no possibility of disproving his assertions, and as it would be uncharitable to doubt his word, his relationship to half the members of the English peerage, and his intimate acquaintance with the interiors of all their mansions, metropolitan and provincial, must be admitted as an absolute fact.

Failing any other marks of identification, the Colonial Gent may be recognised by the loud pattern and eccentric buttons of his waistcoat the brilliancy of his neckerchief, the elaborated grotesqueness of his breast-pin, and the startling pattern of his watch-chain, as well as the novelty of design displayed in its pendent or pendents, as the case may be. It requires the moral courage of a Gent to exhibit a row of ivory shells upon his vest—to display a miniature coach and four, a combination of hunting trophies, or the head of a bull-dog modelled in gold upon his dazzling neck-tie, and to suspend a navigator's wheelbarrow, a duelling pistol, a drinking goblet, and a small-tooth-comb, fashioned in gold, from his watch-chain. Such outword and visible signs "denote him truly," for they are the gilded lettering and gaudy ornament of a volume of frivolous matter, capable of being read through at a single sitting.

Shame! Shame!—We thought the *Herald* had a monopoly among Melbourne papers as to foul illusions in its leading columns. But in a recent article about the aborigines in the *Argus*, the *Herald* is beaten hollow, insomuch that the latter quoting the former for purposes of condemnation, was obliged to skip a passage and use asterisks. Fancy that!

Sykes' Hydrometer.—We are informed that the Chief Commissioner of Trade and Customs has recently been testing—over the side of a Geelong steamboat—the specific gravity of the water in the Bay. The instrument employed by the hon. gentleman was somewhat too large and not very accurate, so that we think it unnecessary to record the details of the experiments. We are certain, however, that any one curious upon the subject will be afforded every explanation on enquiry at the Custom House.

Pop Goes the Rhino.

Who wouldn't be a governor,
With furnished mansion found him;
With lots of money, little work,
And every comfort round him?
Laying down the Toorak road,
Cost forty thousand, I know;
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the rhino.

Close upon five hundred pounds
For mending poultry houses;
Good accommodation that
For roosters and their spouses.
Seven hundred for a water-tank—
Would the cash were mine oh:
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the rhino.

Knocking out a stable door,
Six score sovereigns paid for;
Blue-stone flags, price nine score pounds,
Pig-stye floors were laid for.
Such cheques upon one's own account,
Think you one would sign—no;
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the rhino.

A "blackwood couch, with horsehair squab,"
Cost forty-five precisely;'
A Pembroke table (eighteen, ten),
Matched the sofa nicely;
Cheffoniers and India chairs,
Made the place look fine oh;
That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the rhino.

Over such like small details,
Longer not to linger;
Three thousand and six hundred pounds,
G. Thwaites contrived to finger.
A thousand more for odds and ends,
That scarcely left a sign oh,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the rhino.

Thirty thousand in the house,
Improvements great effected;
Forty thousand with a road,
Toorak and town connected.
Fifteen for rent and furniture—
Wont there be a shine oh;
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the rhino.

A RUSSIAN ARGUMENT.

Like the Emperor of Russia, who deduces from past disasters omens of future triumph Professor Wilson (vide speech) sees in the present comparative failure of the University, the germ of a bright future, and argues that because the institution is not now supported, a brilliant success may be anticipated in future years.

Rushing the "Herald" Office.

A numerous meeting of literary men and printers was held the other evening, for the purpose of considering the propriety of rushing the *Herald* office. The chafr was taken by Mr. Strornry, who briefly set forth the objects of the meeting, and read by way of text a recent article in the *Herald*, on the subject of the Aborigines, in which the law of might was distinctly propounded, and the doctrine set forth that persons who were competent to make better use of property than the existing holders might with propriety seize upon it. The article in question further urged that the weaker party ought, in such a case, to give way to the stronger, in obedience to a natural law.

Mr Leader considered that the course he was about to advocate was plainly indicated by the expressions quoted: Nobody would dispute for a moment that the *Herald* was the embodiment of weakness and imbecility; and its conductors were bound by their own declaration to yield without dispute to any stronger party. As there was no difficulty in the way of immediately providing such successors, he begged to move the following resolution:—

"That, in the opinion of the meeting, the present conductors of the *Herald* are unable to make a proper use of the materials at their command; and that a company be immediately formed, and a day fixed to rush the *Heraid* office, and treat the occnpiers as the British settlers had done the aborigines of Australia."

Mr. Typo seconded the resolution.

Mr. Par, without disputing any of the general propositions laid down, begged to differ with the previous speakers as to the expediency of adopting the resolution. He was fully sensible of the degraded condition of the inhabitants of the territory which it was proposed to invade, but this very knowledge furnished him with an argument against the undertaking. He thefore moved the previous question.

Mr. Scissors was of the same opinion. He considered that the helplessness of the natives rather called for compassion than extermination.

A long discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Local, Commercial, and other well-known public writers took part. The amendment was eventually carried by a large majority; andf after a vote of thanks to the chairman, moved by Mr. Column Rule, the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Arcadia.—The eau de Cologne fountain in the Arcade is intended as an antidote to the effluvia of Little Bourke-street, through the ordeal of which the traveller has to pass in reaching the favered spot. Apollonicon is a Greek word, and means a barrel organ with the chill off.

Nauticus.—The Steam-ship Gondola, is about to be refitted as a tug to the stone boats on the Upper Yarra; her name will be altered to the Condoler, out of sympathy for the shareholders.

Phrenology.—Mr. Wills, M.L.C., is not, as far as we canunderstand, a partner of Mons. Sohier.

Sonnet to Carlton Gardens.

Oh Carlton Gardens! What refreshing sound,
Of toil-worn Melbournites, the sweet resort,
Luxuriant verdure garlanding the ground,
You fancy—but 'tis nothing of the sort.
A sandy desert fenced with post and rails,
Bestrewn with garbage fit for vulture's feast,
Where foul unsavoury smell, the nose assails;
Of vestments rotting, or of dog deceased;
While o'er the arid waste is scattered thick
The kettle oxydised, the rusty pot,
The broken bottle, and the fractured brick;
All verdure withers on the blasted spot.
How long must Melbourne sue from Truth her pardon,
For calling this drear wilderness a garden?

What Military Direction would physiognomists be most ready to obey?—Write about face.

Representative Men.

THE WAGGON-DRIVER.

Think of an English stage-coachman,—of a smartly-dressed man, that is to say, with a rich apple-blossom bloom equably diffused over the whole of his face; bright eyes; glossy whiskers of exuberant growth; a glossy white hat; a glossy neckerchief, bright in color and voluminous in fold; a glossy shirt-collar of immaculate whiteness; a glossy great-coat, like his own face, innocent of wrinkles; glossy trousers, closely strapped down over the glossiest of boots; and glossy kid gloves, holding reins and "ribands" which participate in the prevailing glossiness:—or think of a metropolitan hackney-coachman, in a shiny hat, ornamented with a short pipe, stuck in its band; a cearse and weather-beaten coat of many capes; nether integuments of a dubious color and material; and boots enveloped in wisps of frowsy straw:—or think, again, of Wordsworth's Benjamin,—

> "Apparent now beside his team,
> Now lost amid a glittering steam;"

and, as Mr. John Jones lucidly observes in comparing a glacier with a glazier, "it's quite the reverse of that;—" in otherwords, the Colonial Waggon-Driver is the very antithesis of the smart man, who used to "tool" freshmen down to Cambridge in the Rocket;—of the malodorous hackney-coachman who drove yourself and a party of merry girls (now married, alas ! and matronly, and the mothers of large families,) to hear Malibran at Her Majesty's;—and of the poetical Waggoner, to whose adventures the late poet-laureate devoted four cantos of verse.

No ! the Colonial Waggon-Driver is racy of the soil,—of Victoria, Victorian. American counterparts he may have, but European, none. It would be an insult to liken him to the rancid and greasy lump of stupidity and superstition, plying in the streets of St. Petersburgh, as a drosky-driver; or to compare him to the conductor of a French diligence, who ransacks the vocabulary of zoology for terms of opprobrium to imprecate upon his horses, and whom the fracture of a rope will plunge into a state of convulsive excitement;—or to suggest any resemblance between himself and the vetturinists of Switzerland and Italy; with their quaint songs and whistling choruses, embroidered jackets and sonorous whips, and their undying affection for fees and tobacco. No ! we repeat, the Colonial Waggon-Driver is racy of the soil, and is as much an institution of Victoria as *Punch—Melbourne Punch*, himself.

Unlike the stage-coachmen of the mother-country, the Waggon-driver makes no sacrifices to the graces. Upon that discolored cabbage-tree hat, with its band of rusty brown; upon that coarse coat, the rents in which appear to have been darned by his own inflexible hand; upon those cord trousers, the furrows of which lie deep in shadow; and upon those stiff knee-boots; sun and storm, wind and dust, rain and wind have spent their cruel force, for months and months, so that the passenger sees nothing upon the journey, so venerable, so weather-stained, so picturesquely touched with the hoar of antiquity, as the garb of the Waggon-Driver.

Unlike ceachmen all the world over, he is a man of few words, and those few words are monosyllables. You shall travel with him from Balaarat to Geelong or Melbourne, and hear nothing escape from his lips—nothing, be it understood, that is comprehensible by his fellow men—but the words "All aboard ?" and "Heads !" The former interrogatory being addressed to the passengers collectively, at the commencement of each stage ; and the latter laconic exclamation being intended as a caution to all who are sitting to the rearward, while the waggon is passing through a forest, to avoid the fate of Absalom. At one halting place, perhaps, a slouching individual in a plaid jumper, and wearing a very large and nuggetty ring upon a very dirty little finger, accosts him with "Can you give me a lift to Meredith, Jem ?" But even to this irreverent man, who must be a very old friend indeed, or he would never presume upon addressing "Jem" in such a tone of disrespectful familiarity, the Wagon Driver merely vouchsafes a couple of monosyllables in reply, and says, while he gathers the reins into his left hand, and casts the strap off the break, "Jump up." And the individual in the scarlet jumper mounts the box accordingly, and they ride side by side in silence, until they arrive at Meredith, when they part company again over a silent nobbler at the bar.

Howbeit, the Wagon Driver carries on a lively conversation with his horses,—a conversation limited in its range and terse in character. Possibly it is the language of the Houhynhyms, and therefore unintelligible to Yahoos. It appears to consist, however, of the five vowels only, with an aspirate before each ; "Hi ! Hi !" and "Ho ! Ho !" being the forms of expression which occur most frequently in the monologue of the Wagon Driver ; and a snort or plunge being the customary mode of reply on the part of the horses.

Planting himself erect upon his feet, and maintaining his equipoise in the midst of shocks that would shake an English coachman from his seat, the Waggon-driver projects his eye into futurity, as it were, and is gifted with a rare foresight of stumps and boulders, crab-holes, and incipient gullies. He can calculate to a nicety the width of the interval between a couple of trees, and the wheels of his vehicle will touch withuot grazing the bark of either. He will navigate his waggon through straits bristling with juvenile rocks, or thickly strewn with the fragments of old volcanic mountains, without shattering the springs of the conveyance, or dislocating the necks of the passengers. Like the elves in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, his course is—

> "Over hill, over dale,
> Thorough *bush*, thorough brier,
> Over plank, over pale,
> Thorough flood, thorough fire,
> Up and down, up and down."

and when the end of his journey is accomplished, he will fling his reins upon the horses' backs, and descend from his seat, or rather from his *locus standi*, to the solid earth, and will walk round the wagon with the air of a man who is conscious that he has done his duty, and who feels that he has considerably astonished the three Chinamen who have alighted from the back seat, and who stand shaking themselves like men who have been tossed in a blanket, or only just released from the rack.

YACHTING IN THE BAY.

THE regatta, on Easter Monday, we believe, went off with great success and *eclat*, and *Punch* hopes that many more such meetings may be equally fortunate. The Bay certainly presents fine opportunities for yacht racing, and among all the sports in which rich men indulge, yachting is certainly about the purest and freest from objection. But as yet, yachting in Victoria is somewhat in it's infancy, and we have heard some amusing accounts of discussions which have taken place at past meetings of the young yacht club. Most of the members are more accustomed to the turf than the salt sea, and the rules they have proposed for boat racing have been such as would have considerably astonished the brethren of the Trinity Home. *Punch* being always on the alert to report any significant proceedings which his daily contemporaries are likely to neglect, took care to have a representative present on the occasion of a recent yacht club meeting, and this gentleman has furnished the subjoined report :—

Mr. A considered thac owners, on entering boats, should state the tack on which they proposed to sail round the course. It was manifestly unfair that the sails should be shifted during a race.

Mr. B wanted to know whether ballast was to be weighed before starting or on arrival at the winning post. He had heard of water being allowed for ballast, and he considered this highly objectionable. A boat would have the opportnnity of racing without weight and coming in with weight by baling water in on nearing the winning post. He had also heard when other plans were adopted of ballast being thrown overboard.

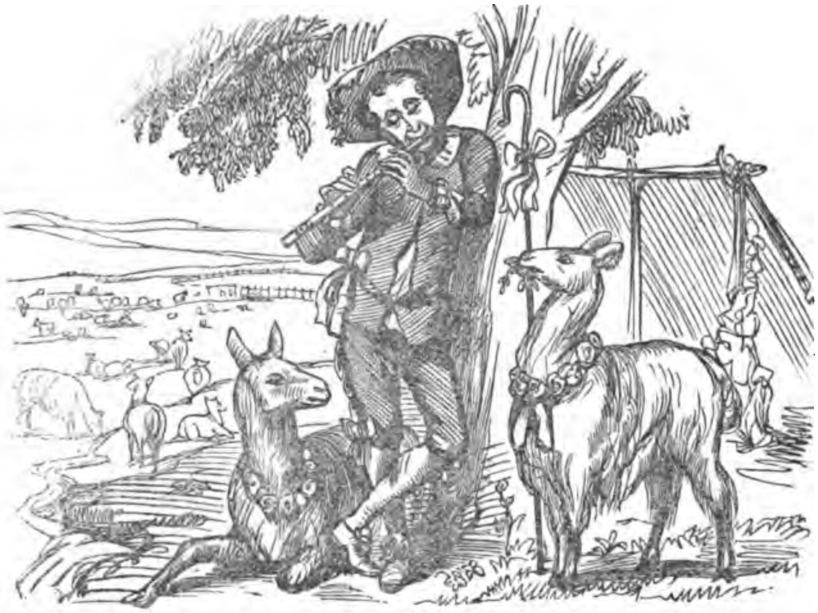
Mr. C said he quite agreed with Mr. B. Moreover, boats should certainly carry weight for age. It would be very unfair that a young boat, only just launched, should cary as much as an aged boat that had been in training off and on on for eight years and upwards.

Mr. D said that was all very well, but how were you to tell a boat's age. He had heard of a man-of-war's teeth, but boats were all broken mouthed, so to speak, and you couldn't tell their age by their teeth.

Mr. E said that he had been very much disgusted at more than one regatta, by seeing sailing boats go twice round the course at a stretch. He acknowledged that wind was a very important thing, but the wind of boats ought not to be taxed too far. Such races should be run in heats, and then boats would start quite fresh again.

Mr. F considered that bottom was so important in a boat that full opportuity for testing it should afforded.

After a protracted discussion, a committee was appointed to draw up rules in accordance with the opinions expressed by the majority of the members present.



Dr. Embling in Arcadia.

This gentle swain
A pleasing strain,
Plays on the pastoral reed;
And unto those
Sweet notes he blows,
The flocks give rapturous heed.
His spotless clothes
And silken hose
Are dight with ribbons gay;
And garlands deck
Th' Alpaca's neck,
That listen to his lay.
Sir Phillip Sid
—ney never did,
A fairer scene invent,
Than this the Doc-
—tor and his flock,
Of woolly friends present.
Long may he stand,
Thus pipe in hand,
Beneath you shady tree;
And when he shears
Those pretty dears,
May *Punch* be there to see.

Apophoreta.

A very poetic and graceful custom prevailed among the ancient Greeks and Romans of making presents and dedicating inscriptions to departing friends.

The name given to these dedications, Apophoreta, signifies literally "something to carry away." In compliance with the custom, *Punch* presents a series of mottoes for his Legislative and other friends to take home with them, and digest during the holidays.

THE COUNCIL—
"Vos, O! clarissima mundi lumina!"
"Vidi lecta diu et multo spectata labore
Degenerare tamen."
"Vertuntur species animorum et pectore motus
Nunc alios, alios dum nubila ventus agebat,
Concipiunt."
"—— mox quæ sint habitura deorum
Concilia incertum est."—
Virgil passim.
"Hodie me postremum vides."—*Terence.*
"Quæ tamen inde seges; terræ quis fructus apertæ!
Quis dabit historico?"—*Juvenal.*
"O! curas hominum! O! quantum est in rebus inane!"—
—*Persius.*

THE GENERAL ELECTION—
"Expectandus erit qui lites inchoet annus
Totius populi: sed tunc quoque mille ferenda
Tædia, mille moræ."—*Juvenal.*

THE EXECUTIVE—
"O! fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!"
"—— deus nobis hœc otia fecit."—*Virgil.*

THE SPEAKER—
Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores, et studia, et populos, et prælia dicam *Virgil.*

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL—
"Concilium inveniunt multi, sed docti explicant."—*Syrus.*

THE CHIEF SECRETARY—
"Nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido"—*Virgil.*
"—— Dictatoris honore
Functus.—— "—*Juvenal.*

THE COMMISSIONER OF TRADE—
"—— prædiscere ——
"Cura sit, ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum,
Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recuset."—*Virgil.*

MR. POHLMAN—
"Compositum jus fasque animo."—*Persius*

THE SURVEYOR-GENERAL—
"Ante Jovem nulli subigebant arva coloni,
Nec signare quidem. aut partiri limiti campum
Fas erat."—*Virgil.*

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROAD BOARD—
"Hand facilem esse viam voluit"——
——"Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo."—*Virgil.*
"Solet sequi laus, cum viam fecit labor."—*Syrus.*

THE NOMINEE—
"Potest non esse honestum quod non liberum est."—*Syrus.*

THE SILENT MEMBER—
"Prudentis vultus etiam sermonis loco est."—*Syrus.*

Mr. FAWKNER—
"Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem:
Tecum non possum vivere, nec sine te."—*Martial.*

Mr. NICHOLSON—
"Sapiens homo cum primis nostræ civitatis."—*Cicero.*

Mr. DUFFY—
"Orator vehemens ——
Noscenda est mensura sibi."—*Juvenal.*

Mr. LONGDEN—
"An erit, qui velle recuset
Os populi meruisse."—*Persius.*

MR. WILLS—
Stet pro ratione voluntas.

MR. GRANT—
"Continuo has leges, æternaque fœdera."—*Virgil.*

MR. O'BRIEN—
"Non intelligor ulli."—*Ovid.*

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL—
"Hujus ego judicium longe antepono."—*Cicero.*

MR. FYFE—
"Satis diu dedisti verba."—*Terence.*

MR. CHAPMAN—
“Possum multa tibi veterum præcepta referre.”—*Virgil.*

MR. RIDDELL—
“Formosa facies muta commendatio est.”—*Syrus.*

MR. SMITH—
“—— Quærit Pater Urbium
Suscribi statins.”—*Horace.*

CAPTAIN VIGNOLLES—
“Tongilianus habet nasum; scio, non nego: sed jam
Nil præter nasum Tongilianus habet.”—*Martial.*

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY—
“Ruris Bibliotheca delicati
Vicinam videt unde lector urbem.”—*Martial.*

MR. COLIN CAMPBELL—
“Omnia vis belle, Matho, dicere; dic aliquando
Et bene; dic neutrum; dic aliquando male.”—*Martial.*

MR. MYLES—
“Miles qui locum non tenebit.”—*Cicero.*

THE COLONIAL ENGINEER—
“Ne me moneatis.—Memini ego efficium meum;
———— Operæ non parco meæ.”—*Plautus.*

MR. A’BECKETT—
“—— seu tu querelis—sive geris jocos.”- *Horace.*

MR. MILLER—
“Alter erit maculis auro squalentibus ardens,
———— melior insignis ore.”—*Virgil.*

MR. PYKE—
“Pica salutatrix si tibi—placet.”

THE V. V. R. R.
Pro patria non timidus mori,

THE PROROGATION—
“Sed nos immensum spatiis confecimus æquor:
Et jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.”—*Virgil.*

THE LOCK-UP AT BALLARAT.

BY PLEESMAN X.

Bein hordered off on dooty,
As it might be this day weak,
I came up to Ballarat, and
Of the Lock-up meen to speak.

If it costes me my trunshun,
I will all the trooth rewheel,
If it loses me my billet,
Sich a rong I wont conseel!

Wen I think of that there lock-up,
Ev'ry drop of blood it tingles;—
Dirty, dingy, dismal log-hut,
Paved with mud and roof'd with shingles.

On it beets the firey sunlite,
Throo it blose the peersin wind,
From it comes a reek like pison,
In it all these ills combined:—

Heet, and cold, and reek mefittic,
Filth and vermin these yewnite,
For to make a seen of orrors,
Wich I can't in verse indite.

Greesy Lascar, drunken brawler,
Roarin ruffin, midnite thief,
Dirty vagrant, swarthy Tartar,
All the wust of men, in brief,—

Shut up in a wooden prisin,
Hateen feet by twenty-six;—
Wen I seed 'em, Friday last, I
Counted up jest thirty-six.

Up and down they kept on pacing,
Much like wild beests in a sho,
And I think as how that lock-up's
Jest the plaice to make 'em so.

And the cove as goes in giltless,
Tho suspeckted of a crime,
Comes out gilty, spiled by contackt
With them ruffyans, for the time.

But if men was ten times wusser
Than the wust who're lockt up there,
'Tant correckt to turn 'em into
Such a filthy cattle lair.

O, ye gents as holds the puss-strings
And the taxes, take and spend;
Listen to a word of counsel,
From Perleesman X, your friend.

Dont not spend so many thousands,
On the Toorak sties and stables,
Hen-roosts, Indian chairs and couches,
Sheffonheres and Pembroke tables.

But remember this here lock-up,
On the Camp at Balalrat,
And expend your surplus underds
On a substitoot for that.

Criminals is yewman beins,
And the Toorak pigs and hens
Mite make shift with log-hut lodgins,
Like these pore misguided men's.

Criminals is yewman beins,
Wich, to say the very least, is
One good reason why you didn't
Ought to treat 'em like wild beastes.

If you want to make em brootal
Reckless, savage, and all that,
Confine them in this orrid lock-up,
In the Camp at Ballarat.

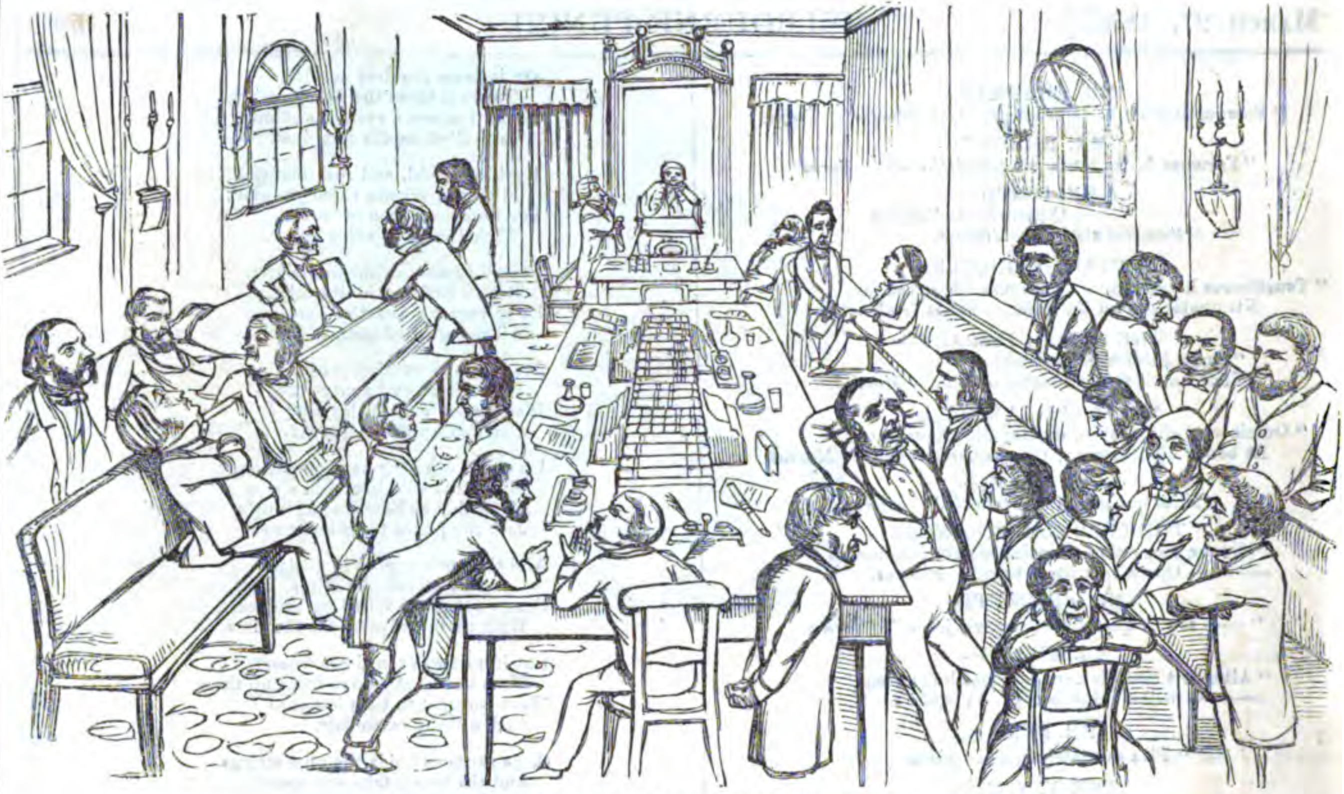
The Governess Market.

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Argus*, a few days' ago—

GOVERNESSES, Superior, Medium, and Nursery supplied to private families and schools. Hall of Education. Brunswick-street.

We wonder the advertiser did not begin his advertisement “For Sale, Governesses of Superior Brands.” At all events the families he “supplies,” if not sufficiently numerous to consume a whole governess, should be “supplied” with a fore or hind quarter. “Hall of Education,” indeed. Get out, you unknown humbug.

When an old colonist re-visits Europe, for pleasure, which would be the gayest capital to select for his residence? Why Berlin to be sure, because its inhabitants are always *on the Spree.*



A SKITCH OF THE 'OUSE.

(Taken while an honourable member was delivering himself of his SINTIMINTS.)

GREAT SALE OF GENUINE EFFECTS, LEASE, CURIOSITIES, &c.

Mr. Punch, Auctioneer, has the honor to announce that in consequence of

THE PRESENT BUSINESS NOT ANSWERING,

he has been favoured with instructions to sell,

WITHOUT RESERVE,

the Lease, Good Will, Furniture, and Fixtures of that well-known Establishment,

ST. PATRICK'S HALL.

The Building itself would be found admirably adapted for a Concert Room, or Vaudeville Theatre, having already been devoted with eminent success to a series of

COMIC DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

Detailed catalogues of the effects will be published prior to the day of sale, but in the meantime Mr. Punch would specially call attention to a few articles—amongst others to a

CURIOUS OLD CABINET

enriched with remarkably carved

BLOCKS OF WOOD,

and containing some singular

SPRINGS AND SECRET DRAWERS.

Also to a large old

IRISH HARP,

possessing considerable power and a very sonorous tone.

Particular attention is likewise directed to a

VERY RICH DRINKING VESSEL,

being a remarkable relic of the dark ages recently discovered in the Town Hall.

ALSO TO

A CURIOUS PYKE,

found a short time since at Castlemaine.

Mr. Punch expects that a keen competition will arise among naturalists for

Two Extraordinary Specimens

of the

Mylesius Nondescriptus *(Becker)* and Obrieniscus Loquax *(Blandowski)*.

These specimens belong to a new and very remarkable group of animals, occupying a place midway between the

Anser Paradoxus Australis and Asinus Hibernicus.

Before quitting the domain of natural history, Mr. Punch must be permitted to mention a living and

HIGHLY DIVERTING COCKATOO

well-known to many as Peter Parley. This

Curious Old Bird

has been taught to pronounce an amazing number of words with such distinctness, that many persons have supposed him to be

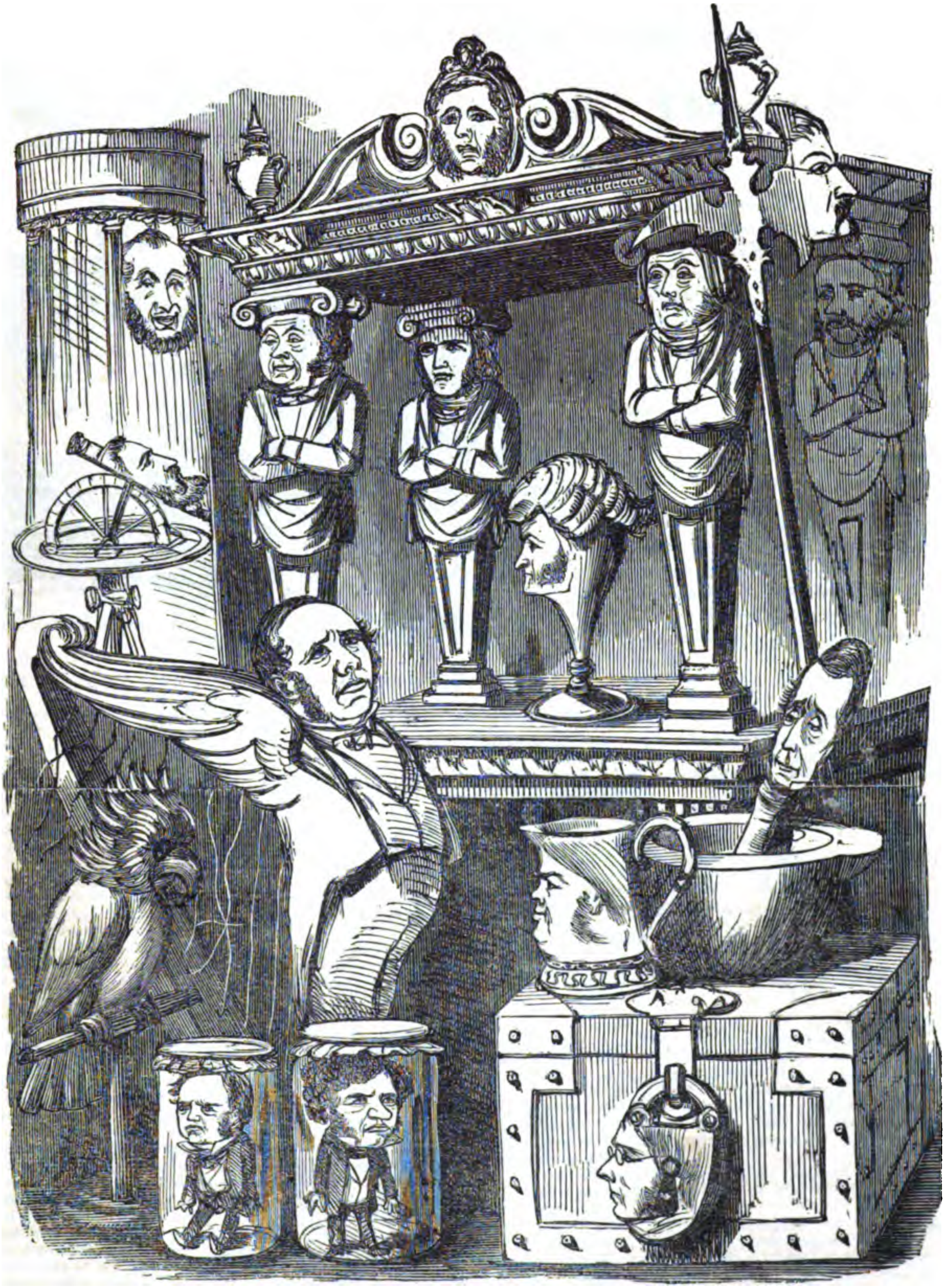
Actually Gifted with Reason.

The extreme gravity with which he repeats "two and two make four," over and over again, never fails to create amusement.

Engineers and others must be struck by a

Remarkable Surveying Instrumemt from Van Diemen's Land,

and the whole colony is expected to bid for a great number of valuable lots in this remarkable collection too numerous to mention.



UNRESERVED SALE AT ST. PATRICK'S HALL.

MR. NIMROD GREEN'S SHOOTING EXPEDITION.—No. IV,
THE SEQUEL TO THE CRISIS.

A Song of the Affections.

You ask, by what mysterious power
She made a captive of my heart;
And bound me with a pleasing yoke,
And pierced me with love's shining dart.
Wherefore you ask, do I my fortune chide,
Because perhaps, she ne'er may be my bride.

I am not conquered by her beauty,
I never yet have seen her face;
'Tis not her lineage that I heed,
I care not for her name or race.
No note of hers in song or spoken word—
Has charmed me, for her voice I never heard.

And yet within my constant breast,
There burst forth passion's ardent flame;
And in my heart I felt a glow
The instant that I heard her name:
Of this emotion would you learn the grounds
I knew that she had got ten thousand pounds.

Shipping Intelligence.

THE EXPERT.—This magnificent steam clipper, having just completed another of her splendid passages, in the unprecedentedly short period of twenty minutes, brings us the latest advices from Prahran, Richmond, and the South Yarra. The particulars of her voyage will doubtless interest many readers—at all events as much as the particulars of the voyages of the Blunderbore, the Ramchumder, the Clumbunkie, etc., published by our daily contemporaries every time these magnificent vessels (in spite of unforeseen circumstances, which have alone prevented them from doing it in 50 days), make the passage from Liverpool in something under six months.

The Expert left the Prahran roads at precisely twenty minutes to three p.m. Having an ample supply of coal on board—at least one hundred weight and a half—she was at once got under full steam, and sails were dispensed with. A flat iron was hung at the end of the safety valve lever, with the happiest results. Three minutes after leaving port, touched at Murphy's Paddock, and took on board a number of passengers for Melbourne, in the shape of a man from the tannery. Thence the Expert ran on a generally west course without being obliged to lie to, or to shift a sail till she reached the Punt roads. In bringing up here she very nearly ran aground, and into the ginger-beer stall, but a fore-cabin passenger, with great presence of mind, jumped on the forecastle and shoved her off with a cotton umbrella, for which he was publicly thanked by Captain Collier, on whom we are happy to say not the slightest imputation rests for the serious accident which was so narrowly escaped. The casualty was in fact purely owing to fortuitous circumstances, and was quite accidental, inasmuch as it was the result of the helm being put the wrong way. The passengers were so completely satisfied of this that they immediately subscribed the necessary funds to present the chief officer, who was steering at the time, with a piece of plate (willow pattern).

Half way between the Punt roads and Melbourne, the Expert spoke the "Maid of the Yarra," nine minutes out from Melbourne, and bound for the Punt roads. In the same latitude but somewhat farther west, she picked up a bottle containing—nothing. Same day, caught a shark (with a hook). Fell in with the abandoned wreck of the Gondola, at four minutes to three, in the longitude of Russell-street. Thence nothing particular occurred to the end of the voyage, the Expert being safely moored alongside the Prince's Bridge Wharf at three o'clock precisely.

No deaths occurred on the passage, and the stock of fresh water and provisions of the best quality, put on board by the liberal and spirited owners, was found to be ample.

We are glad to learn that a testimonial is to be presented to Capt. Colier, together with an address, signed by all the passengers, expressing their admiration of the qualities, both as a gentleman and a navigator, which he displayed during this remarkably rapid passage.

Prorogation of Punch's Council.

AT an early hour on Thursday last, an unusual commotion among the runners assembled round the office, announced that Mr. Punch was on his way to the Sanctum, and a few moments afterwards he arrived upon the threshold, where he was received by Toby, the custodian of the cash-box, the publisher, and the operative members of the establishment. Having been conducted to his arm-chair, bowing profusely as he passed through the press-room, Mr. Punch delivered the following address:—

"*Mr. Pressman and Gentlemen of the Composing Frame,*—

"It gives me much pleasure to be able to relieve you from your ardent duties.

"You were called together to complete the forms necessary for working the current number of my immortal publication.

"The impressions which you have presented to me, and to which I have given my gracious assent, will I hope meet with as cordial a reception from the public as the care and attention bestowed upon them merit. On my part, and on that of my literary and artistic colleagues, no diligence shall be wanting to consolidate the influence and extend the reputation of this, the leading journal in Victoria.

"I congratulate you upon the prosperous condition of the cash-box, and on the splendid prospects of my periodical. Its power and circulation, combined with the important benefits it has been instrumental in securing for the public, clearly establish the necessity for its existence, and constitute a guarantee of its permanent duration.

"I cannot dismiss you to your homes and to your breakfasts, without adverting to the increasing responsibility which has devolved upon me in consequence of the Prorogation of the Legislative Council, and the enlarged authority with which I have been invested as the actual Governor of this Colony. I trust that the anticipations which have been formed of the blessings to ensue from my benignant rule, will not be disappointed.—that the same zeal for the public welfare, the same fearless exposure of wrong-doers, the same enlightened advocacy of what is good. the same fortitude in the conflict with error, and the same moderation in the hour of victory, will distinguish my conduct then as now; and that a grateful posterity will have cause to identify *Melbourne Punch* with the golden age of Victoria.

"I now declare this Convention prorogued until Wednesday in the ensuing week."

Mr. *Punch* then rose and, bowing to the assemblage, withdrew. He was rapturously cheered by the crowd outside, and Toby was likewise the object of a very flattering ovation.

The Burial of the Council.

I.

Not a sob was heard, not a sigh was heaved,
As the Speaker vacated the chair ;
Not a soul in Victoria sorrowed or grieved
As we forth from the Hall did repair.

II.

The sad prorogation at noon occurred,
And few of us thought of returning—
To the place where so often, ere while, had been heard
Our eloquence dimly burning.

III.

But few and short were the speeches made,
Johnny Fawkner on railroads spoke,
One horrible pun John O'Shanassy made
And then dismally laughed at his joke

IV.

But half the dreary farce was done,
When the Sergeant rushed in perspiring ;
And we heard a quarter-pound pounder gun,
Hard by, near the flag-staff, firing.

V.

The Governor, dressed to the nines, came in,
With a clanking clattering suite ;
And silent and sad in the midst of the din,
The members all rose to their feet.

VI.

Briefly he spoke of the Governor dead,
Of railways and free emigration ;
And something of foreign invasion he said,
In that meagre and prosy oration.

VII.

As soon as the speechification was done,
Not a moment he lost in withdrawing ;
And the members exclaimed, dropping out one by one,
" Here's an end to our jabber and jawing :

VIII.

Lightly they'll talk of the Council that's gone,
And o'er our cold ashes denounce us ;
But little we'll reck if they'll let us talk on,
And their members again once pronounce us.

PLEASE DON'T.

AMONG the minor troubles to which Mr. Punch is exposed must be classed the visits of a variety of gentlemen, who either have, or profess to have, a great apprehension of figuring in his pages. The great majority of these visitors are obviously all agog for the honor, and look round them in the hope of seeing one of Mr. Punch's artistic friends engaged upon their portraits. A great many, again, give accurate descriptions of circumstances, which they would not for the world have known, about which Mr. Punch never heard, and about which he is quite sure his readers would never care to hear, and in a praiseworthy way buy copies week after week in the hope of finding these important events described in full. Others interest themselves on behalf of their friends, and describe with the utmost detail the follies which Mr. Punch is beseeched not to expose.

Now, Mr. Punch begs to state that all this trouble is quite superfluous. A lack of individuals making themselves ridiculous has never yet occurred to trouble him. But fools must be public fools before they can hope for the honor of being personally reproved by that playful pup of wisdom, Toby, or called to account by the great moralist—*Punch*.

It is not of the least importance to the world that Mr. Smith, on Tuesday week, tried to light his pipe at a pump ; and though Mr. Smith's bosom friend wrote, in great anguish of mind, to describe Mr. Smith's personal appearance, and to hope that it would not be caricatured, we assure him that even if we had never received the friendly caution, there was no danger whatever of Mr. Smith's being pourtrayed.

Again we are informed, that Mr. Jones made so great a fool of himself at Mrs. Robinson's late entertainment, by doing what Mr. Jones takes the pains of accurately describing, that he is convinced, nothing but his personal intercession (with a longing look round for some one furtively taking his portrait) can save him from being held up to ridicule. He admits that the subject would be advailable, but he cannot bear and will not bear (here he looks as fierce as he can) publicity. Mr. Jones need be under no fear whatever. Characteristic fools may be interesting as the types of classes, but Mr. Jones is a common-place fool, with nothing whatever to recommend him to notice.

Mr. Robinson with a blush and a simper, has called to say, that he is about to marry Miss Brown, and he hopes that in spite of the inequality of the match, *Punch* will take no notice of the circumstance. Not upon any account, Robinson may marry Black Sal if he likes and if she is goose enough to have him. It is no concern of the public's or of Mr. Punch's, and if Mr. Robinson were to send the prefiles of himself and intended, in sticking plaster week after week for years (instead of only twice with earnest protests against engraving), they will never appear in Mr. Punch's gallery.

By this time, people ought to know that what the class of tormentors referred to, call "taking off" Brown, Jones, and Robinson individually, because they make asses of themselves in obedience to their asinine nature, is not Mr. Punch's business. Let them munch their thistles in peace, and neither hope nor fear to have their portraits taken while engaged in that interesting occupation.

Australian Doubles.

A **discovery** has recently been made in this city, which though not yet communicated to the Philosophical Institute, is certain hereafter to create an immense sensation. The discoverer, whose name we are not at present authorised to divulge, professes to have ascertained that the physical equipoise which exists between the two hemispheres of the world extends to the moral and mental qualities of the inhabitants. He commences in the written account of his discovery (with a perusal of which he has favored us) as Mr. Chapman would do—from the beginning. "The world," the writer thus enters upon his subject "is an oblate spheriod having a lesser axis shorter by twenty-six miles than the greater," and some hundreds of pages are occupied in explaining this fact, and how it was ascertained. The theory of magnetic currents and the law of storms, next occupy his attention. and the best part of a volume is devoted to considering the average uniform pressure of the atmosphere at the sea level all the world over. From these reflections on physical equilibrium, &c , the writer was gradually led to conjecture, that a similar equilibrum exists as to imponderable things, and finally after great research. the startling truth broke upon him, that *every man in the Northern hemisphere has his double in the Southern.* We have not space to recapitulate the *a priori* reasoning by which our friend arrived at this remarkable discovery, but among the evidences which he advanced to make it patent to the world, have been some that we are able to present. Having convinced himself, as we have said, that every man in the Northern has his double in the Southern hemisphere Mr. ——— began at once to search in Australia for the counterparts of celebrated contemporary English men of letters in Australia, and though these doubles have not as yet published their works, he has discovered enough of their manuscripts to go far in corroboration of his theory.

From some of these manuscripts we propose making extracts, that our readers may judge for themselves, and as it happens that our artist has this week supplied a subject, from Victorian history, for a fresco for our new houses of Parliament, we shall commence by quoting an account of the event pourtrayed, from an unpublished work having the following title :—

THE HISTORY OF VICTORIA.

BY THOMAS B. CAMAWLEY.

* * * * * But many years before, a landing had been attempted upon these very shores. Collins, a colonel in the British service, accompanied by Buckley, a companion in arms, but of inferior grade, had, even so early as 1804, planted the standard of their country upon a rocky headland, that frowns over the blue waters of Port Phillip Bay. Half way between Arthur's Seat and Point Nepean, the shepherd is still frequently called from his flocks by the tourist or the antiquary to point out the little hillock where in that far off period, the British flag first floated. Collins and Buckley, however, though men worthy to have conducted a more successful enterprise, and to have lived in a more advanced age, were speedily foiled in their great undertaking. Buckley and several others of the English leaders, fell into the hands of the native authorities, and Collins disheartened took ship again, and returned to the land of Van Diemen. Of the captured English, Buckley alone was permitted to live, and by accommodating himself to the institutions with which he found himself surrounded, he succeeded in escaping alike the animosity of public and private enemies. More than thirty years afterwards, when redeemed by his countrymen, he displayed a reluctance to return among them, like that of the Sabine wives, when their kinsmen drew the brand to avenge their imagined wrongs. The memory of Collins and Buckley is however, even to this day, held in respectful remembrance among the colonists of Victoria. The name of the first is indissolubly associated with one of the great arteries of trade, and that of the other, is still preserved in the ancient and honourable house of Buckley and Nunn.

During the thirty years of Buckley's captivity, the inhabitants of Victoria were undisturbed by the aggression of any foreign foe. Internecine feuds did, indeed, occasionally break the calm of national tranquillity, but peace generally prevailed. The fisher, poised in his canoe of bark, drew from the pellucid waters of the Yarra Yarra—or Flowing Flowing—the means of satisfying his simple desires. The blue smoke curled, year after year, above the stately gum-trees of what we now call Keilor Plains as fire distilled the savory juices of the opossum and wallaby ; year after year, in accordance with immemorial usage the amatory waddy descended on the head of the blushing virgin—thus summoned to grace the domestic hearth of the bridegroom, and to assume the dignified office of the wife and the matron. Undisturbed by the regular calls of warfare, the young men kept alive their martial spirit by emulating each other in attacking, in his most secret lurking places, the great white grub of the gum-tree, and in extracting each others kidney-fat in friendly rivalry.

The heavy rains of May, 1835, had however scarcely converted into mud the dust which had been blowing in hot clouds during the preceding six months, when the peace of the country was again disturbed. Writers of the period have dealt extensively in descriptions of awful physical phenomena, which they imagined portended a coming tempest. The sun, they declared, rose in the east and set in the west, and the moon, from being full, gradually waned into a crescent. By the light of modern science, we are enabled to comprehend these things, and to explain them in accordance with natural laws; but it is not surprising that events so unusual should at that time have been regarded with dismay, and should have been falsely associated with the social revolution that immediately followed.

John Batman, an ambitious Tasmanial General, without the sanction of Parliament, or even the approval of his sovereign organised an expedition for the invasion of Port Phillip; and, having gathered around him a suitable force. set sail as noiselessly a possible. His success was decided. He was equally great in the science of war and in the arts of peace. He combined the frankness of the soldier with the civil strategy of the diplomatist. He knew at once how to avail himself of the acquired skill of an artificial society, and of the innocent simplicity of a primitive people. The copy of that treaty is still extant, which the ancient chronicler Westgarth alludes to, and which secured to Batman 600,000 acres of fertile soil, eighty wives, and a proportionate number of kangaroos, in exchange for seven pounds of tenpenny nails, three figs of negro-head tobacco, a pocket-knife, and two block tin kettles. On that hill where the powder-magazine now stands—close to the terminus of the incomplete Mount Alexander Railway, and in immediate contiguity with a swamp, since vulgarized to the popular mind by gas-works and slaughter-houses—the camp of Batman first stood. The morning sunlight illumined one side of the tents, as day broke, and, at sunset, the other side shone out broad and white, against the greensward of the hill.

But Batman was not long permitted to enjoy his triumph undisturbed. A nobleman, named Fawkner, who displayed upon his shield the ancient cognisance of the Marmions, was fired by the accounts which reached him of Batman's success, and Fawkner soon afterwards cast anchor in Port Phillip Bay, and the keels of his boats grated upon the gravelly beach of the Yarra. His landing was fiercely opposed, but, emulating Cæsar, he sprang into the surf, and, his retainers following his example they forced their way through the ranks of the natives, amid a shower of boomerangs and spears. The head of the leader was cracked by a waddy, and, from the effects of that wound, he never afterwards entirely recovered.

Fawkner, however, knew that a conqueror who would perpetuate his triumph must concilliate as well as subdue. He had no sooner forced the natives to dread his powers than he made them admire his generosity. Presents, similar in kind, indeed, but vastly exceeding in munificence those of Batman, were freely lavished, and the people speedily lost amid Sybarite luxury, their previous martial and Spartan spirit. They flocked down in multitudes to the gallies of Fawkner, and an intercourse of the friendliest character arose between the two races. One of the amiable meetings which were so frequent at this period has been chosen by the illustrious artist before alluded to, as a theme for his pencil. The subject is worthy of the man, and in the truly classical spirit with which he has treated it, the man has proved himself worthy of the subject.

Batman at first attempted a violent opposition to Fawkner, but eventually the two generals became reconciled, and parcelled out the country between them. Fawkner, who at that time had not conceived the aversion to territorial aggrandisement which distinguished his subsequent policy, consented to accept 300 000 acres of the best land to be had. * * * * *

Atrocity.—Our insane contributor says that that the public funds have all gone Too-rack and ruin.

MOTTO FOR QUACK DOCTORS.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing—
Drink deep, or taste not the Aperient spring."

Notice.— The authors of the eminently witty and gentlemanly effusions in the suggestive book of the Mechanics' Institution are requested to leave their names at the *Punch* office.

SKETCHES AT THE THEATRE.
"A PART TO TEAR A CAT IN
—— TO MAKE ALL SPLIT."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*

AZAEL
EXPLAINED.

"Hats off"—"Down in front"—"Now, then, up with the rag"—
"Don't tread on my toes"—"Put your head in a bag"—
"Grapes, apples, and"—"Mu-sick !"—"a shilling a pound,"
"Your bonnet, ma'am's rather a" — "crush, I'll be bound ;"
"Shut up, and be ——" "Squeedg'd till I'm puffickly flat"—
"I'll thank you to take your splay foot off my hat,"
"There's the bell for the mu—"—"Brayvo !"—"I say, Hunt,
Can you make room for me ?"—"Sit down, there in front."

The storm rages thus, till the overture done,
The curtain goes up on "The Prodigal Son ;"—
A parable put into action and show,—
The incidents striking, the language so so.
A hoary old squatter, named Reuben is seen
Kneeling down in his tent, in the opening scene ;
And the supers (his shepherds and hutmen of course)
Sing a psalm, 'till they chaunt themselves husky and hoarse.
Then Azael comes in, and shakes hands with papa,
And says that Cobb's coach has just stopped at the Star.
With a couple of passengers wealthy and well born,
Seeking respite and rest from the fast life of Melbourne.
'Ask them up to our tent," cries the sire to the son ; "
And Azael shoots off like a shot from a gun ;
With a flush on his cheek, and a flash in his eye,
Light of heart, light of foot, spiff, sportive and spry.
He returns, with his guests, in a high state of glee,
And they all of them sit down to damper and tea.
And they season the meal with a great deal of chat
Of operas, concerts, fancy balls, and all that :
The verdant young corn-stalk, who is softer than butter,
Drinks in with his ears every word the guests utter ;
'Till his soul is inflamed with a burning desire
To forsake the home-station of Reuben, his sire ;
The gay life of Melbourne he vows he will see,
And spend a few weeks (and some pounds) "on the spree."
Grimly frowns the old man, but his frowns are in vain;
Softly sighs a young housemaid, who loves him, its plain :
(That's Azael, I mean) : but the self-willed young rep
Is unmoved by the sighs or the tears of fair Jep,
And, in fact, the whole scene becomes very distressing,
Till the boy begs from Reuben his cheque and his blessing.
Gives to Jep a love token, who gives him another,
And they part far more friendly than sister and brother.
Azael sets off, Reuben sinks on a seat,
And Jep picturesquely reclines at his feet,
While the hutmen and shepherds, drawn up in a row,
As the curtain falls, form an effective tableau.

In Act Two, the young squatter comes out a great swell,
Plays at billiards and rattles the dice box as well ;
Makes presents to ladies of fifty-pound shawls,
And is constantly seen at the Fancy Dress Balls :
The fastest of men at "Elysian" Cremorne,
He keeps up the dance till the peep of the morn ;
Displays his gay turn-out—a tandem—at races,
And offers the odds upon all steeple chases.
He is gorgeous in studs, and resplendent in rings,
Never dreaming that gold, like a gold-finch, has wings.
He falls madly in love with a pretty *danseuse*,
And quaffs wine to her health out of one of her shoes.
He is known at the *Salle*, and he twice has been found
Blind drunk in the gutter, and each time fined a pound.
In short he "goes in" for unmix'd dissipation,
Forgetful of Jep and the folks at the station.
Act Three don't much differ from act number too;
Old Reuben comes down in a terrible stew
To find out his son, whom he hopes to reclaim
From courses which sadly have tainted his name.
But the artful young swell leaves his sire in the lurch,
And the next scene discloses him brawling in church;
The parson's aghast, and the clerk looks about
For the sexton to turn the young prodigal out :
There's a horrible scrimmage, as you may suppose,
And Azael comes in for some ponderous blows;
But at length he succumbs, being thoroughly beat,
And is pitched, neck and crop, headlong into the street,
Needy, seedy, and sober'd, a broken down swell,
What follows, we look to the next act to tell.
It seems that when pitch'd out of church by the sexton,
For stopping the parson, when preaching his text on,
The Prodigal fell on the kerb in a swoon,
And might have been sun-struck (the hour being noon),
Were it not that a drayman just chanced to pass by,
And who seeing Azael thus motionless lie—
And really deploring the state he was in,
Recall'd his stray sense with a nobbler of gin.
Then he bargain'd the penniless wretch to convey,
Towards Reuben's sheep-station great part of the way ;
And having completed a load for his dray,

They both of them started at sunrise next day.
But, as it fell out, they fell in with a rogue,
(Bushranging just then being greatly in vogue),
Who stuck up the dray while 'twas crossing the Plains,
And threaten'd to blow out the Prodigal's brains,
On finding he really had nothing to rob—
No purse in his pocket, no watch in his fob :
And he dealt the poor wretch such a blow on his nob,
That it stunn'd him for hours, and when he came to,
Dray, driver, and ranger had vanish'd from view.
Faint with hunger and gasping with horrible thirst,
Azael now made up his mind for the worst;
His limbs void of strength and his head in a reel,
Death's dizziness 'gan o'er his senses to steal.
But "somebody's children have somebody's luck,"
No doubt by the proverb you've often been struck.
And thus by good hap, a good spirit came in,
To the Prodigal's rescue—a woolly-hair'd gin,
Whom once he'd obliged by the gift of a sum,
Wherewith she'd got royally drunk upon rum ;
And gratefully mindful of this old obligation,
The gin offer'd to pilot him home to his station.
Hand in hand they set out, like the babes in the wood,
And at nightfall the penitent Prodigal stood—
At his father's front door, by which phrase is meant
The aperture giving ingress to the tent.
Little Jep was the first to clap eyes on his face,
Ev'ry feature of which bore the palpable trace,
Of dissolute courses, dram-drinking and revels,
Blue-ruin, blue pills, and avenging blue devils.
He look'd older in fact by at least twenty years.
Jep set up a scream—then she laid in the tears;
To repress her emotion she didn't know how,
Till Old Reuben came out, to see what was the row.
He storm'd and he swore, with a terrible oath,
(To write it, I really am perfectly loth)
That he'd strike the young rascal's name out of his will,
For behaving, in Melbourne, so monstrously ill.
To strong language he said he was somewhat averse,
But just then he felt tempted to utter a curse.
And turning to Jep, Reuben gave her a nod,
The meaning of which was "Go bring out the rod."
The rod was brought out, and she fell on her knees,
Crying "spare him, oh, spare him ! whip *me* if you please."
The squatter was touch'd by the maid's intercession;
His son's haggard face likewise made an impression
On the wither'd old heart of the wizen'd old sire;
And subduing the first superflux of his ire,
He said, in a voice that was solemnly stern—
"Young man, from your lips I have something to learn;
To each question I put, I expect a plain answer
Clear your voice, and your character too, if you can, sir.
In the course of your dissolute city career,
Mix with Members of Council, or Mayors, did you e'er ?
Ease my heart and your own, by unloading your breast.
If you answer me 'No !' I forgive all the rest."
"Then open your arms and your purse, my dear dad,
I've led a wild life, but was never so bad
As you seem to infer from the questions you put,
In the Hall of St. Patrick I never set foot;
On my honor, papa, I can safely declare,
I ne'er spoke to a Member of Council or Mayor."
Reuben flung down the rod, press'd his son to his heart,
And of course little Jep, too, came in for a part
Of that sweet interchange of domestic affection,
The penitent acted his part to perfection;
The maiden forgave him his recent defection;
The hutmen prepared a substantial refection;
And the squatter, rejoiced at his son's resurrection,
Sent a man off on horseback, with a special direction
To put up the banns, at the church in the vale
Between Jepthele Jones, and the truant Azael.

Question.—What recent operation of the Allied Fleets does (retiring to rest in a Melbourne lodging house, most resemble ?

Answer.—The Expedition to the "*Mouth of the Bug!*"

ODE TO MY WIFE.

(By a Bachelor.)

Beloved Jane, Jemima, Sarah, Mary,
Whate're thy charming name may hap to be,
Although my muse is crabbed, harsh, and chary,
I swear that I will write an ode to thee.
Unfettered am I by consideration
Of what may chance to be your name or nation,
Or rank or race:
Then dearest Grace,
If so you're called, receive my tender vows—
Fair future spouse !
And pray believe that I shall ever be,
Lovely Marie,
The perfect type of married constancy.
I am persuaded (wheresoe'er you seek her)—
Precious Zuleika ;
Search where you may—here, there, or near, or far, not
One equals Charlotte.

Have these eyes ere beheld you—
Have I seen
My Josephine—
Without conjecturing—oh, wondrous folly,
That I was looking at my own wife, Polly ?

"Are your eyes like your mother's, my fair child"—
But, then, I don't know what your mother's were,
Black, blue, grey, hazel—piercing, keen or mild—
I can't even guess the colour of your hair ;
But—trusting that the wish is not ill bred—
I hope, especially, it isn't red.

I wonder greatly, are you short or tall ;
I think—if not ridiculously small—
I should prefer the latter—but it's true,
Only provided it's the same to you.

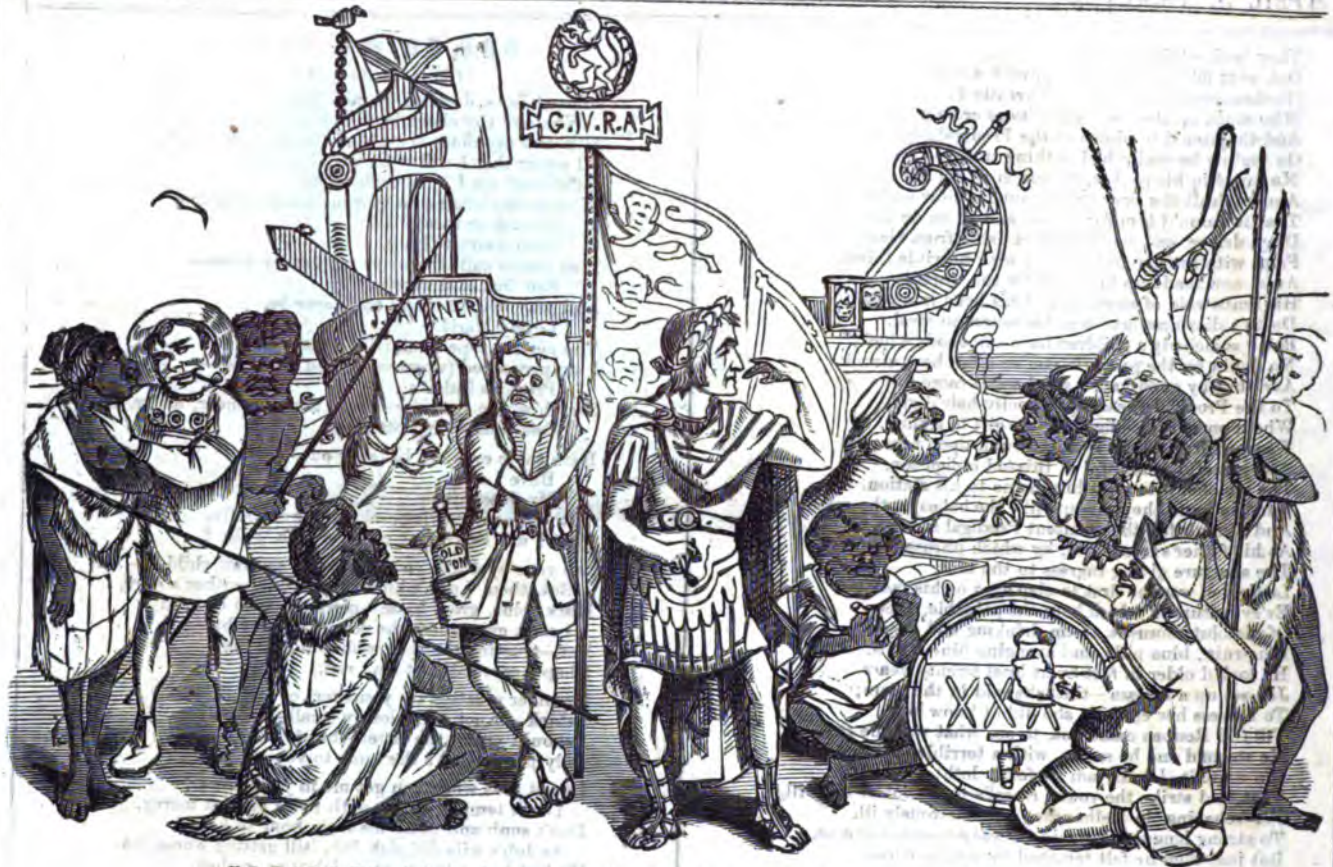
I trust that when you get me in your power,
You'll temper justice with twice blessed mercy.
Don't snub and bully me from hour to hour,
As Job's wife did sick Job, 'till getting worse, he
Wished her, I know, at Jericho, or, rather,
Once more a virgin living with her father.

That, by the way, suggests another fear,
That I would gently hint to you, my dear,
Although the topic I approach with awe—
—Touching my mother-in-law !—
What is the nature of her jurisdiction ;
How often will the charm of her society
Lend (very much, I'm sure) pleasing variety ;
To what the writer of a pleasing fiction,
Calls, not amiss,
Domestic bliss.

Of course, I have a wonderful regard,
For your dear mother, Mrs. — what's her name ;
But, then, you see it would be very hard
On your poor father, if she *often* came.
It wont do for us to be selfish, dear.
We mustn't rob him *many* times a year.

Another subject, much too grave for joking—
Your sentiments on smoking.
Oh, if you love me—if your woman's heart
Beats kindly—if your sympathetic tear
Can flow for grief in which you have no part,
Relieve my mind—bid me renounce all fear.
My trembling eyelids wipe ;
Tell me to keep my pipe.

Act in this spirit, love—my best of sonnets
I dedicate to you—no end of bonnets
My purse shall purchase—all that Collins-street
Can do in shawls and dresses, at your feet
I hereby vow to lay—and, if with these
Solid considerations, you will please
To glance a moment at more trivial things
That marriage with it brings,
I'll be so good a husband for your sake,
As no one but a bachelor could make.



FRESCOES FOR LHE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—No. 1.
FAWKNER FRATERNIZING WITH THE ABORIGINES.

Latest News from Eengland.

THE length of time that has elapsed since news has been received from England, has induced Mr. Punch to anticipate events a little with the aid of his clairvoyant reporter. The following items of intelligence, it may be relied upon, will have become true by the time the next mails from England arrive:—

MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE ARTHUR TO THE PRINCESS EUGENIE.—The long talked of nuptials between the son of our most gracious sovereign, and the eldest daughter of the French Emperor, have been celebrated with great ceremony. The lovely bride reminded many of the "old fogies" of her imperial mother, whose beauty was so much talked about by the young men of the last generation, and who still, in spite of "time's decaying fingers," retains many vestiges of former loveliness.

DEATH OF THE FORMER EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—Now that the animosities of the late war have been long since forgotten, our readers will regret to learn that Alexander, formerly Emperor of Russia, expired at two a.m. this morning, at the place of his retirement in Wales. His health has never been thoroughly good since the time when the Allies marched into St Petersburg, and compelled him to accept an honorable exile in Great Britain. His physicians have indeed been much surprised at his holding out so many years. The King of Hungary, Kossuth, when he heard of the imminent danger in which his once dreaded foe lay. took his leave of his royal hosts at Windsor, and hastened to Llwyrcdwth, where he arrived in time to extend the hand of forgiveness to Alexander before he expired.

The latest advices from the Italian republic, stated that Mazzini, the President, had quite recovered from his late indisposition.

The bill for abolishing hereditary distinctions and the law of primogeniture, was read a third time, and passed in the House of Lords. With this act that antiquated institution of course comes to an end. We have here another illustration of the manner in which Englanp accomplishes, without bloodshed, reforms, which in less happy countries are only brought about by the revolutionary sword. Impelled by reason, and the irresistible force of public opinion, that class which has long been the great obstacle to progress has abdicated it's cherished rights (!) and dealt a death blow to it's own prowess.

The Victoria tower, in the New Houses of Parliament. is now nearly completed. Mr. Barry, the son of the late Sir Charles, holds out expectations that the edifice will be entirely finished in about ten years more.

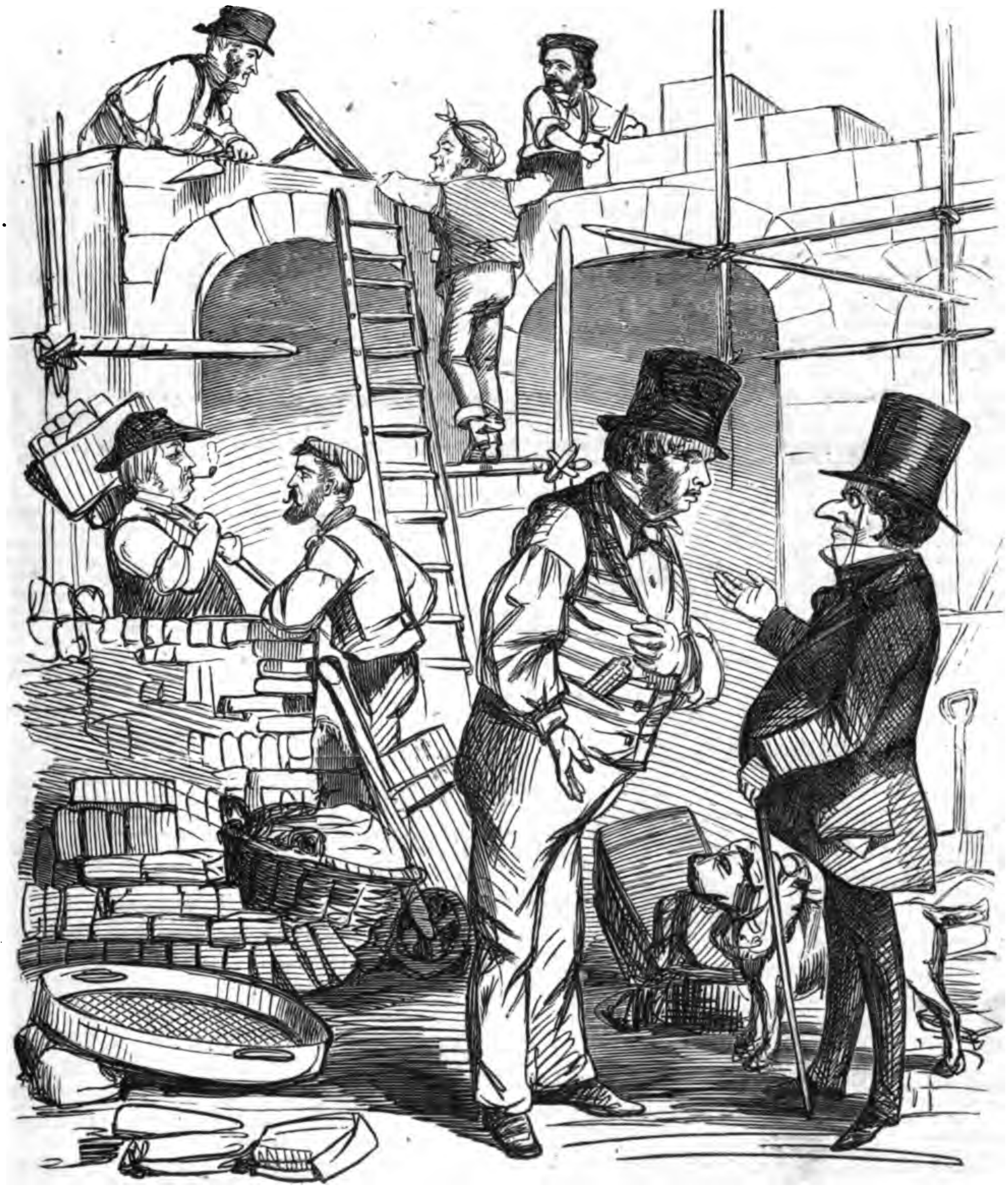
[Since the foregoing was in type, the Walmer Castle has arrived, but it will be observed that Mr. Punch's advices are of much later date than those brought by that vessel.]

A Lawyer's Letter.

AN epistolary communication from a solicitor to a barrister was produced in evidence, and read, in the City Police Court on Tuesday week; which communication, in virtue of its brevity, force and terseness, deserves to find a place not only in every legal manual but in every "genteel letter writer," that will be hereafter issued from the press. The model composition referred to, is as follows:—

"If you made use of the words which you applied to me yesterday in malice, you are a liar and a blackguard; and if *bona fide* you are a liar."

Punch is of opinion that for elegance of expression, simplicity of structure, perspicuity of meaning, directness of aim, and intensity of purpose, this letter has never been surpassed.



THE "GOVERNMENT STROKE."

Mr. Punch: Foreman, your men are getting on very slowly with these new houses. You must make them work faster, or you'll never be ready in time.

MR. NIMROD GREEN'S SHOOTING EXPEDITION.—No. 5.

A great judge of dogs from New South Wales (commonly called Twice Lagged Bobby) hearin that a sporting gentleman from Melbourne is in the neighbourhood, proposes to supply him with two beautiful animals.

Bobby (*loq.*): What kind of a dog did you want, sir?

Mr. Green: I should like to buy a conple of good kangaroo dogs I think, if I could be sure they were well bred.

Bobby: Well, then, there you are, sir, and as pretty a pair as ever was pupped.

Mr. Green (*doubtfully*): Why, I thought kangaroo dogs were more like greyhouuds.

Bobby: Ah, sir, you've been used to ride after the close 'air'd sort—that's where it is. But them as really goes in for kangaroo hunting likes that breed all to pieces the best.. *You* must know that, sir—it aint no good gammoning me, as you don't, &c., &c., &c.

(*Eventually Mr. Green buys the dogs*).

MARVELLOUS FEAT.

The *Argus* of Saturday, prints a letter from "Our own Correspondent," at Geelong, in which mention is made of a Police Court case, in which a man was (preposterously inadequately) punished for biting off part of another man's nose. But the most marvellous part of the story is to come; the correspondent proceeds —"In addition to the present charge, a man stated in Court that about two years ago, Johnston *attempted the same act of cannibalism on himself* (! !) by which he lost a portion of his nose."

This almost rivals the performance of the Irish giant, who swam across the Irish channel with his head between his teeth. But we think a man carrying about with him so monstrous a nose as to be able to get it between his teeth and bite off a portion of it, may be pardoned for yielding to the temptation to abridge so Hawkenbergian a proboscis.

Can it be, however, that the correspondent means by possibility that Johnston had taken a bite out of the nose of the man in Court who described the circumstance?

DISHONORING THE DEAD.

Some one has been rubbing his eyes with onions, and, in a maudlin mood, has perpetrated a bit of bathos in the *Ovens and Murray Advertiser*. *Punch* cannot suffer such offences against good taste, propriety, and common sense to pass unrebuked, even though these offences *are* perpetrated in the hyperborean region of the Ovens; and therefore he places the writer in the pillory, and directs that his composition shall be torn into shreds:—

Shred the First—

"The lagoons of Venice are artificial, but the traveller in wandering through the wilds of Australia often quenches his thirst, and gladdens his eyes in pools, formed by nature."

Who taught this tearful writer that the lagoons of Venice were artificial; and what possible connection can exist between those Adrian shallows and the pools of Australia?

Shred the Second—

"Approaching the Ovens Hotel, at the crossing of the Ovens river, on the road from Beechworth to the Buckland, the eye is attracted by the railing of a grave. Any stranger would pass it heedlessly, unmindful of the many lessons taught by such simple evidences of the frailty of human life."

What are the simple evidences which teach so many lessons: and how can an object be attractive and at the same time calculated to escape attention?

Shred the Third—

"But two years ago the writer of this was acquainted with a young lady—possessing health and beauty—a native of the beautiful little town of Greenwich, having all the charms and ambition that any maiden could desire, and now she lies in that grave."

Why should any maiden desire that the beautiful little town of Greenwich (celebrated for its tea and shrimps, its Easter and Whitsun fairs, and its mutilated pensioners) should not only possess charms but ambition; and what does the writer intend to imply by his association of the incident described in the first, with the melancholy event recorded in the last paragraph of this mysterious sentence?

Shred the Fourth—

"Her delicate form is mouldering in the dust, and but few of those who once bowed to the shrine of her beauty, now know where her frame is consuming. She was a governess, for some time, in the family of ——, of ——, and in every department of life was esteemed and admired. The lagoon near her grave, and the grave itself, in the wilderness, and the trees, the birds, and the flowers, should form an agreeable picture to the traveller.—It is thus that the memory of —— may be saved from oblivion."

Punch is of opinion that utter oblivion would be preferable to the dishonor inflicted upon the ashes of the dead, by the writers of such namby pamby nonsense as the foregoing. If the author of this maudlin maundering wishes to present "an agreeable picture to the traveller," let him don a white sheet, take up his post near "the railing," and so perform penance for the misdeeds of his pen.

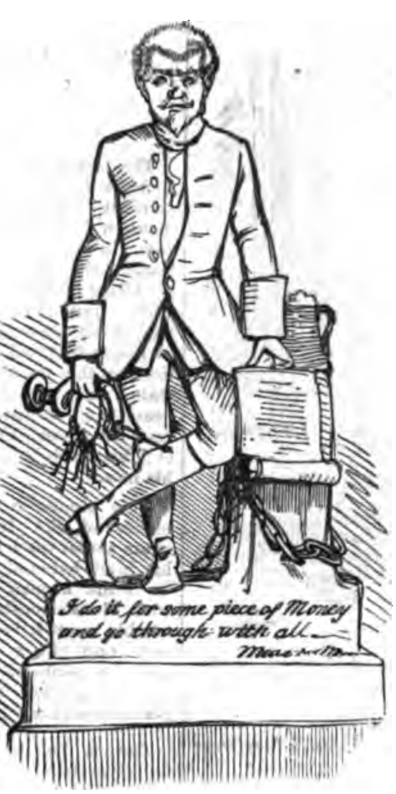
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Stumps.—As far as we are able to learn, the idea of the great Cricket Match played last week on the Melbourne grounds, was not taken from Dickens' Cricket on the Hearth.

Poursuivant.—The arms borne by the speaker of the Legislative Council are as follow:—Argent, a cross coupe gules: Crest, an escallopshell proper. These are the bearings used by his ancestors, the Palmers of the Holy Land, as far back as the year 1100.

Botanist.—The favorite plant Clarkia Pulchella was so named in honor of the Surveyor-General.—*Vide* portrait at Perry's.

Medicus.—You complain that the *Age* classes the advertisements of Dog-doctors under the head Medical.—Have you no puppies among your own patients?


I'd do it for some piece of Money
and go through with all —
Measure for M

SHAKSPERE FOR THE MILLION.
A SUGGESTION TO THEATRICAL MANAGERS.

BABOON-ERY.

THE readers of the *Herald*, if they profit by what they read, must obtain a considerable amount of miscellaneous information in exchange for their sixpences. Like the child who had received the fairy's blessing, the editor cannot open his mouth, without dropping from it a glittering shower of diamonds and pearls. Happy are those in whose path are scattered these precious gems of knowledge. Last Saturday, for example, in an article upon "The Missing Mails," our contemporary incidentally revealed to the world, some new facts in natural history;—making no parade of them, introducing them with no preliminary flourish of trumpets, but promulgating them through the modest medium of a parenthesis. Here is the passage, in which like a flawless brilliant, set in homely silver, these new and priceless additions to our stores of knowledge are enshrined :—

> "The marvel of the present war, and the overwhelming superiority of the allies at sea, is that any merchantman has been permitted to sail at all, without such protection (i e. of a convoy). Time was then they were collected at their rendezvous, like sheep, in whatever quarter of the globe they had been seeking pasture; and—IF THERE WERE NOT SOME BABOON, WHO HAS SEEN NOTHING, AND REMEMBERS NOTHING, BUT THE DUNG HILL ON WHICH HE WAS LITTERED, AND THE GUTTER IN WHICH HE WAS BAPTISED—we might tell of some pleasant and almost Homeric reminiscences on this subject."

We learn from the foregoing extract half-a-dozen important facts. (1) That baboons are littered on ——, well, suppose we say heaps of compost; (2) that they receive the rite of baptism; (3) that the gutter is made use of as a baptismal font; (4) that they are occasionally afflicted with blindness; (5) that they sometimes suffer from a defective memory; and (6) that a baboon, who retains but one recollection, and who has lost the sight of both eyes,—who was littered on a heap of compost, and baptised in a gutter, is mysteriously endowed with the power of restraining the editor of the *Herald* from narrating to the world his "pleasant and almost Homeric reminiscences" of the last war. Strange, is it not?

THE ECLIPSE.

THE following circular letter has been extensively distributed among the scientific and other members of the community :—

SIR,—You will oblige by accurately observing the phenomen attendant on the eclipse of the sun, which is announced to take place on Saturday next, and transmitting your notes to me for public information. To facilitate the process of research, I have the honor to furnish you with the following suggestions and queries on the subject.

Eclipses being caused by the sun passing between the moon and the planet Jupiter, when the latter is in apogee, the observer is recommended to darken the object glass of his instrument before commencing his operations. This may be satisfactorily accomplished with a piece of round slate of somewhat more than twice the semi-diameter. Before recording the moment of greatest obscuration, ascertain that your watch is not more than a quarter of an hous fast.

To take a photographic drawing of the phenomenon, fix a lens formed of the bottom of a porter bottle (dark color glass is necessary into the bung-hole of a barrel, when the picture, which can be viewed from the spile, will be beautifully projected against the opposite concave urface.

(A.)—You will be good enough to take a view every ten minutes.

(B.)—To note what your neighbours are doing at the same time, and whether they seem to take any interest in the matter.

(C.)—Whether any, and what proportion, of the people in your parish know what is going on.

(D.)—Whether the fowls go to roost.

(E.)—Whether anything particular happens.

(F.)—Whether you feel thirsty, and what you take te drink.

(G.)—What are your views of things in general?

(Signed) M. PUNCH.

Public Improvements.

THE PRINCE'S BRIDGE STEPS.

WE always said that the Corporation was an active and a spirited body and that the public had only to express a wish for an improvement to get it put in hand immediately. In no case has the justice of this observation been more apparent, than in that of the steps now being constructed on the south-west bank of the Prince's Bridge, *en route* for Emerald Hill.

Two or three years ago, remarks were made on the necessity for some such convenience, as it was anticipated that accidents might arise from the use of the stone coping as a pathway, and as it could not be expected that people would go around by the road, and so lengthen their journey by a quarter of a mile. We are in a position to state, that immediately on the first suggestion of the want, the City Surveyor and three of his most able assistants set to work, to remedy the deficiency, and they have at last succeeded in developing a plan fraught with elegance of design and replete with engineering skill. For various reasons, which it would be difficult to explain to the unscientific reader, it has not been thought advisable to employ the gentle slope formed by the abutment of the bridge itself. It will suffice to observe that fear was entertained lest the ease of the descent and the directness of the short cut should have the evil effect of making people lazy; there was also a risk of injuring the omnibus traffic on the Sandridge road by shortening the foot track, and as one of the clerks in the City Surveyor's office had a particular friend whose brother-in-law drives a jaunting car, this motive went far to influence the choice of site.

This structure now in course of erection, is a light and handsome flight of steps, a fort of fixed step ladder in fact, something like that used by the lamplighters in ball-rooms. To prevent loitering on the stairs, and the consequent obstruction of the thoroughfare, the descent has been made very steep, its altitude being no less than 375°. In order however, to provide for the accidents which are expected to occur from this cause, added to the narrowness of the steps, and the slipperiness of the wood in wet weather, a qualified surgeon is to be stationed constantly at the foot where a sentry-box will be placed for him. To such an extent is a hatred of innovation, and a stubborness against improvement rooted in the popular mind, that two-thirds of the travellers between Melbourne and Emerald Hill, have declared their intention of adhering to the self-constructed short cut rather than break their necks down the Corporation ladder.

Australian Doubles.

The following admirable passage, describing the modern Australian apostle who has in our generation been left almost exclusively to perform those duties which in a less civilized period fell to such men a St. Augustine—has been extracted from a work, entitled—

LATTER-DAY CIVILIZATION :

By Thomas Larcyle.

In greyest dawn—by faint flickerings of uncertain eastern light, scarcely discernible as yet of man, and but half recognised and understanded of the other and feathered bipeds, sallies forth this our modern apostle—our civilizer and spreader of intelligence in this age of reason—vanguard fugleman to the march of mind. March on, oh Drayman, through bush, and briar, and swamp. March over desert, and regions of thick-ribbed scrub. March among untamed savages manifold, and through manifold wildernesses new to us as yet. Gig-keeping respectability still snores unconscious (as is the way of such respectibilities) that it's fore-runner and pioneer is afoot. Anon the gig shall spin along upon its "soft axle," whitherward ruder axles now jar and creak. Apostle Drayman recks not of the future, but out of the great heart of him semi-articulate growls and curses issue as he sets out upon his enterprise. Brewer Cromwell gazing abstractedly thoughtfully at his malt and vats—the young Mahomet among his camels—Luther rising up in grim wrath against Papal bulls—Mirabeau, while that fiery volcanoe still lay sleeping and choked among *lettres de cachets*, and the rubbish of a feudal world, ere it burst forth to blaze out luridly, and sink again in the blackness of chaos and primeval night—these and the like unconscious moulders of the world's being, are as our poor apostle inarticulately cursing—mad to advance—maddened by obstacles which, nevertheless, with valiant heart he meets and conquers.

Finally, in greyest dawn, as has been said, our apostolic Drayman gets him his stirrup cup or nobbler, and sallies forth ever northward. Drive, oh brave Drayman ! all unconscious—void above all of *self-consciousness*, fatalest of drags—chief nourisher of the snobberies, and trucklings, and lyings, and compacts with the devils of conventionalism. Drive, oh brave Drayman, Saxon or Celt,—for the Celt too, albeit, as we think, best drowned and exterminated long since, has among the inscrutable mysteries of this our world been permitted to survive. Drive, oh brave Drayman, and trust that thou, in thy path of duty,—ever with curses articulate and inarticulate—art pushing forward the great History. Or, better still,—as indeed is most probable—think not on thy destiny at all; for, if speech be silver, and silent thought be golden, thy thoughtless working out of the great problems of Nature and Time is as diamond and the adamantine rock. Drive, oh brave Drayman, and leave in their sleep the sluggish slaves of gigs and respectabilities. The hollow bark of the voiceless gums kindles with brightening effulgence as thou pursuest thy dogged way. Deeper and deeper shalt thou force thyself into the savage heart of this wild land. Albeit thy mission is accomplished all unpremeditatedly and with no knowledge of its import, thou art the true Konig, or *Canning*, or King of thy time and generation. Rightly consider it, and is not a dray the noblest of man's works ? For, indeed, are not the wheels with their divers and curiously concentric circles more truly emblems of the eternal, than the self-devouring serpent of the Egyptian worshippers of Isis. Consider well, oh, my friend, these rude and homely dray wheels endless in themselves and yet with unconscious relation to the finite, advancing with ominously voiced creakings and harsh discords towards a definite goal. Even as the life of man, they proceed, now bruising and crushing the flower - now sinking deeply into the slough, but ever laboriously onward, wearing out the great heart of them in the struggle. Consider the pole, how like a good purpose it points ever forward, but still with the shocks and jarrings that it must needs encounter, rudely turned from side to side and only by painful labour to be gotten rightwards once again. Regard too, the great body of it laden and burdened, even as man's heart with sorrow, that heart to be valued for it's weight and respected for it's heavy yearning and grief. Yea verily brothers mine the apostolic Drayman is wiser than we. As the wheels sink in the mire he does not say, " cast we out these bales and boxes, and bags that sink us—let us onward, easy, and light, and empty," but he knows that in his load and burden is his real treasure—that to be light is to be valueless—that the causes of his trouble are the only causes of his worth. Consider it well, as we say, again, and perceive that the slow but preciously laden dray dragged forward with pain and labour, and accompanied of many voiced creaking discords, and the mutterings of half articulate cursings is a type, and indeed the only true type of the strange eventful life of man.

So our modern apostle gradually forces his way into the midst of the people it is his mission to civilize. Indeed, is he not already teacher and priest to those who gaze at him through tangled mats of hair, with wide-staring eyeballs to recognise with awe and veneration some long lost friend or brother, "jumped up white fellow !" Is not his dray with it's treasures a complete microcosm of all wonders more precious to those simple souls than mines of gold? Yea, verily, our apostolic drayman is a voiceless preacher from the beginning. He is a preacher of new and strange tidings, as he yokes up his bullocks in the morning—as he drives them by day—as he strikes fire at noon or night—as he wakes the echoes with the splendours and the terrors of his gun. And of a truth for much other kind of preaching you must not look to him. He is rather a deed man than a word man. He is no sleek-coated, white cravatted, white-handed, perfumed, melodious voiced, soft-tongued guide to the right path, but rather of the rough and ready school. A strong man, as we say ; no mealy-mouthed dilettante, but one who goes about his work in grim earnest—can give or take a blow, and utter a good round unequivocal oath now and again. A strong drinker is he withal—no believer in wishy-washy Father Mathewisms, and the like pump-water infallibilities. A good healthy *human* man, like Luther, who, while swaying a whole world out of it's old orbit, could carrol out of the great heart of him,

Wer leibt nicht weib wein und gesang,
Der bleibt ein narr sein leben lang.

or as we may render it—

Who loves not woman, wine and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.

Thus our Apostle preaches and practises, and by such means and such means alone, does the Australian Sambo get himself converted and civilised.

THE REPRESENTATION OF KILMORE.

To Milburne Punch, Isquire.

Sir,—

Me falins has been much hurt, by radin in the *Argus*, a letter riprisinting to be mine, and saying as I mane for to come forward agin for Kilmore agin the next election. That letter misriprisints me sintimints and me intintions. It is not me intintion of goin for to come forward agin at all. I am not ashamed o me votes at all at all, but I fale that me powers o spache isn't up to the mark of the late Misther Daniel O'Connell, the presint Misther Duffy, me own cousin Phelim at Cork, and others of me illusthrious counthrymin. Lasteways I obsarve wid sorrer that whin I rise upon the floor to expriss me sintimints, divil a mothers son among the councillors pays the laste attintion to me words. Avin Misther O'Shanassy and Docthor Murphy thim sorein aigles of eloquence—who should support me as a frind and a counthryman pays no attintion, and laughs and talks as I procade wid me spache. In short, Misther Punch, I percave that owin widout doubt chafely to the insidzhus damon of invy and jealousy, I cant projuice the iffects as is jew to me caracter and me abilitis.

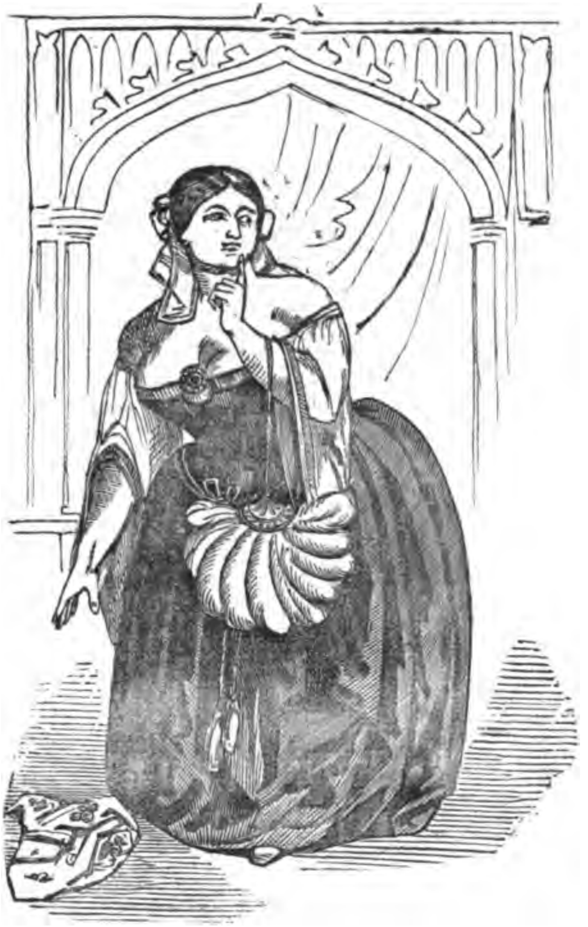
Under thase suckemstances, I've made up me mind, wid the advice of me frinds, not to enther council agin, and have further to say that the letter barin me name which was put in the *Argus*, is a forgery, and appeared widout me knowledge or consint.

Your obejient servint,

P. O'BRIEN.

GRAND BALL AT TOORAK.

As some surprise has been felt at the delay which has occurred i the production of the long promised series of entertainments a Toorak, under the able superintendence of Mr. Wright, Mr Punch feels pleasure in being able to state that the first ball will b given immediately. Toby has already received his invitation.



A SKETCH AT THE THEATRE.

"A GOOD USEFUL BROUGHAM."

(Advertisement of the period).

Representative Men.

THE EXILE IN AUSTRALIA.

He has been ill-used. You can see it in the semi-melancholy expression of his face ; it is apparent in the deep humility of his demeanour, and the manner of his walk is that of a man who has been down-trodden and oppressed. He watches you out of the corner of his eye, as if he suspected treachery and deceit—for has he not been betrayed—his prospects blighted, and his vessel containing the liquor, which by consent of the poets is typical of happiness, poisoned by the base perfidy of a pretended friend. But, though he may view you with distrust, he is eminently of a confiding nature, trusting you with secrets of the deepest import to his individual happiness and safety. He will tell you how, when he was Private Secretary to the King of Prussia, he corresponded with many valiant sons of liberty, who would have fought for "Father-land" and freedom; he will impart to you the particular price that is set upon his head, and make you cognisant of the affecting interviews he has had with Louis Kossuth, Mazzini, the Pope, and Louis Napoleon.

When he approaches you, if you are in power (and we hope, oh reader ! that you are powerful, even unto the potentiality of a Mayor or a City Councillor !) he mentally crawls upon the earth, and—always meaning it metaphorically—having licked clean the dusty upper leathers of your boots, he overwhelms you with civilities, and shames you into good behaviour and studied attention by the demonstrative nature of his politeness. He is engaged, perhaps, in founding a National Bank; or he is seeking a company to undertake the responsibility and expense of patenting a new Portable Bathing. Apparatus; or—always philanthropically inclined—he is anxious to involve you in some speculation of great promise, and having stated his "scheme," and having shewn you many printed documents, on cream-laid paper, containing statistics and the names of eminent merchants, he asks you, with insinuating inflexion of voice, and irresistible smile, if you will become a director ? The thing is done—you cannot withstand his eloquent appeals—his eyes, his shoulders, his bony legs, pantomimically express his complete and undivided devotion to your service. You become a director, and your fate is sealed. He follows you as constantly as your shadow—he writes you letters three or four times a-day—he rises up before you at balls, he is present at dinner-parties, he comes to your private office at unseasonable hours; and you meet him in the street, at the theatre, and save the mark ! not seldom at church ! You dream of him. He is thenceforth, until the day of his flight, the Frankenstein of your life !

His neckcloth becomes whiter as the "scheme" goes on, his boots of a brighter polish, and his beard is more accurately trimmed and oiled—and he "salves" his hair with pomatum to a painful extent, likewise brushing it as smoothly as its nature will permit. He wears often, very often for him, perhaps twice a week—a clean shirt, and in the mysteries of false wrists and frilled fronts he is learned, but imparteth not his knowledge

He will not interfere in politics, as he fears that he may be tempted to seize the reins of power. He will tell you how in his "Fatherland" he was a General of Brigade, and fought over barricades, and did his enemies to death. He will show you his wounds perhaps, and then he will rave about liberty, Kossuth, Napoleon, Hungary, and the House of Hapsburg. He has "blet" for his country he will say, and he is ready to "bleet" again—as harmlessly, no doubt, as does the sheep that is led to the slaughter.

Having no particular secular calling, but having playfully given his attention at various times to all, he is remarkably free from prejudices of every sort, and "Admirable-Crichten" like, will undertake anything—be it the management of a farm, a railroad, or a steamboat, he is the man to make it pay. As managing director and secretary to a "green gooseberry preserving company," or a gold mining association, no such eligible person can be found as the Exile, who to each and all, might poetically exclaim, "Barkis is willin'."

He is not unfrequently addicted to scientific pursuits—and the darkness of his knowledge is fearful and wonderful. He deals largely in the marvellous—delighting in earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and small matters of a similar nature. Botany, geology, zoology, conchology, all are alike to him and; when you detect him in some slight error, such as mistaking a piece of quartz for a diamond, he attributes it solely to his imperfect acquaintance with the English language.

Though active, acute, and persevering, his career is fleeting, transitory, and comet-like. No man can tell whence he cometh, and few know whither he goeth ; whether it be to his former mansion in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square. the *Cafe restaurant*, or the *pension bourgeoise*, where he formerly cleansed his face in his tea-cup, or whether he flies to some heathen land to christianise the natives at so much per head, we cannot tell. He departs, and the shipping news or the list of passengers, contains not Herr's name.

Too proud and too independent to call any man master ; fortune has kindly awarded him compensation by giving him no servant : but with that beautiful plasticity of disposition, which is his chief perfection, he is equally ready to command or to obey. Having no friends, he has few enemies, the latter being, of course, *canaille*, that is to say, boot-makers, tailors, and persons who are so mean and base as to earn their living by honest industry. These he openly defies, and having packed up his carpet bag, he bids them severally and collectively to come on. They dare not,—they will tell you, that like the daw or the "laughing jackass," he is "not worth shot and powder;" they would get only feathers for their pains.

After his brief season of splendour, his name, always difficult to remember, is quickly forgotten. Of his history, nothing remains but the valuable experience acquired by those who have been tempted to rely on his great administrative abilities. The Exile is never dispirited by a failure, for he knows that where there is an Englishman there a living may be gained, and thus, though he may leave with regret, he is ever sustained by the sweet influence of Hope.

The Masked Ball.

By Pleesman X.

If my eart is sad and dreary,
And my sperrits very low
You wont wonder, kertchus reader,
Wen the moanful caws u know.

Friday last came Sargent Downin,
And he most perlitely said—
"Youre appinted for to go to
Mister Jacobs' maskerade."

And I went; I *went widi*,
Such a dismal lot of dummies,
Dansin speechless, dansin lifeless,
Much the same as Gypsum mummies.

Ive beheld at exekooshuns,
Jack Ketch draw the fatal bolt;
I have seen the crookback Richard
Done to death by Clarence Holt.

I have been to sollem berrins;
I have read a five act play;
Ive indoord in spongy England,
Many a raw November day.

In the galry of the kounsel,
For two mortal ours I sate,
Like a marter, while the members
Holmeses contrakt did debate.

I have even read the leaders,
In the Errald which appear;
I was once injooced to drink a
Pint of thick coloneyal beer.

But the licker brood by Murphy,
But the Errald's 'eavy lore;
But the talkin in the Kounsel—
But the fog as made me frore,

But the play, and all the berrins,
But the murder on the boards
Of the play-house or the skaffold,
Not a faint approach affords

To the dismal, dreary dolor
Wich my feelins did oppress,
Wen I seed them gloomy people,
Dancin in their fancy dress.

Silent as a quaker's meetin'
Or a hundertaker's moot,
Or a haged howl as can't not
Raise a sollingtary hoot.

Gents in nite-gowns, likewise some as
Did appear in female dresses;
Likewise sum in Turkish garments
Wearin beerds and krimson fezzes;

Likewise femails dreest as pages;
Likewise some in skanty muzzling,—
(Where the skirts was, is a kwestion
Apt to rise, but very puzzling;)

Howsomever Turks ner feemails,
Gents in nite-gowns,—no! not one,
Did appear to comprehend as
There was any caul for fun;

So they went throo all the figgers,—
Letty, passtorell and pool,
Poker, shottish, walce, and gallop,
Jest like pewpills in a skool;—

Sulling, stoopid, glum and gloomy,
Hawkerd and without *a spree*,—
(Please to make *a-spree* italics,)
Sich a site I never see.

Thorts of sooiside oppreast me,
Pistil, pison, razer, rope;—
For sich wicked thorts, deer reeder,
Yure forgiveness may I ope?

Worter's sorrows, Stern's dead denkey,
Desdymoaner suffikated,
Never could my feelins so ave
Arrow-head and hagriwated.

And, when I went ome to supper,
Sarah says, says she to me,
"X my deer, what *is* the matter?
Youre a halterd man," says she.

For a wait was on my sperrits,
And my joys seem'd berried all,
By the melankolly seen, I
Vood at Jacobs' Fansy Ball.

And all nite I dremt of ghostes,
Dansin in a ghostly ball,
To a ghostly band a-playin'
Handle's ghostly March in Saul.

So all nite I tosst and tumbled;
And, wen I got up next day,
I went strait to Sargent Downin,
And to him I thus did say:—

"Don't not send me never no mere
Untoe such a maskerade;
For my brain will never stand it,
I am very much afraid.

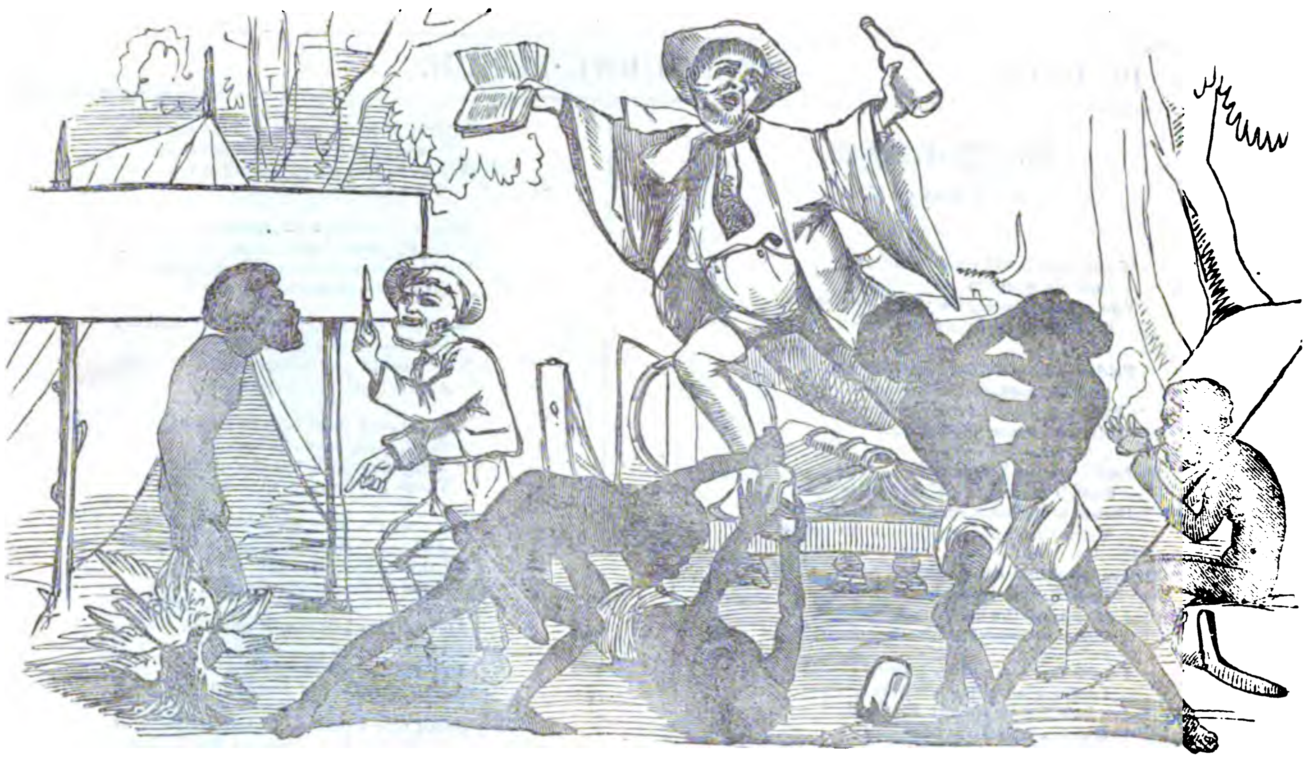
"Such another nite as Friday,
And my reason's at an end;
And Perleesman X is bookt for,
Doctor Bowie's, Yarra Bend."

KEEN COMPETITION.

The fruit dealers of Elizabeth-street have, in the struggle for business, initiated a scheme which we cannot but commend for its originality and magnanimity. It is no less than to summon their rivals to the Police Office as nuisances, which of course they are; every one that interferes with one's personal aggrandisement is a nuisance, and the poor plate-glass and brass-fronted shopkeepers of Elizabeth-street have both law and right on their side, when they persecute the wealthy intruders, whose eccentricity leads them to sell a penn'orth of fruit from wheelbarrows posted in the noisome gutter.

COLONIAL ART.

We have been favored by Mr. Nokes, artist in metals, of No. —— Great —— street, with a sight of an elegant pickaxe, manufactured by him, of Victorian gold. It is about 5 feet in length, and weighs 2 cwt. 3 qrs. 25 lbs., 14·71 ounces. The gold of which it is made was turned up by the finder, and is considered two turnup fine. For chasteness of design, and delicacy of execution, the pickaxe is equal to any work of art that has been hitherto produced in the colony, and is infinitely beyond any of the productions of elder Europe, where an adherence to certain conventional laws of taste and a superstitious regard for what is called "propriety" fetter the hand of the artist. This elegant *morceau* cost £500, which was raised in ten minutes by private subscription, on Forest Creek. It is intended as a present to Mr. Nugat, as a testimonial to his public spirit and personal worth, manifested in clearing no less a sum than £8000 by clear speculation, during a year of commercial and social depression.



FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—No. 2.

The Conversion of the Aborigines.

ULYSSES LEAVES CALYPSO.

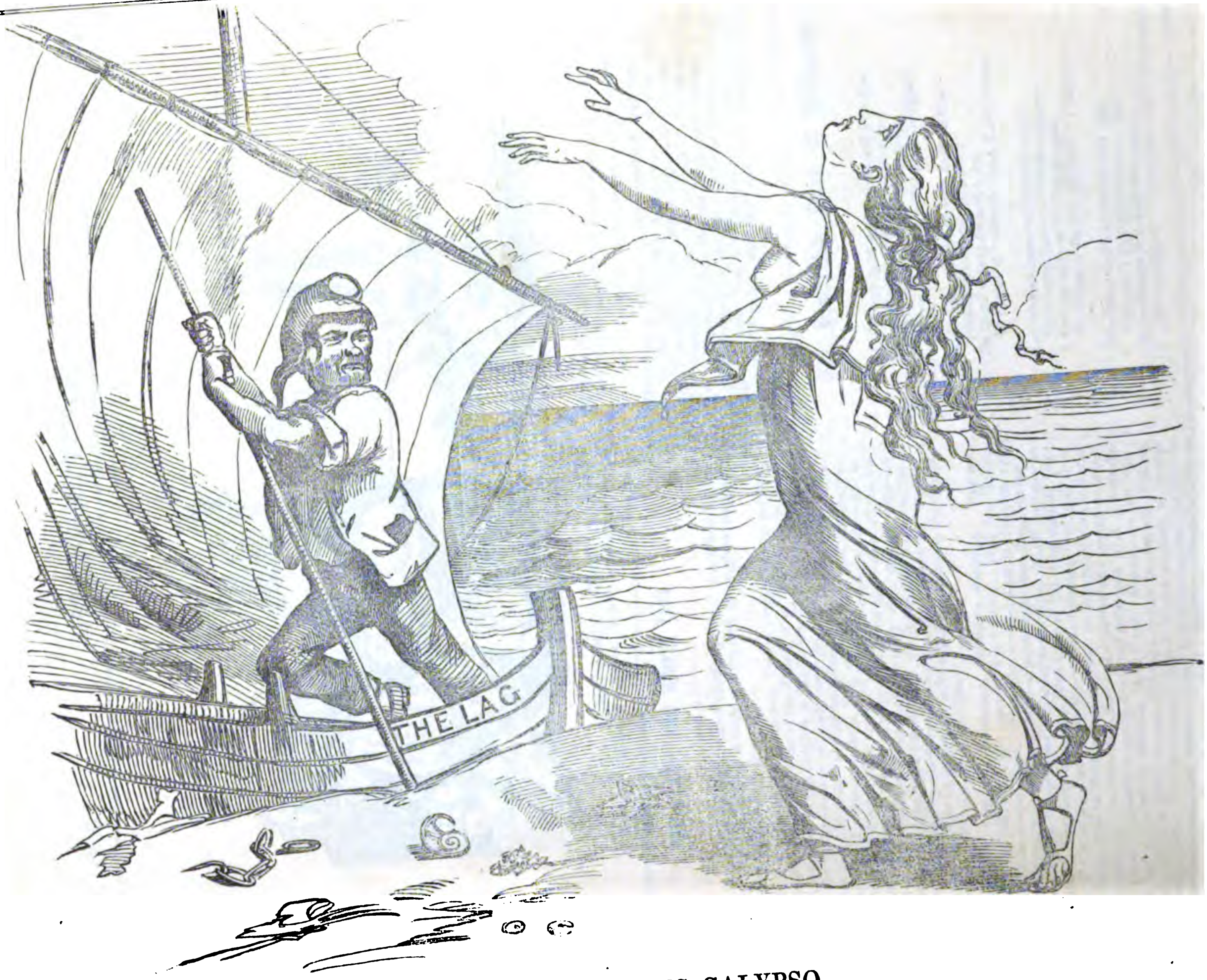
(FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY.)

"Ulysses" (with a sigh she thus began):
"Beloved, thrice convicted highwayman,
"Wilt thou then leave this West Australian shore,
"Quit thy Calypso and return no more?
"Not my resentment, but stern judge ordained
"That thou thus long in fetters, hast remained;
"But now—conditionally pardoned—free
"Remain with those that prize thee—stay with me.
"Let not the glitter of Victoria's sand
"Allure Ulysses to her fatal strand:
"There will the hard relentless peeler seek
"To trap Ulysses—there the cruel beak
"Will sentence him to years upon the road;
"Then quit not thy Calypso's fair abode.
"Much hast thou suffered, since in Seven Dials
"Thou didst commence thy luckless life of trials;
"Scarce the first fogle yielded to thy skill,
"When thou wert sentenced to the Brixton Mill:
"The Brixton Mill thou but a week had'st left,
"When thou wert taken for another theft;
"Imprisoned for three months at Cold-bath field,
"Ulysses did thy spirit almost yield?
"Ah no! no sooner wert thou once more free,
"Than grasping centre-bit and burglar's key,
"Thou pierc'd'st the shutter—open flung the door,
"And butlers' pantries boldly didst explore.
"But neither bag of coin nor box of plate
"Could save Ulysses from predestined fate.
"An artful, fickle, false, and faithless fence
"Divulged thy act—was saved, at thy expense,
"His way to Monmouth street, he backwards wends,
"While thee across the brine the justice sends.
"Van Diemen's Land thy honored name can tell,
"And Norfolk Island knows the sound as well,
"But even the experience purchased dear,
"Among the chain-gangs of this hemisphere,
"Could not subdue the impulse of thy soul,
"Or make thee bow beneath the law's control.
"Twice did the Transport bear thee o'er the main,
"And twice didst thou to England sail again;
"The third occasion brought thee to my shore—
"I fondly hoped to venture forth no more."
To her replied the man of many woes,
"Calypso, when I says I go I goes.
"Although it's true that I have thriced been lagged,
"And on the last occasion almost scragged;
"Yet I must chance it once again, so don't
"Ask me to stop, because—in short I wont.
"If I stop here, though safe, I work all day;
"In Melbourne, I can go upon a lay.
"More in my line, and which will better pay."
The prudent man thus ended, and his sail
Wide swelling wooed the favouring western gale.
New exploits in Victoria fill his mind—
Calypso mourns his loss, and weeping waits behind.

AN OPTIMIST DISCOVERY,

How may it be demonstrated that there is no misfortune in the world! Simply thus—Misfortune never comes single, therefore there can be no Miss Fortune. Who espoused so untempting a bride, we know not, nor care, but the circumstance explains the expression "child of misfortune," which we used to think odd."

A Distinction and a Difference.—Sometime ago, when the Russians attacked Kars, they were compelled to raise the seige; now they have contrived to raze the city.



ULYSSES LEAVES CALYPSO.

CALYPSO—*Western Australia.* ULYSSES—*An Old Hand.*

MR. NIMROD GREEN'S SHOOTING EXPEDITION.—No. VI.
THIS PLATE SHOWS WHAT MR. GREEN AND HIS FRIENDS TOOK WITH THEM—AND WHAT THEY BROUGHT BACK.

THE BLACK AND WHITE LIST.

Punch, conceiving that the "List of Likely Men," furnished by the compiler of this publication, is both meagre and incomplete, suggests the following additions :—

BROWN, JOHN JONES,—Englishman. Out of employment at present. Age about 32. Wrote a letter to the *Times*, once, on the subject of the gruel supplied to the paupers in the Union Poor-house, at Toadinahole, but the letter was refused insertion. Has had considerable experience as a bill-sticker at various elections for the Tower Hamlets. Was chairman of a free-and-easy, held at the Fox and Fryingpan, High-street, Shadwell. Has read all Publicola's communications in the *Weekly Despatch*. Mr. B.'s ability is believed to be greater than his reputation. Spoke once at the parish vestry with great energy, on the question of supplying a new ladle to the pump in the High-street ; and was considered by his friends to possess some talent for oratory. Would not object to be presented with a qualification as a testimonial to his worth. Politics extremely liberal.

HOWLAGAIN, TIMOTHY, - Irishman. Builder's assistant. Age uncertain. Has suffered in the cause of his country. Had his thumb bitten off in a 'ruction fight. Formerly a car-driver in Dublin, and acquired an extensive fund of political knowledge from frequent intercourse with the "gentlemen" in attendance upon His Excellency at the Castle. Has been associated with some of the most eminent politicians of his time. Once drove the "Great Liberator" himself from Conciliation Hall to Merrion Square ; and subsequently was honored with a personal interview with the hon. gentleman's porter, to whom Mr. Howlagain restored a green velvet cap (trimmed with shamrocks) which had been left by accident in the car. Education neglected ; but, if elected to either house, will take lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Has taken an active part in the erection of several public buildings ; and raised himself to a very elevated position in connection therewith. A man of mark,—having suffered severely in childhood from falling with his face upon the peat, which was burning upon the paternal hearth. Politics particularly popular, including a repeal of the union between Great Britain and Victoria.

MACWHISTLE, MUNGO,—Scotchman. Turkey merchant (and poulterer). Age, about 33. Left his native country at a very early age, and has been moving southward ever since. Has a strong predilection for senatorial honors. His fifteenth cousin was assistant gardener to a member of the British Parliament. Used to beg from him, and study the blue books, sent down from the library to light the hot-house flues with. Delivered a lecture on the currency question, once, to the members of the Killiecrankie Athenæum. Writes letters in the *Flemington Flambeau*, under the signature of "Junius." Is rather proud of his descent from the Macwhistles, of Tullochgorum, and is favourable to the establishment of an hereditary peerage in Victoria. General politics unknown, but believed to be friendly to cautious progress. Is of opinion that the Scottish lion should be quartered on the escocheon of Victoria, and that the new Governor should be a North Briton.

The Mercantile Mind of Melbourne,

Whilst this bard writes, inspired by wine,
  And that an epic subject handles :
A brighter, lighter theme is mine,
  I mean the rise in "Belmont Candles."

Whilst some imbued with ancient lore,
  Historic disquisitions utter ;
On this I fondly fix and pore,
  The price of "Double Rose Cork Butter."

Let others charm with sportive jest,
  That every hearer's midriff tickles—
I owe my life's most piquant zest,
  To Feast or Batty's pungent "Pickles."

O'er many a clime, remote and near,
  The poet's thought excursive ranges ;
Mine centres in a narrower sphere,
  And broods on "Discounts" and "Exchanges."

NO COMMENT NEEDED.

" * * Barr and Co.'s machine was used in the crushing, which answers perfectly satisfactory."—*Geelong Advertiser*.

Why is the body of a man who has commited suicide, like the Victoria Artillery Company ? Because it is a volunteer corps, (corpse).

he Drama at the Ovens.

THERE is a theatre at Beechworth. *Punch* is indebted for a knowledge of this fact to the *Murray and Ovens Advertiser.* And they have been playing the Lady of Lyons at this Theatre. *Punch* learns this fact, also, upon the excellent authority aforesaid. The character of Claude Melnotte was sustained by a Mr. McGowan, a clever low-comedy actor from the Theatre Royal, Melbourne—and, says the local journal previously quoted:

"Although there were many in the house who remembered Macready's splendid impersonation of the part, Mr. McGowan was greeted with frequent rounds of applause. The performer quite entered into the spirit of the piece, and was perfectly 'at home,' both as the peasant and as the prince. The exquisitely poetical description of the palace by the lake of Como, was well given, and full justice was done to the comic portions of the piece."

Why should not the low comedian's be like the high tragedian's, a "splendid impersonation ?" As Captain Fluellen says, "I warrant you shall find in the comparisons between Macready and Mac Gowan, that the prefixes, look you, is both alike. There is a Mac in Macready, and a Mac in MacGowan ; and 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is mettle in both."

The part of Pauline Deschapelles was played, it seems, by Miss Sinclair, a young lady whose peculiar *role* is that of pert waiting women and saucy grisettes, which no doubt accounts for the partial failure of the most telling "situation" in the play:—

"The grand theatrical hit of the scream and rushing embrace, on recognition of the long lost Claude, in the person of the decorated General, was received with shouts of laughter, instead of creating a profound sensation. This arose from the fact that Miss Sinclair was rather out of practice in her screaming, but the trifling defect can easily be remedied, and Miss Sinclair will then make a very good Pauline."

Of course ! Altogether, the Lady of Lyons, as performed at the Star Theatre, Beechworth, must have been immensely funny. "Mr. King," says the *Advertiser*, "as the wealthy Beauseant, looked very much like an ordinary swell cove." And "the heavy father looked rather uncomfortable in his white wig and waistcoat, but he was in no way disconcerted by the mirth which his peculiar appearance created." Ah ! the 'heavy father' is a philosopher, you may depend upon it, and, moreover, is accustomed to be laughed at. But the critic puts in a charitable word of intercession on behalf of the wearer of the white wig and waistcoat:—

"The audience should really be a little more considerate to the feelings of Mr. Sampson. Their reception of that gentleman reminds us of the conduct of the street boys in *Punch*, who could not see their playmate following his mistress to church, in the garb of a page, without calling after him, 'Here's Tommy been and had the hinfluenzer, and broke out all over with brass buttons and red stripes.'"

Various matters of detail are alluded to in a manner which impresses *Punch* with a high opinion of the watchful penetration of the critic, while it furnishes his readers with an agreeable insight into the *penetralia* of the Star Theatre:—

"A little improvement might be made in the arrangements ; for instance, the curtain is rather too transparent, and we observed Ram Rusty corking his moustache between the acts. The stage fixings are also too slight, and those occupying the front seats can hear the prompter a little too plainly."

Elsewhere the critic informs the world that a "Mr. R. H. Cox opens on Monday night, at the Star Theatre, in his *great* impersonation of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the tragedy of the Iron Chest."

Theatricals must be looking up at Beechworth, since the playgoers have so much "greatness thrust upon them."

Ecstatic Criticism.

SPAIN boasts of a school of ecstatic writers in divinity : the ecstatic writers in Victoria devote themselves to dramatic criticism. Lola Montez has been paying a professional visit to Bendigo, and the fame of her person and her performances having penetrated to Castlemaine, the editor of the *Miner's Right* appears to have made an excursion to the former place, for the purpose of beholding this celebrated lady, and to have subsequently made another and an extraordinary excursion into the realms of fancy, for the purpose of describing her. It would be a pity if so much fine writing were to be consigned to oblivion or obscurity, and therefore this rhetorical gem shall "flame on the forehead" of *Melbourne Punch* :—

"LOLA MONTEZ.—It is said that this lady cannot be considered a first-rate dancer, but as a woman of intelligence, beauty, wit, and magnetic power, she probably has no equal, either on the stage or off. In person she is rather slight, with very slender arms, and very delicate but symmetrical 'determinations downwards.' Her feet are about the size of full grown mice, and her ancles about as large as a baby's wrist. Her hair is like the raven's plumage ; her lips like rosebuds ; her teeth like ivory ; and, oh ! my stars, what eyes—large, dark, liquid, and veiled by lashes which, like mist before the sun, prevent them from dazzling one entirely. She dresses with exquisite taste. Her movements are graceful, her smile bewitching, but—she was never intended for a mere dancing girl. She is a lost Peri, a stray angel, a star unsphered, a Cleopatra without a throne—another Herodias' daughter, who, by her witcheries, can compel kings to give her half their kingdoms, or bring her the heads of her enemies in a basket."

Punch has a faint recollection of a couplet by Sir John Suckling, somewhat to this effect :

"Her feet, beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out."

And the raven's plumage, the rosebuds, the ivory, the liquid eyes, and the veiling mists, are—

"Neither new nor rare,
We only wonder
How the d——l they got there."

But the lost Peri, the stray angel, the star unsphered, and the allusions to Cleopatra, and the daughter of Herodias, evince a power of imagination, an affluence of similes, and a copiousness of language, which, to use a colloquial expression, are perfectly "stunning."

Theatre Royal Solar System.

THE highly popular entertainment "The Eclipse," which has lately been extensively advertised in the public papers, was produced on Saturday last, with tolerable success. The attendance was remarkably good, and included a large proportion of ladies,—a circumstance which may be attributed to the fine afternoon, as well as to the attraction. It is now many years since we remember seeing "The Eclipse" performed on the Brentford stage with brilliant effects which can never be surpassed. The colonial spectacle was, however, very creditably got up, and we predict for it a good run. Of course the usual accidents of a first performance in this colony somewhat marred a few of the effects; the cloud borders got in the way, and prevented the darkening of the scene, and the moon was guilty of a decided "stage wait," for which no doubt she will be fined. On the whole, however, we are enabled to speak in favorable terms of the novelty, and recommend every one to go and see it.

USTRALIAN DOUBLES.

ALTHOUGH we have already given one specimen from the prose writings of T. B. Camaulay, we feel it unnecessary to apologise for printing the subjoined extract from his great poetical work, "The Lays of Ancient Melbourne."

THE PROPHECY OF THE BLACK FELLOW.

Now drunk is Jacky Jacky,
Of Kidneyfatte's great line,
Who reigned by Yarra Yarra,
Ere Batman crossed the brine;
Drunk is the Chieftain Tommy,
And drunk his faithful gin—
On those who brought the rum that wrought
Their ruin, rest the sin.

In Yarra's stream no fisher
His net to-day is flinging,
On the white bark of Yarra's gums
To-day no axe is ringing;
The spear against the gunyah
Leans still and idly now,
To-day the waddy fails to fall
Upon the virgin's brow.

And all the sturdy settlers,
Their cleanest jumpers don,
And the face and hands to-day are washed
Of hardy Pascoe John;
And every slab-hut's door-post,
With flags this hour is gay,
For this day the town is founded;—
MELBOURNE is named this day.

Though doomed by colonial office,
Though bound as Sydney's thrall,
Though touched by convict influence,
She shall triumph over all;
Though the curse as yet rests on her,
Of office and of crime,
Survive she must, their deadliest thrust,
And take her place in time.

Blithe it was to see the pair—
Batman and Pascoe John,
Their rivalry concealing,
Their sweetest smiles put on,
Winding among the gum trees,
That fringe the river's brink,
To found great Melbourne's city—
And sing, and feast, and drink.

Upon the left goes Batman,
Upon the right goes John,
Their friendliest looks exchanging,
Their cleanest blue shirts on;
And with them march a muster
Of high, and low degree,
The founding of great Melbourne's town,
This happy day to see.

* * * *

So they marched beside the swamp,
And up to Batman's Hill;
Till they were aware of an old man there,
Who was sitting alone and still.

His skin was black as ebony,
His wool was white as snow;
His eyes were both of them sightless quite,
And both had long been so.
For one had been poked in with a spear,
And one knocked out with a blow.

But as the two came near him—
Batman and Pascoe John — —,
He turned his aged face about,
And his looks were sad and wan.
And he bade them stay a minute,
While a few short words he said.
So they both of them stood still, wondering
What had got in the old man's head:
Then with a voice half scream half croak,
A prophecy the old man spoke.

"What for you no good whitefellows
You, all about, sit down
And build 'em big one gunyahs,
And call 'em Melbourne town.
No more 'em poor blackfellows,
'Em 'possum here may catch,
You drive away 'em kangaroo.
Me wish you at old scratch."

Amazement sat on Batman's face,
Aghast stood Pascoe John;
For quickly warming in his choler,
This black prophetic son
Of Austral soil, poured forth a speech—
Without a single broken word—
In English, such as those that heard,
Could never hope to reach.

"Though blind mine eyes, and sightless,
My spirit once more sees,
The grassy hills about me,
The water and the trees.
I see the flowing Yarra,
I see the sandy shore—
And the waves that play in the deep blue bay,
— All this I see, and more.

But lo a change is coming,
And through the mist of years,
I see vast buildings rising,
The gum-tree disappears.
The bay with ships is crowded,
The land with people teems—
With hurrying feet they fill the street,
And pour along in streams.

Where kangaroos now pasture,
Where wallabies now throng,
On iron roads the flying loads
Are swiftly borne along;—
Where yet in utter solitude
The wary emu stalks,
The conquering white man, with his herds,
In safe possession walks.

With wondrous tools the stately trees
Are felled, and cut, and riven,
To fence about the land from out
Of which my race is driven.
With swift decay they die away—
Our soil is bought and sold;
But slender claims are ours to set
Against your love of gold.

Ah, strangest of all scenes that now
  In spirit I behold,
A scrambling multitude contends
  For little lumps of gold.
I see a piece that in my youth,
  While hunting once I found,
I lifted it and looked at it,
  And threw it on the ground.

I see a white man pick it up,
  With wild delight he cries,
That he is happy now for aye,
  With such a wondrous prize.
Behind a tree another stands;
  I see a gleaming knife—
The finding of the yellow lump
  Has cost the finder's life.

But where the yellow lump was found,
  In swarms the white men come;—
Some come to trade, some come to toil,
  To cheat and plunder some:
Wherever gold, in lumps or grain,
  Is even thought to be,
In crowding thousands white men rush
  With eager rivalry.

More ships come sweeping o'er the sea—
  More houses rise on shore;
More land is ploughed, and fenced, and sown,
  My race subsides the more.
The ghost of my long darkened eyes,
  Is dizzy with the sight;
I see white men on every side.
  My race has vanished quite."

While thus he spoke, the blind old man
  Fell flat upon the ground;
And Pascoe John, and Batman too,
  Upon their heels turned round:
They heard a distant shout arise,
  And leaving (as he sunk)
The white-wooled chief, they joined the throng,
  And every one got drunk.

TO ELECTORS (AND OTHERS).

[It is hoped that the following notice will be sufficiently intelligible without being repeated over and over again in the advertising columns of our daily contemporaries, like certain advertisements for which it may plainly be seen the advertisers pay with other people's cash.]

I HEREBY give Notice, that all persons entitled to receive a weekly copy of my publication within the District of , are hereby requested to send, addressed to me, as soon as they conveniently can;—and also to leave in readiness for me at their place of abode, in case I call in their absence, a paper writing, according to the form herewith, or to the like purport and duly filled up.

(Signed) MELBOURNE PUNCH,
Collector of Jokes.
RESIDENCE—66 Collins-street East,
AREEA OF COLLECTION—The World.

Melbourne, , 185 .

To the Manager of the Bank of............
Pay to Melbourne Punch, Esq., —— *Quarters Subscription,* —— *Pounds,* —— *Shillings, and* —— *Pence.*
£——.——.——.

WOODCUTTING WITHOUT A LICENSE.—Every Wednesday evening, when our engraver has finished cutting the blocks for the week's number, he cuts his stick.

IT is in contemplation, *Punch* is informed, to convert the Theatre Royal into a menagerie, and, if this should fail of success, into an exhibition of wax-work, and if this should prove unremunerative, into a casino, and, if this should not pay, into a bazaar, and if this should not succeed, into a poultry market.

M. Jullien and a troupe of fifty instrumentalists are understood to be on their way to this colony, to fulfil an engagement at the *Posada Castellana*, Flinders-street, the frequenters of that restaurant, in common with the diners at other establishments in this city, finding it impossible to cut their mutton without the accompaniment of music.

The services of Madlle. Rachel, have been secured by the proprietors of the *Cafe des Etrangers*, Spring-street ; and she will commence a series of dramatic readings from Racine and Corneille, immediately after her arrival in this city.

Overtures have been made to Signor Lablache by two well-known eating-house keepers in Elizabeth-street and Bourke-street, with a view to his appearing at one of their respective establishments as a comic singer, in the course of the approaching winter; but the result of the negociations has not yet transpired.

The *Musical World* contradicts the reported engagement of Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt and her husband, by Mr. Ellis of the Salle de Valentino. The report was not without foundation, but the mention of an engagement was premature.

The owner of the learned pig, fat lady and the Irish Giant, in High Holborn, is said to be in treaty for the lesseeship of Coppin's Olympic. He grounds his expectations of a brilliant success, upon the comparative failure of the legitimate drama at this house: from whence he infers the superior attractions of performances of a more illegitimate character.

VOLO EPISCOPARI.

According to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Madame Anna Bishop has netted in twenty-five nights, the small amount of £1680, whilst the proprietor of the theatre, has lost several hundred pounds by that lady's engagement, in consequence of the great outlay necessary for the production of the operas, in which she has appeared. Are the song-birds of this colony classed under the generic head of *Raptores!*

INTERESTING TO ANTIQUARIES.—The rites and ceremonies peculiar to the belief of ancient Egypt, and which Bulwer Lytton has described so graphically in the "Last Days of Pompeii," still exist in a modified form in this city. There is a Temple of *Ices* in Collins-street, to which numbers of devotees are daily observed to repair, and of which one *Purselius* is understood to be high-priest.

The Black and White List.

The *Flemington Flambeau* has published a supplement to the above able work, embodying much valuable information as to the pretensions of several gentlemen reported to be likely to contest the election for the extensive district, of which the above named periodical is the distinguished organ.

KERR, WILLIAM, Frenchman. Age, 21. Town Clerk of Melbourne. Composed "Mourir pour la Patrie;" speaks English imperfectly. Tried to borrow five pounds of a friend but could'nt find the friend. Started the ides. that society was a liar, and that he was an "auld tyke." Has long proposed to set out upon "higher flights," but is supposed to be waiting till a certain "likely bird" has preceded him. Politics, according to circumstances.

GRIMES, EDWARD. Auditor-General. Formerly Professor of Mathematics at Weisnichtwo. Constructed new tables of logarithms (with three legs each). Disagrees with Cocker upon most points. First adapted Mother Hubbard to political purposes. Is considered by some to be as good a poet as E. Moses and Son's;—considers himself to be a better poet than Milton. Tried to kill a sheep once. Is partial to veal, but no cannibal. Is generally thought to have missed his vocation. Politics He! He! He!

O'BRIEN, PATRICK. Englishman. Age, unknown. M.A. of Oxford' Supposed to be a man of spirit. Is known to be a man of sintimint. Considers that distinctions between the accusative and nominative cases are superfluous. Disapproves of educational qualifications. Has talked a dog's hind leg off. Is no mesmerist, but has successfully revived an old method of sending people to sleep. Thinks he could have written "Homer" as well as Shakspere did, if he had been been brought up to it. Affirms that Homer was a Dutchman. Believes in things in general and himself in particular. Politics, peculiar.

MYLES, JOHN. New South Welshman. "Follows in the footsteps of the immortal Fawkner." Is prepared to divide the House on any question, though he stand alone. Likes being in a minority—prefers being in a minority of one. Considers that the recent rain in Melbourne was a studied insult to Geelong. Has always, never been more distressed than on the present occasion—and thrives upon that. Poitics—a Geelong Liberal on his own hook.

LIKELY MEN, NOT HITHERTO IN COUNCIL.

POCHEVOIDE, Jean Francois.—Naturalized Frenchman, Billiard-marker. Age 43. Helped to erect a barricade during the three days of July. Was afterwards concerned in the fabrication of an infernal machine, which exploded before it could be brought to bear upon the person of the Citizen King. Was to have been present at the reform banquet which was to have been given to Odillon Barrot, in February, 1848. Personally known to Louis Blanc, having offered a pinch of snuff to that gentleman in the national workshops at the Luxembourg. Believes in him, and has a "down" upon Louis Napoleon. Raised himself to the position of a billiard-marker by his own exertions. Will probably contest one of the electoral provinces. Cannot speak English, any more than many members of the existing Legislative Council. Political opinions decidedly popular.

GRUNDLICHDUNKELHEIT, Karl Albrecht.—Naturalized German. Age 22. Peripatetic glazier. Native of Bonn. Was for three years waiter at *Der Colnische Hof*. Picked up his political knowledge from the students at the University. Has acquired colonial experience as a vine-dresser, drayman, and market gardener. Feels a warm interest in every question connected with the improvement of the dwellings of the working-classes, on which he has taken some pains to throw a considerable amount of light. If returned to the Assembly, will bring forward a motion for the total and immediate repeal of the customs duty on tobacco, which he denounces as the most iniquitous tax ever levied. Possesses fair ability, and is a good chess-player. Is in favor of establishing an elective monarchy in Victoria, and would advocate the nomination of one of Prince Albert's sons to the crown. Politics in other respects liberal.

BARBALUNGA, Pietro Paolo. Naturalized Italian. Organ-grinder. Age about 36. Born in Padua, where he obtained his livelihood by the preparation of candied fruits. Compiled a small memoir of St. Anthony, the profits of which enabled him to visit England. Opened a shop for the sale of penny ices in High Holborn, but was undersold and ruined by a rival who vended half-penny ices (a wafer included,) over the way. Having a medical diploma in his possession, which had originally belonged to a deceased uncle who had practised at Bologna, came out to Australia as surgeon of a Dutch vessel. Afterwards invented a universal specific, which, not being duly advertised, did not sell. Was for three months a digger but met with no gold. Opened a cafe, which was burnt down the following week. Is now part-owner of a barrel-organ, which not proving remunerative, he proposes to become a candidate for legislative honors. Politics unknown.

WANGA, DJIRRA COROO. Aborigine. Country gentleman. Age about 40. Politics popular. Is opposed to granting any compensation to the squatters. Is of opinion they should be dispossessed of their stations, and their flocks and herds distributed among the aboriginal population. Will advocate a perfectly free-trade in spirits and tobacce. Generally understood to be the auther of the letters which appear in the *Age*, under the signature of Atticus. Considers himself eligible to fill the Speaker's chair in the Assembly. Has prepared the draft of a bill, assigning the gold fields of Victoria to the aborigines as compensation for the territory which has been taken from them. Possesses fair ability.

SING SONG, Tow Row Choo Choo. Naturalized Chinaman. Washerman. Age uncertain. Politics doubtful. Abilities unknown. Is pledged to a repeal of the poll-tax on his countrymen. Will make a valuable member of either house, as he is opposed to long speeches and adjourned debates. Has acquired a few words of English and has some knowledge of mercantile affairs. Is understood to aspire to the Collectorship of Customs. Will be supported by the whole of the Little Bourke-street interest; and by all merchants who are large holders of rice and opium. Is one of the most successful washermen in the colony; and not without some constructive and mechanical skill, having invented a new description of oven for the purpose of baking puppy-dogs.

ABORIGINAL PROSE.

ONCE a week, or oftener, some unhappy individual, delivers himself of a column of incoherent talk about banking and the gold-trade, in the *Geelong Advertiser*. In the absence of a glossary, or of any annotations or commentary upon these auriferous articles, *Punch* appends two or three mysterious sentences, written, if he may be allowed to coin the expression, in Geelongese, and submits for the consideration of the writer, certain queries to which the favor of an early reply is respectfully requested.

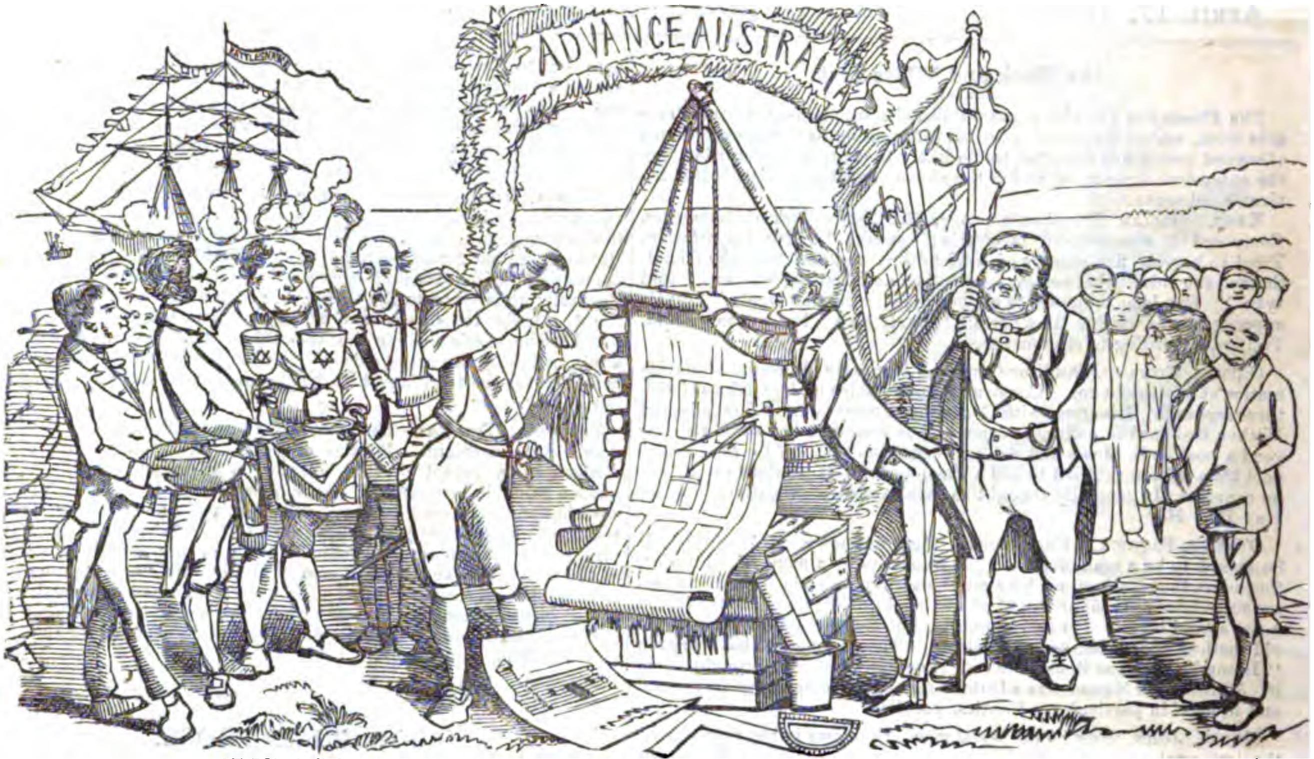
> "We are not ignorant of what is said, and done, and though we do not reck both, we defy controversion of what we have set forth, and find in it ample resources for attributing thereto the cause of depression prevailing and the wide spread deterioration of property of every description. Were we wrong in our assumptions, interests menaced would be prompt to demonstrate fallacy, but far from that, intent on garning in the harvest reaped from public suffering, the banking gold traders pocketing public losses, pursue the game of despoilment, and will only cease when compelled by legislative enactment, or failing that, by complete prostration of colonial interests."

In what does the writer find "ample resources for attributing;" and what is the precise meaning of the phrase? *Punch* has heard of reasons for attributing, justification for attributing, and so forth, but "resources for attributing" must be Geelongese and nothing more. To what does the writer attribute the cause of depression?...to what is said, or to what is done, or to his own recklessness and defiance of "controversion"? What is the meaning of "garning," and of the game of "despoilment"? And finally, how would the following sentence read, if translated out of Geelongese into intelligible English?—

> "The bankers having perfected their system, got the gold as it was raised from the pit's mouth, gave an ostensible higher price for it, victimized those who relied upon them by monopolising the gold, reduced the colony to the profits of distributing imported articles, denuded the distributors of any participation in the export trade, who were thereby forced to sacrifice realised property to meet the evils of the revulsive system, brought about by the banks, which brought next insolvency on the gold-fields, which re-acted on traders in town, forcing many of them into the same court, until a CRASH came."

Why, Quin's incoherent story of the old woman who went into the garden to pick a cabbage leaf, to make an apple pie of, was nothing to this! Couldn't the Geelong scribe contrive to imitate the actor, and be droll as well as incoherent?

ANOTHER MAN OF COLOR is the newspaper heading of a trivial police paragraph. What color is he, and who was the other, and what did he do? Also, is there any idiosyncracy about men of color, that they should be spoken of in the same style as "another sticker-up."



FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—No. 3.
THE FOUNDING OF MELBOURNE.

TO THE REVEREND DR. LANG.

In re "Mephibosheth."

Oh, Dr. Lang! oh, Dr. Lang,
Why prostitute your pen,
To couple with a ribald jest,
The names of worthy men?

It is not meet that such as thou,
Meek teachers of the Word,
Should desecrate your office thus,
By practices abhorr'd.

Nor meet that one whose mission is
To dry the suff'rers' tears,
Should find in any human ill
Pretext for bitter sneers.

Not so spake One in times of old,
To blind, and halt, and maimed,
He never sneer'd at suffering,
Nor lightly, judgment blamed.

Not so spake He, whom you profess
To serve and imitate;
His language breath'd benevolence
And your's malignant hate.

To wiser use methinks that thou
Mightst dedicate the Book,
Than turning o'er its sacred leaves
For taunting words to look.

Some better lesson thou mightst learn,
From all its holy lore,
Than thus to scoff at one on whom
Affliction presses sore.

Oh, Doctor Lang! oh, Doctor Lang!
Thy venom'd pen lay down,
Or, if thou wilt not that renounce,
Then doff the preacher's gown.

The Fine Old Whiggish Gentleman.

Respectfully Dedicated to "A Colonial Reformer."

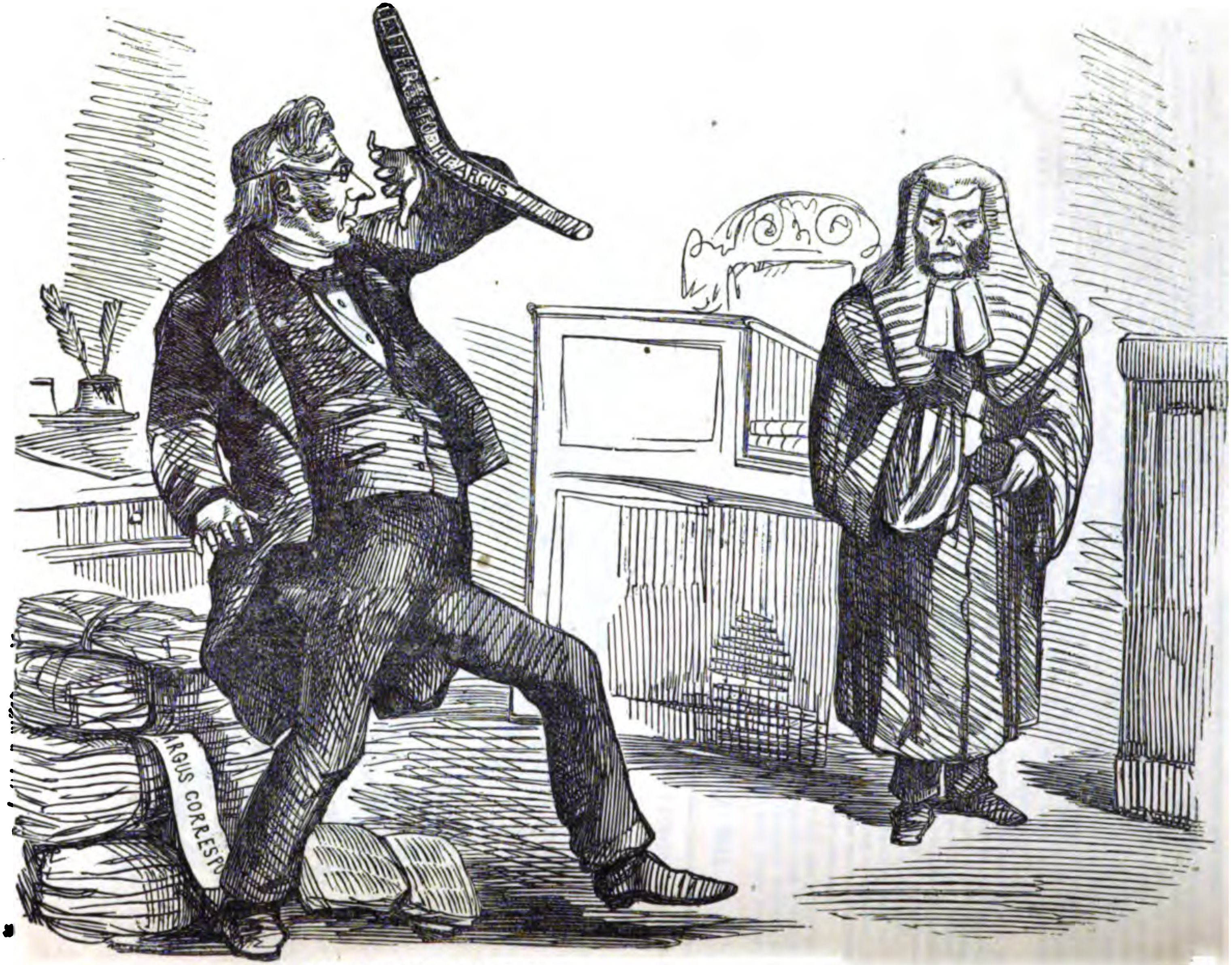
I'll sing you a good old song, that was made by a Whiggish pate,
Of a fine old Whiggish gentleman who hither came of late,
And kept up his Whig notions at a proper Whiggish rate,
And never thought "finality" would e'er get out of date—
Like a fine old Whiggish gentleman, &c,

This good old Whig was well arrayed with fine old Whig ideas,
And his Whiggish head was much beset with Whiggish hopes and fears,
And, having read a certain work, towards "grandmama" he steers,
And straightway writes a letter down that much his spirit clears—
This fine old Whiggish gentleman, &c.

This fine old Whiggish gentleman was fed with Whiggish pap,
By a Whiggish nurse, who held him fast upon a Whiggish lap;
And when he piped his Whiggish eye gave him a Whiggish clap,
And swore she'd never seen so cross a little Whiggish chap—
As this fine old Whiggish gentleman, &c.

When duly clad in Whiggish breeks, this Whig to school was sent,
Where his former Whiggish notions took a yet more Whiggish bent,
And there, some years, his Whiggish life reluctantly he spent,
And leaving, swore a round Whig oath to live and die he meant—
A fine old Whiggish gentleman, &c.

This good old Whig has now grown old, but never changed his mind
And, though the world has gone ahead, has always stayed behind.
But occasionally manifests much Whig surprise to find;
Most people do not much admire reformers of this kind—
Like a fine old Whiggish gentleman, &c.



DR. LANG THROWS A BOOMERANG,
WHICH RECOILS UPON HIMSELF.

A SKETCH AT THE THEATRE.
Great Jove—She Faints.—Lend me thy Preston Salts."—*Brutus.*

A Begging-Letter Writer?

Somebody, who signs himself P. S. R., has been writing a letter to the *Herald*, advocating an increase in the stipendiary magistracy, and the selection of barristers and solicitors for the office, on account of the monopoly of "patience, firmness, good temper, good sense, and keen penetration" enjoyed by the members of those professions. P. S. R. will be satisfied, for the present, with the appointment of fifteen stipendiary magistrates, and as "no expense is too great," when barristers and solicitors are in the case, he modestly requests that £20,000 per annum should be appropriated to the payment of the fortunate fifteen.

Punch wonders whether P. S. R. is either a barrister or a solicitor; and, if so, whether he is destitute of practice; and if so, whether he would condescend to accept the appointment of stipendiary magistrate, and to receive a fifteenth part of the £20,000 aforesaid? P. S. R., *r. s. v. p.*

THE ELECTORS' GUIDE.

The interest which now attaches to the arrangements in progress for the forthcoming elections, induces us to publish, for the information of all whom it may concern. a brief note of the regulations which have been, or might have been issued, for the purpose.

WHO CAN BE ELECTED TO THE UPPER HOUSE.

A candidate, to be competent, must have amassed, by hook or by crook, property to the value of £5000. It does not matter how he got it, so long as he has the money; it may have been obtained by the keeping of low public houses, by sly grog selling, by frequent insolvencies, by bolting from creditors elsewhere, by mock-auctioneering, or in any other equally honorable and creditable manner. He need not possess any intelligence; in fact, the inability to read or write will not weigh against his wealth. But it must be observed at the same time, that no amount of educational or mental qualification will do instead of the money.

WHO CAN BE ELECTED TO THE LOWER HOUSE.

A member of the Lower House must have left school, and must have resided in the colony for two years. As some amount of brains may be tolerated in this, the constructive department of the Legislature, the property qualification is fixed somewhat lower, and the candidate need only have grubbed together £2000; the same latitude as above-mentioned is allowed as to the mode of collection. Borowed property will not qualify for a borough; and a painter will be inadmissible, because his title would be colorably obtained; while members of bubble companies will be held to have collusively secured their property, and will therefore be excluded.

WHO CAN VOTE FOR THE UPPER HOUSE.

Twelvemonths enjoyment of the qualification is necessary to constitute an Elector for the Upper House. Property of £100 annual value will suffice; superannuated soldiers and sailors, whose progressive character and knowledge of political subjects are proverbial, are qualified by their profession alone; as are also lawyers who having been declared gentlemen in the eye of the law, are sometimes allowed the privilege of ignoring, in their general relations, the usages of gentlemen. The voter must have paid all his own taxes, but he may tax the patience of candidates without limit. Although, however, the constitution requires him to have paid up all rates, he need not mind this regulation, as no means of proof have been provided in the act.

WHO MAY VOTE FOR THE LOWER HOUSE.

The Electoral roll of this Talking-shop, includes every one who has a shanty of his own or occupies one of anybody else's, (except it be given to him free, in which case, the inability to pay rent will disqualify him) or who receives a salary (whether for doing anything or not). The landlord of "the Crown," not being a freeholder, will have a vote as a Crown tenant; it is however a question, whether the qualification will extend to his lodgers; and butchers will be admitted as joint owners. Diggings grievance-mongers are not eligible, as although a miner's right qualifies the voter, no such privilege is attached to miner's wrongs. The holder of a beneficial interest in any business concern is entitled to be put on the roll, but drawing interest from it in the shape of dividends is not regarded.

REGISTRATION.

To secure registration, the electors must find ont the best way he can, where the collector of his district lives, which, with such published addresses as Collingwood Flat, Prahran, Emerald Hill, &c., will furnish him with two or three days amusement; having found the collector, he must furnish particulars of his age and pedigree, state, whether there are rats, &c., in his house, whether his children have had the measles, and give such other information as may be desired. He will then go home and stop there for the rest of the month in anticipation of an official visit. After these precautions, he will stand a fair chance of getting his name put on the list, unless he be a known political opponent of some friend of the collector, who is possibly an agent for one of the candidates. It will be well also if he go to church during the month of May, to see the list of voters posted on the door.

The foregoing directions which are affectionately recommended to the notice of all candidates and electors, embody all the information which we care about giving at present, and much more than can be obtained from any other source.

MR. NIMROD GREEN'S SHOOTING EXPEDITION.—No. VII.

Mr. Nimrod Green has taken to keeping Poultry, and, having constituted a fowl-house, endeavours to assure himself that the sitting hens will be quite comfortable.

The Rumoured Wreck of the "Expert."

A painful excitement pervaded the city, during the middle of the day on Monday last, owing to a rumour that the well-known and favourite steamer "Expert," had gone ashore at Richmond Paddock, and suffered complete shipwreck, with the loss of many lives. The valuable freight having been heavily insured, a number of underwriters crowded to Mr. Khull's office to learn the truth—so far as it was likely to be there obtainable. When the owners of the "Despatch" were informed of the supposed catastrophe, those spirited gentlemen much to their credit, declared, that rather than the world should suffer by loss of time in postal communication between Melbourne and Prahran, new engines should at once be adapted to their noble craft, of a power calculated to drive her along at least two knots in ordinary weather.

When the full truth came to be known, it was fortunately found, however, that the catastrophe had been less serious than was at first apprehended, the "Expert" having been extricated from her perilous position without loss of life or considerable damage. Captain Collier kindly favoured our shipping reporter with a perusal of the log-book, from which we make the following extract, which will doubtless be read with interest by our nautical readers :—

"*Monday. April 14th*,—At about twenty minutes before 2 p.m., the wind being light and the sky clear, made the Botanical Gardens. Shortly afterwards, the cry was raised by the look-out of land a-head, and (the ship's head bearing at the time north east and by south a quarter westerly) she was found to be running dead on to the Richmond Paddock. As it was too late to back or wear, clapped on all steam, hoping to pass over the obstacle, but failing in this, stuck fast in the mud. The boy at the helm was immediately taken flat back. The garboard streak was then hauled inboard and made fast. The best bower was rove through the mizen truck. Spliced the main brace passed it forward of all through the taffrail, and belayed to the kelson. Hitched the starboard main top gallant stunsail tack to the ruddercase with two half-hitches and made fast to the fore hatchway. Let go the companion ladder and belted to the quarter gallery. Rove the binnacle through the knightheads and got ready the dolphin-striker for a jury mast. Cast off the martingale stay and belayed it to the lee vang; cut away the stays to relieve the straining of the masts. Tried the pumps and found no water in the well, so let well alone. Let go the boom topping-lift to ease the bowsprit and put the helm a weather, to bring her round to the wind. Paid off the boy. Hitched the fore topmast to the cook's galley with a cleet, and so got off without material damage."

In connection with the above subject, we have received the following interesting letter :—

SOLID BOTTOMS.

TO MELBOURNE PUNCH, ESQ.

Sir,—

I trust that the recent narrow escape from total shipwreck, of the "Expert," will at once open the eyes of shipowners and others, to the necessity which I have long urged for building all passenger ships with solid bottoms. I have perused the log of that vessel, and am convinced that all which skilful seamanship could suggest was done on the occasion of her going ashore, but from what I know of the reefs and currents about Richmond Paddock, I am persuaded that nothing could have saved her if she had not been strengthened by diagonal bracing and built upon my "solid bottom" principle.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

JAS. BALLINGALL.

USTRALIAN DOUBLES.

FAWKNER.

(By the Author of Alboni, The First of the Barons, &c.

There stood the workman and his work. Time—that respects neither Crowned king nor Homely Rustic, nor the Joyous Heart, nor the Brow of Thought—had already laid his finger upon Fawkner's head, but had only touched the Portal of that Temple of mind. The Mind itself had stood unscathed, the Toil of Invention, the Animosity of prejudice, the neglect of pride, the slights of ignorance. The moment of triumph had come, and the Workman stood calmly to watch the consummation of his work.

"Look ye, my masters," he said—turning to a few men habitted according to the fashion of that early period, and who had followed him into the chapel more perchance with the hope of being merry over his failure than because they could understand the import of his success.—"Look ye, my masters,—these be the types—these be the weapons wherewith Truth shall conquer Error, and fair Philosophy be released to spread her God-like pinions."

"What the —— is the good on'em though," said a great Lord of Manors, and the owner of more flocks and herds than ever belonged to Job—to Job the patient. In those days, the great land-owners for the most part counted it a servile thing to be able to read and write, and the few who had the gift were wont to disguise it.

"Seeest thou, good friend," said Fawkner, "the character is embossed on the end of this little piece of metal, whence, as thou shalt presently see, my machinery transfers it to paper. First, however, understand the effect of the one—how else canst comprehend the many—for how shall the whole be perceived by him who knows not of a part."

So saying, Fawkner took a large type in his hand, and deftly touching an ink ball with it, made a fair impression on a sheet of virgin paper, thus:—

A

The spectators crowded round in astonishment.

"It's a pictur o' the end of an ouse," said one of the great landlords, jingling much gold coin in his pouch.

"I recollect," said another, "seein' a mark something like that on old Yellowjacket's trousers, when we was government men together by the Derwent."

"Do it again, master, with another on em," said a third.

Fawkner took up second a type and produced a mark thus

T

"Oh, I know what that is—well," said a wealthy magistrate, grinning, "I was —— near being hanged on one myself, so I had ought to know."

"My word, that's a good un too," rejoined his companion, "They used for to put em up pretty quick at times, but you puts em down on paper a sight quicker."

"I tell you what it is," said a gentleman who had driven up in a handsome tandem of the period—"It's a piccaninny cattle brand—that's what it is. Jemmy Twicelagged on the Sydney side used for to brand his cattle with a sign like that. We called it the gallows brand up our way."

"They aint no — good for cattle brands though," said the first speaker, "unless so be as the old cove has got a dodge to make em grow."

Fawkner sighed, "Why," said he to himself, "should I toil for such as these, who know not thy charms oh divine Philosophy. Wherefore kindle the lamp of knowledge for those whose dull sense cannot perceive it's effulgent beams. Or why was not I too like them,"—and he began muttering to himself the words of Sir John Davies—

"Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind;
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind."

Presently, however, his Genius came to his rescue, and fanned his soul with her golden pinions. The scanty chamber seemed to expand, and the Truthful, and the Beautiful, and the Ideal stood before his mental vision. "Youth yields to age," he murmured, "and life to death. But the great Thought and the great Work are alike, eternal." And he moved towards the machine and laid his hand upon it.

Oh Love!—first love!—that comest in the roseate spring-time of existence, when the heart beats with young life's music—when nature seems to don her brightest garments—when the Beautiful broods over all things like a dove on her nest—ere yet the hollow mockeries of deceit and Blighted Hope, and False Friendship, and Unrequited Affection, and the Stings of Remorse, and the Memory of the Past, have made the saddened heart hollow and the thinned locks grey—Oh Love! first love! who can speak the joy that thou kindlest in the breast of him that knows thee aright!

Oh Poesy!—most divine care of the Immortal Nine—that lendest thine own radiance to all things—that makest the humblest flower and the lowliest weed bright and beautiful with thy magic rays—that hast relieved ere now the burdened mind of the Monarch, yet hast not disdained the homely hearth of the Rustic—that art welcome wheresoe'er thou goest—that canst make the fantastic shadow itself a World of Living Glory—that has even at moments shed a joyful beam across the weary and painful path of him that now extolls thee—who shali measure the debt we owe to thee?

Oh, Fame! Fame! Fleeting shadow! Cup of Tantalus! Ixion's mockery! The object of many! The goal of few! Flying quarry that eludest the grasp of the ignoble pack! Ignis Fatuus, whose false lights lead vain men to their doom! Priceless pearl beneath the seething waters whereinto men plunge meaning to seize thee, but only to be swept away by the remorseless current of Lethe! Who shall estimate the wild exultation that appertains to the bootless chase!

But the heaven of early Love! But the clear draughts from Heliconian rills! But the excitement of the gambler, who plays for the prize of fame in the great Lottery of Life! Are they not all inferior to the calm unsounded happiness of him who stands before his Idea realised—before his Work accomplished? Perchance some such reflections as these passed through the mind of Fawkner, as he stood with his hand upon the Great Machine.

"Are all things ready, De Ville," he said to a young assistant, "Is the film of ink evenly dispread over yon leathern hemispheres? Has thy charge been seen to in the spirit of Truth and Duty?"

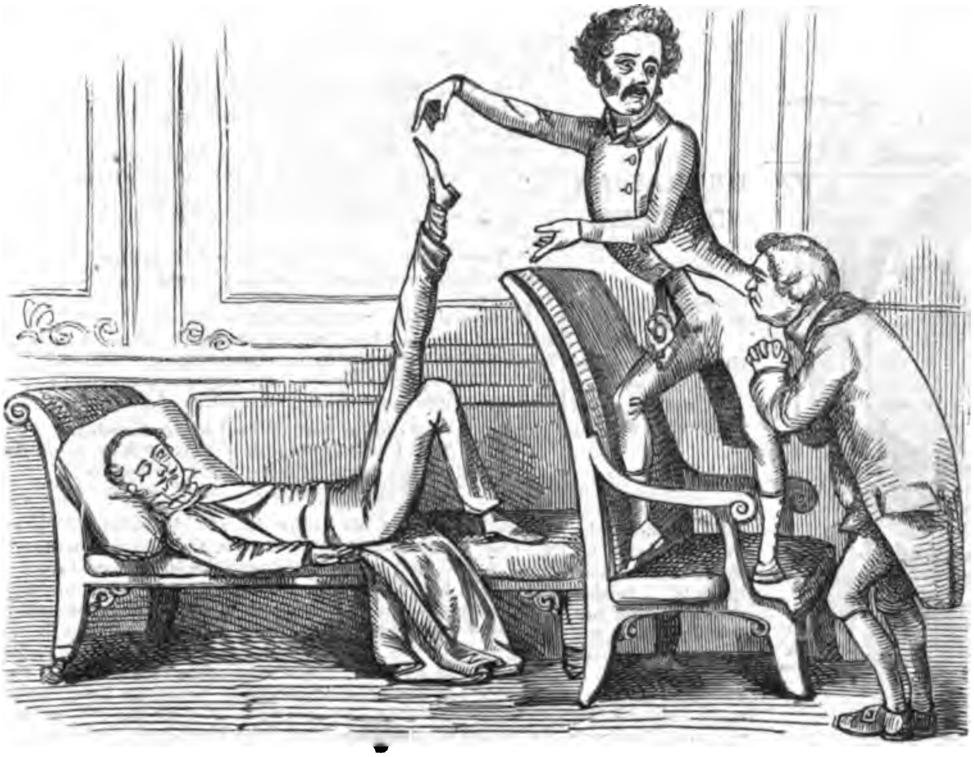
"The forms is locked up, master—them reams of paper is wetted down, and the hink is all right," De Ville rejoined.

"I'm —— if it aint a young wool-press," said one of the group behind.

"I suppose it'll be growed up by the time them brands is," said another.

Fawkner heeded not the interruption. "Proceed," said he—and he bowed his head upon his breast. Four athletic figures grasped the arms of the machine, and groaning in it's throes, it throws off what has since grown to be the *Argus*, but was then the first number of

The Port Phillip Patriot.



SKETCH IN THE THEATRE.

THE GREAT IMPERSONATOR ON HIS LAST LEGS.

PUNCHS' LETTERS TO KANGAROO BULL, ESQUIRE.

NUMBER ONE.

My Dear Bull,—

I take the same deep interest in your welfare and training, which the courtly and accomplished Earl of Chesterfield took in that of his son : and, occasionally, I propose to follow his example, and administer a little valuable instruction or mild reproof, through the epistolary medium which his lordship condescended to adopt. If you do not prove to be a more brilliant member of society than Chesterfield, Junior, did, the fault will not rest with your preceptor, but with yourself.

I am induced to address you on the subject of a word, which constitutes the staple of your conversation, in consequence of a brief narrative of which I was recently an accidental auditor. It was worded thus :—"I was a-sittin on the box, when one of the sanguinary wheelers kicked over the sanguinary traces ; and the coachman, like a sanguinary fool, pulls 'em up so sanguinary sharp, that the sanguinary 'bus backed on to a sanguinary post, and smashed one of the sanguinary wheels."

Now, my dear Bull, you know, as well as I do, that this adjective of the deepest dye, this crimson expletive, which might

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red ;"

occurs quite as incessantly in ordinary conversation, as it does in the narrative I have just quoted. You must also know that it is a solecism and a superfluity. The vital fluid does *not* inhere in omnibusses, traces, posts, or wheels ; nor do they possess either the color or the properties of the fluid. Why not substitute, for the adjective sanguinary, such an epithet as incandescent, pyrotechnic, saponaceous, or lancifoliated ? Why not inlay your conversation with one of these imposing adjectives ? Either of them would be equally unmeaning, equally remote from the infinitely varied uses to which they would be applied, and equally susceptible of forcible articulation, though not so redolent of the hulks, the prison, the shambles, the night cellar, the fence, the felon's dock, and Norfolk Island.

Consider, my dear Bull, the poverty of thought, the barrenness of invention, the destitution of resource, the verbal pauperism, the colloquial indigence, which are implied by the habitual use of this gory adjective ; to say nothing of the flagrant violation of the rules of grammar, the laws of rhetoric, and the usages of every speaker and writer of repute.

You are not a sugar-refiner, a manufacturer of black puddings, a phlebotomist, or a murderer, my dear Bull ; then wherefore this perpetual reference to the vital fluid ? wherefore confer upon every object, animate and inanimate, the hue of

"The ruddy drops that visit this sad heart ?"

If there are political, moral, and social grounds for excluding convicts from our shores, do not the same objections apply with equal force to the ruffianly slang with which they have poisoned

"The pure well of English undefiled ?"

Revolve the subject in your mind, my dear Bull, and believe me ever,

Your sincere friend,

MELBOURNE PUNCH.

POOR BRUTE ! HE KNOWS NO BETTER.

When is a woman like an exceedingly objectionable writ ?—When in reference thereto you may observe a "fieri facias," (fiery face she has).

When are hops like vessels at sea ?—When they are within *ale*.

A CULTIVATOR OF GAUDY FLOWERS.

When a gardener relinquishes the spade, the dibble, and the watering pot for the pen, is it necessary that his style should be as flowery as his parterres? As often as he wanders in the fields of authorship, must he sedulously "tread the primrose paths of dalliance;" and prank his composition with tropes as glaring and as gaudy as heliotropes?

These questions occurred to mind, while *Punch* was perusing an article in the *Gardener's Magazine* for March last, from which he makes the following extracts, adding thereto a few brief comments of his own:—

"Loud is the wind and swift the light, and loud the echoes rising from the bed of dissipation and woe."

Is the "bed of dissipation and woe," an air bed, a generator of the electric fluid or a whispering gallery, or all three? And if so, why so?

"Where (in the bed aforesaid) rests the blight of bereavement or hope deferred, on the eyes of a weeping mother, affectionate sister, or aged father."

If this mysterious bed—this vocal, vivid, echoing, blight infected place of rest, communicates the blight to those who sleep upon it, why in the name of all that is prudent and precautionary, don't they part with it?

"As the bleached bones of their only hope lie by the coral fabric in the sandy floor of the ocean, where lighted up by the gleam of the night star, the seaweed oerhead streams like a banner dyed in slaughter."

Blood and thunder! What a jingle of words is here! Bleached bones and sandy floors, and gleaming night stars, and streaming banners dyed in slaughter,—it is enough to take the reader's breath away. Pity that we cannot penetrate to the kernel of meaning, through the thick husk of verbiage which envelopes it.

"But if this be the case of some, (of whom?) there are others who will not allow their peace to be broken by worldly excitement; indeed, there seems little sorrow among the many occupants of the splendid row of buildings, and richly furnished gardens in the Alma road."

Punch is immensely gratified to hear it; but surely such a peroration after such an exordium, bears a disagreeable resemblance to a quack-medicine advertisement, which will open with a maxim from Confucius, and terminate with an eulogy of somebody's Life Pills. What does the reader suppose all this floral flourish is preliminary to? Some half-a-score of lines vaguely descriptive of "the large and beautifully laid out garden and handsome cottage, at the end of the row, belonging to H. S. Chapman, Esquire.!" The loud wind, and the swift light, the blight of bereavment, the weeping mother, the coral pavement and the sanguinary sea-weed, culminating into nothing more magnificent than a suburban cottage and garden, belonging to a Melbourne barrister! "Most lame and impotent conclusion."

[Advertisements.]

TO PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATES.

Messrs. Burrer, Monger, and Co. beg to call attention to the fact that they are now prepared, on reasonable terms, and on the shortest notice, to get up numerously signed requisitions, from any part of the country to gentlemen desirous of sitting in either House of Parliament. Charges according to locality and the number of signatures desired.

Members for the Gold-fields, Responsible Government Officers, and others accommodated with qualifications. The attention of candidates—particularly of gentlemen of the Pastoral interest—is called to the fact, that separatly or together with the requisitions, suitable replies may be obtained, Messrs. B., M. & Co., relyingconfidently upon their long experience to be able to supply gentlemen not possessing politics of their own with an article suitable to any constituency in the colony.

The following samples are submitted:—

TO A PASTORAL CONSTITUENCY:

Gentlemen,—

Although it was neither my intention nor desire to become a candidate for the New Parliament, I feel that it would be unbecoming in me to resist the flattering solicitations contained in the numerously signed and unexpected requisition which you have done me the honor to send to me.

On the great question of the day—the preservation from robbery and spoliation of the greatest legitimate interest in the colony—I mean the Pastoral interest—my opinions have long been decided. I regard the question as not merely affecting those gentlemen who are commonly called Squatters, but as it concerns the very basis and Framework of society. The vulgar clamour that has been raised by incendiary demagogues, and a servile and degraded press, shall have no weight with me. That the interests of society require this matter to be settled on a satisfactory footing, so that there may no longer be any cause for discontent, I freely admit. I am equally persuaded that the squatters will never be contented with any measure short of that which shall give them the fee-simple of their runs, and, if returned as your representative, I shall use my best endeavours to secure this great act of justice.

Contingent upon success in these endeavours, I shall warmly advocate the proposal to give land-owners full rights of property in all gold upon their land. Subject to the contingency referred to, I shall be prepared to show that the concession of the gold to the land-owner is essential to the establishment of the great principles of private property. and to the salvation of the colony from anarchy and ruin.

I will not trouble you now upon other and minor questions, but shall confidently hope to satisfy your expectations, should you do me the honor to elect me for your representative.

I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen.
Your obedient servant.

TO A DIGGING CONSTITUENCY.

My Friends,—

—For the good old Saxon word gentleman has got so perverted from its original meaning, that I will not insult you by applying it to you—It gives me great pleasure to accede to your request, that I will become a candidate to represent you in the Legislative Assembly. Should I be returned, you will at least have a man for your member who will not fear to tell the imbecile and mercenary crew who have now got possession of that fair vessel of the state—yours it shall be hereafter—what he thinks of them. The proud word Eureka—while eternally blazoned upon your banners—brands with infamy the villains at whose instigation the blessed Sabbath was broken, that the work of murder might be done. But if you return me they shall be brought to a strict though late account, and sent forth unto the world to fill such menial places as they are fit for. I would not shed their blood, but would temper justice with a mercy they failed to show.

With respect to digging on private property—briefly I consider that the diggers have made this country what it is—therefore it is theirs—therefore they have a right to do what they like with it.

With respect to the squatting question, the squatters having plundered the people of their land, must first be compelled to restitute the stolen property, and the punishment due to them for the crime can be afterwards discussed.

I hope soon to address you personally, but in the mean time assure you that if you return me, you will have returned one who will make the roof of Parliament ring with demands that justice shall be done you, and the league of tyrants and slaves—the things that govern us now—tremble in their shoes.

I remain, my friends,
Ever yours,

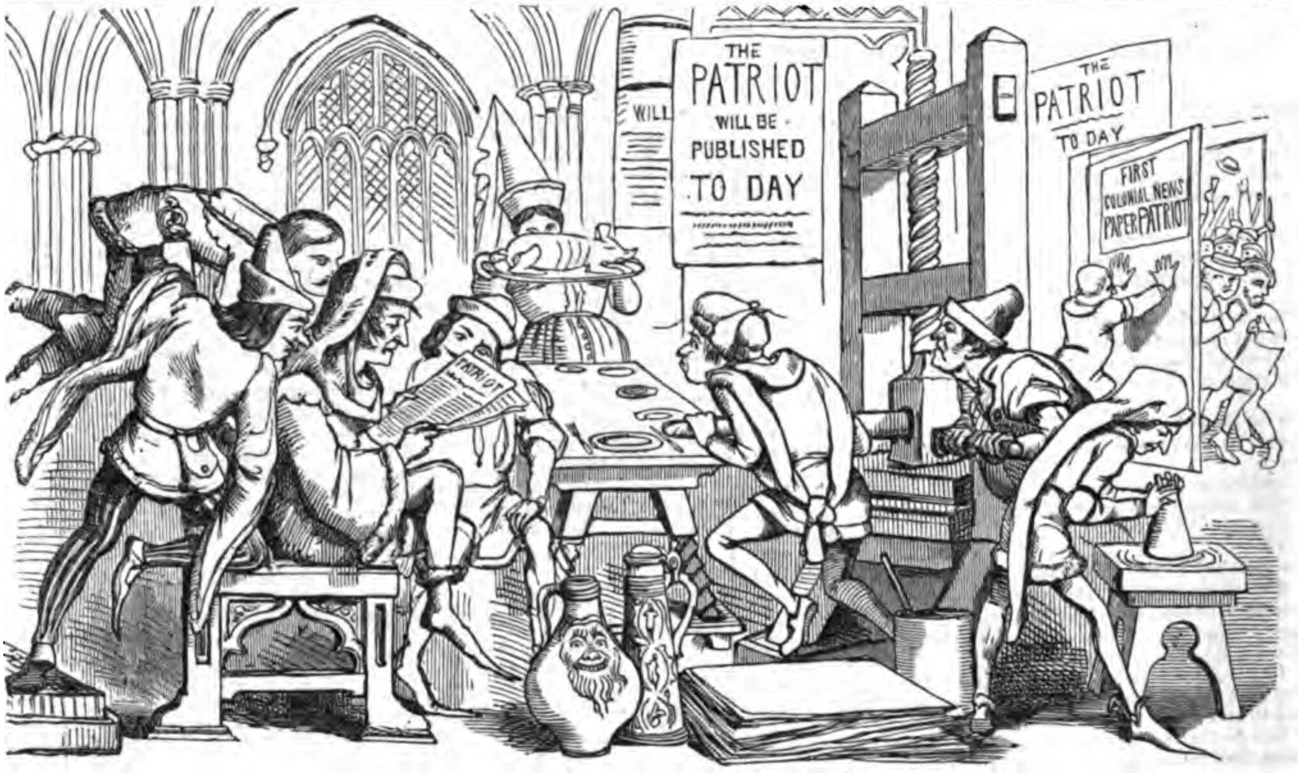
Messrs. Barrer, Monger and Co., have a great variety of the above on hand, which will be disposed of at prices to meet the times.

N.B. The strictest secrecy may be relied on.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Commerce.—A correspondent writing under this signature, complains of the discrepancies observable in the various commercial circulars and prices current, published by some of our mercantile houses, and remarks that they are calculated to mislead shippers in England, by conveying a false idea of the state of our markets. He appears to mistake altogether the object of these documents, which are not prepared for the information of English merchants, but to influence the markets here, in order to facilitate the sale or purchase of goods in which the writers are interested.

Mathematical.—The well known public-house sign "The World turned upside down," is not a versed sine.

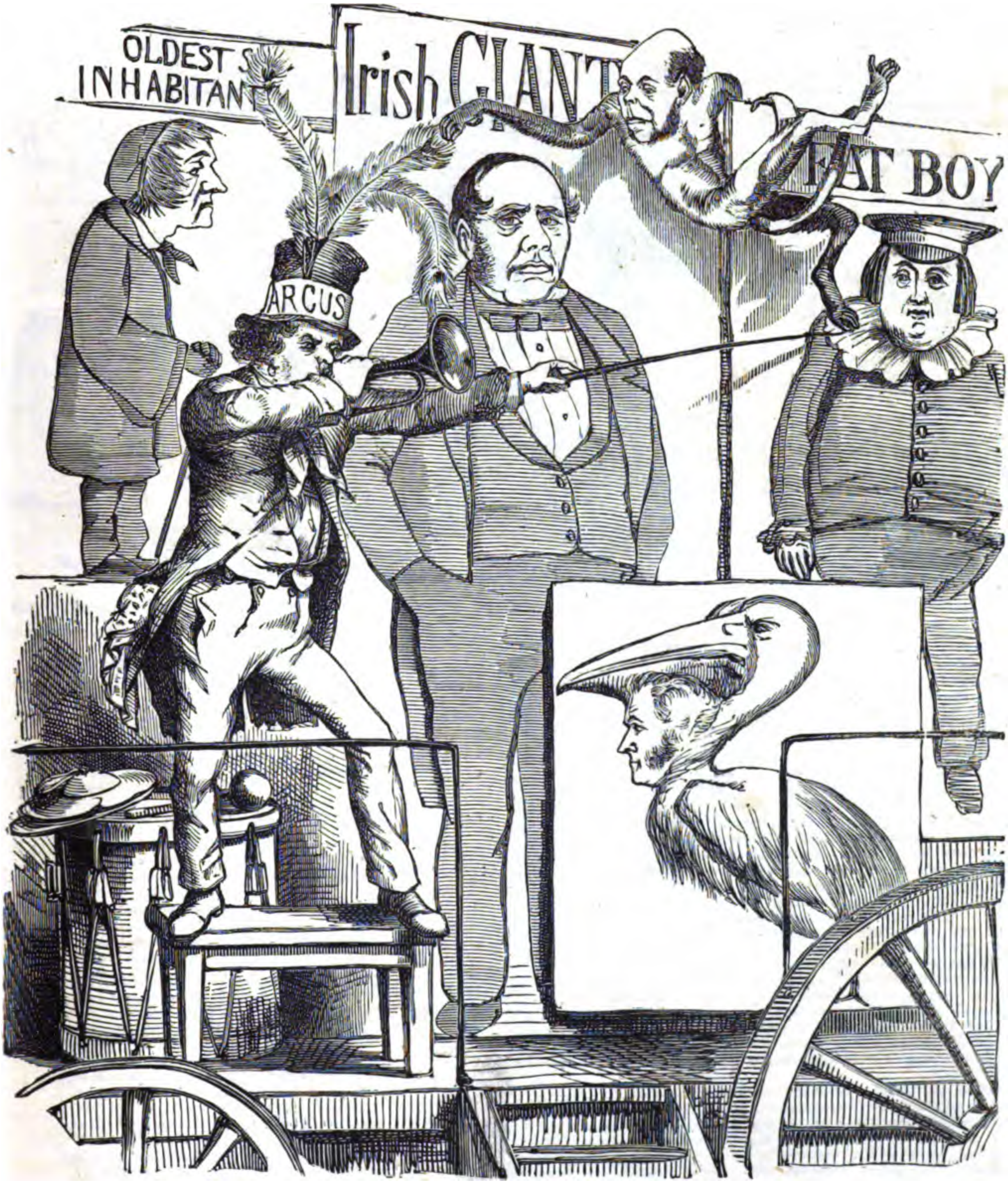

WILL
THE PATRIOT WILL BE PUBLISHED TO DAY
THE PATRIOT TO DAY
FIRST COLONIAL NEWS PAPER PATRIOT
PATRIOT

FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, NO. IV.
THE FIRST PROOF OF THE FIRST JOURNAL.

WHERE ARE THE NINETY?

(A MONOLOGUE.)

Walk hup, ladies and gentlemen, and we'll show you ninety of the most wonderful curiosities as ever you saw.
There's a laughing jackass, what looks after government accounts, like a christian; and likewise there's a curious old macaw,
As tots up two and two quite beautiful, and as is a dead nail on constitootional law.
Walk hup, the charge is honly sixpense; or if you likes to pay a quarter in advance,
You'll make a wery great saving, which it aint very hoften you gets so good a chance.
There's a many more curiosities than could have been shown to you on the pictur houtside,
By the celebrated hartises as painted of it 'owever 'ard they might have been and gone and tried.
But just let me call your attention to that there spirited likeness of a great Hirish giant,
As looks about him with a haspect at oncest most magnanimous and defiant.
This here is the old *original* Hirish giant as has been the admiration of Melbourne for many long years.
And as has been a growin in size like winkin, and talks so as to captivate any mortal man as hears,
Although new comers doesn't half believe in him, by no manner of means, to the extent as they had ought to;
They'd have known he was the only real original Hirish giant, and regarded him corresponding if they'd been taught to.
He's strong enough to drag half Melbourne with him, and as to carryin' heavy measures,
He'll do it three times right through the House, according to your several pleasures.
It's worth double the money to see the wery celebrated Hirish giant alone;
But, likewise, you can here behold the Fat Boy, who though he aint yet half grown.
Is hupwards of nine feet round the body, and weighs close on to ferty stone.
Then, walk hup, walk hup, ladies and gentlemen, and you'll see ninety cur'osities,
All on 'em remarkable for warious descriptions o' singularities and monstrosities.
There's the holdest inhabitant still in possession of hall 'is hintellectahual endowments.
You haint no call to be afraid on him, ladies, though he might seem to be a little savage at moments.
He hemigrated to this here colony long afore the deluge, as you've all heared talk on, come about,
And was buried for a long time in a 'eap o' rubbish, hout o' which at last he was dug hout.
Though a rum 'un for to look at, he's for a long time been discivered to be a good un for to go,
And is one o' the remarkablest curiosities as is to be seen in the whole o' the show.
(Lie down there, you monkey, how can I talk to hall these here ladies and gents,
If you keep a hagravatin on me—pullin habout my peacock's feathers, and hother 'andsome ornaments.
D'ye think that "in this place" there aint no call to "mention names" hexcept the name o' yourself?
If you aint quiet I'll put you hout o' sight and hearin, to go to sleep upon the shelf).
Here's the pelican o' the wilderness; walk hup, ladies and gentlemen, and inspect this wery singular bird:
Although his goings on is sometimes wery ridiculous, and approaching raythur closely to the habsurd;
Take him haltogether, he's one o' the sensiblest birds to chatter as hever you erd.
Walk hup, walk hup, for I give you my honor, and as I hope for to thrive,
There can't be no deception, for the whole on 'em is this wery minute to be seen alive.
If you pays your money, I guarantees that a fat lot more than your money's worth you enjoys.
Now then, shut the door, strike up the music, and holler there you boys!



WHERE ARE THE NINETY?

(TO BE SEEN ALIVE WITHIN.)

MR. NIMROD GREEN ASCERTAINS THE ECONOMY OF KEEPING ONE'S OWN FOWLS.

HINTS FOR COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

HOW TO GET A RAILROAD THROUGH LITTLE PEDDLINGTON.—Send a memorial on the subject to the Surveyor-General, accompanied with a requisition to him to represent Little Peddlington in the Legislative Assembly.

HOW TO GET THE RAILROAD THROUGH FURLEIGH CUM PYPES INSTEAD.—Send a memorial on the subject to the Surveyor-General, with a requisition more numerously signed than that from Peddlington, requesting him to become a candidate for the Fudleigh suffrages.

IN THE PRESS, and will shortly be published, in three volumes, folio, calf. A complete Index to the *Argus* summary of the *Regulations for the Registration of Electors*. Melbourne: Long, Collum & Co.

THE Board of Education has lately appointed a "Normal Inspector of Schools." Have all the previous appointments been ab-normal?

THE WHARF CLERK'S SONG.

I'll take my hat from its lofty peg,
And be off to the wharf again;
Though my small wood-house hath charms for me—
Yet here I must not remain:
The lighters I'll warrant will soon discharge,
And I must go down there now—
For if I allow them to land at large,
There'll be an infernal row.

I came away from my boyhood's home,
Like many another—soft,
But I've wished I had ne'er felt inclined to roam—
Full many a time, and oft
I seemed to think I could make my way,
Like many of low degree:
But had I determined at home to stay,
It would have been better for me.

But I'll hide in my breast, every foolish care,
And hasten to land the wine—
And when others shall bring their boat notes to read—
I quickly will show them mine;
I'll give them the manifest up to read,
While I in the office remain—
And then to the cockets I'll take good heed,
And be off to the wharf again.

One single pen in my ear Ill take,
With an ink bottle in my coat—
And then 'mid the cases and the bales,
I'll write out the drayman's note.
And if I should find that the folks won't come,
Or send for their goods by four;
I'll take very good care before I go home,
To hurry them off to the store,

SHYLOCK IN COURT.

ONE Thompson, who is described in the daily papers as a money-lender, was summoned to the City Police Court on Friday last, for detaining certain deeds, the property of one John Grant.

It seems that the necessities of the said Grant, induced him to make application to the money-lender for the loan of £30. Like the Venetian usurer, this colonial Shylock "could not instantly raise up the gross" of thirty pounds, himself. "But what of that?" There was a friendly Tubal close at hand, the bearer of a weightier purse, by whom the loan could be accomplished, and the rate of usance would be——a trifle, merely,—a pleasant bagatelle—something that should be purely nominal—a pitiful sixty-six or sixty-seven per cent.; for the security was real and ample, the term three months, the borrower needy, and the lender and the lender's friend a brace of christians. And these preliminaries settled, a further bagatelle of thirty shillings, as "commission," was asked by the mediating Thompson, and two guineas by the notary for preparation of the "single bond,"—an equitable mortgage, it is called in Little Collins-street and Temple Court. But even these additions—these lively after-thoughts—did not enhance the rate of interest by more than forty-five per cent, and yet this discontented borrower must needs demur,- put forth impertinent demands for restitution of the deeds proposed to be impawned, and, encountering refusal, submits the cause in controversy, to the Court. Whereupon, a bench of magistrates, devoid of sympathy for Shylock, Tubal, and the brotherhood of thrifty money-lenders, declare the detention of the deeds unjust; and stigmatise the rate of interest as exorbitant!

"Unjust," quotha? "Exorbitant," forsooth! How lamentably the narrow compass of the judicial mind bewrays itself in dealing with affairs of commerce! Instead of censure, the magistrate should have covered the astute pair of money-lenders with laudation infinite. A hundred and ten per cent., by way of interest! Why the exaction was a great conception, worthy of the mercantile mind, in its highest development and most exalted mood. Thompson and Co., "unjust!" Thompson and Co., "exorbitant!" Pooh! pooh! They deserve a statue, the mayoralty, a bank directorship, a seat in the Legislative Council or a service of plate, at the very least.

DOCTOR LANG'S LETTER.

Done into Verse,

By Pleesman X.

Doctor Lang has writ a letter,
(And has advertised the same,)
To the Mare as rools the Pivot,
Mr. Thomson is his name.

And sez he "My son is giltless,"
(Sez this doctor, "hot and strong,")
"That there justice and the jewry
As condemd him, both was wrong.

"I'm conwinsed: and my conwiction
Their conwiction does conwict;
And my conwict son dont oughter
Suffer what the laws inflict.]

"He's a Joseph sold to bondage,
And exposed to degradashun;
But some day you'll see the stripling
President of this here nashun. [1]

"Didn't Tarquin act unproper
Untoe Missus Collatinus?
Didnt them there orty Romans
Oystersize his royle highness? [2]

"Didnt Mister Happy Clawjus
Miss Virginyer try to seize?
And when her papa had stabb'd her,
Wasnt there a jolly breese? [3]

"Didnt Gesler act inyewman
Untoe galliant William Tell,
Wich did caws them noble switzers
For to rise up and rebel? [4]

"Didnt that French Dook de Praslin
Put his wife to death with pison,
Just afore King Looy bolted
With a wery queer disguise on? [5]

"These hewents is all connected
In the minds of learned people;
Jest as Godwin Sands is owin
To a distant village steeple.

"And bekors my son's conwickted
On a charge of steelin gold:
England mustnt hope much longer
This here preshus land to hold. [6]

"There's a hundred thousing fellers
Democrats and something more,
Wich will have a red republic
Ere a many years is o'er. [7]

"Viewing that there consummation
To be wish'd for most devoutly,
My son, like a hancient Roman,
Bears hard fortune very stoutly. [8]

"And for my part, I, a passage
Unto Sydney just have book'd for,
There to wait for that Republic
I have so long hoped and look'd for." [9]

And so ends the wordy letter,
By that fiery Doctor writ:
And this is the only moral
Pleesman X can draw from it:—

That because the Doctor's son has
Robbed the Bank of New South Wales,
And is for that crime confin'd in
One of our colonial jails,

We must sever all connexion
With the British Queen and realm;
And launch forth a young republic,
With this "Joseph" at the helm.

So the path to power and stashun,
And the shortest road to rank,
Is through felon's dock and dungeon,
After having robb'd a bank.

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1. Wrongfully suffering imprisonment and degradation, like the patriarch Joseph, in Egypt, to fit him for some high and honorable office in our future Australian republic.—Letter to Argus, April 19.

2. It was the violation of the Lady Lucretia by the younger Tarquin, and her subsequent self-immolation, that led to the expulsion of the Kings of Rome.—Ibid.

3. It was the attempted perpetration of a similar act of atrocity by a brutal judge, in the case of the daughter of Virginius, that afterwards led to the deliverance of the Roman people from the hateful domination of a worthless oligarchy —Ibid

4. It was the inhumanity of Gesler, towards the patriot Tell, that aroused the spirit of freedom on the mountains of Switzerland.—Ibid.

5. As the famous cases of M. Teste and the Duke de Praslin, in France, were an intimation to all Europe that the Orleans dynasty, under which they had occurred, was fast verging towards its fall, &c.—Ibid.

6. I cannot but regard the enormous wrong implied in the case of Messrs. Lang and Drake as an intimation that British domination is fast drawing towards its close.—Ibid.

7. If I ~~am not~~ greatly misinformed, there are no fewer than a hundred thousand republicans of all nations in the province of of Victoria.—Ibid

[Note by Mr. Punch: The entire male population of Victoria, exceeding 20 years of age, according to the last census, was only 108,840].

8. In the prospect of a consummation so devoutly to be wished * * * my son, I am happy to say * * * bears his hard fortune like an old Roman.—Letter.

9. I am proceeding to Sydney by the steamer of this day, as my longer stay here can be of no service to the two young men. In doing so, all I would add is, Appello populum—"I appeal to the people." I have never yet done so in vain. —Ibid.

MELBOURNE MARKET REPORT.

Metals.—*Gold* is much sought after, and is worth its own weight. In *Silver* there is "small change," in consequence of some little activity it has been called quick-silver. *Copper* is a compound metal, supposed to consist of pence, half-pence and farthings, and is vulgarly called *coppers*, but the uses have hitherto been comparatively unknown. *Iron* was formerly in great request in certain of our neighbouring colonies, but the demand has somewhat subsided, The bolt, bar, chain, and rod descriptions were mostly enquired for, but of late a different kind of *irony* has come in vogue An advance in *Tin* is looked forward to by many with hopeful expectation. *Lead* is very heavy to move, especially when in rolls of 30 cwt. There is sufficient *Brass* in the colony to last for many years. Large parcels of goods have been paid for in this article, when gold has happened to be scarce.

Provisions.—*Butter* is slippery to touch under the most favourable circumstances. It may be interesting to know that the difficulty of getting it weighed when the thermometer stood at 120° in the shade, suggested the idea of the celebrated sliding scale. There are large parcels of rusty *Hams* and *Bacon* in the market, which is doubtless caused by the objectionable practice of sending out iron in pigs. *Beef* and *Pork* in barrels are called by nautical gentlemen "junk." The term is evidently of Chinese extraction, and we have reason to believe that nothing else can be extracted from it. Associations in reference to this article are anything but pleasant. It could not be chewed on board ship and is therefore eschewed on shore. *Cheese* has been sold in large parcels, and in some cases the purchasers too. So great has been the animation in this article, that certain stray lots supposed to be unsaleable, have *hopped* off with the the utmost apparent ease.

PUNCH'S SUMMARY FOR ENGLAND.

Mr. Punch takes advantage of the departure of the "Oliver Lang," to post up his friends in England, as to the condition of Victoria. His summary, though more condensed, will be found to contain quite as much information as that of his daily contemporaries :—

THE GOLD.

We regret to state, that according to Mr. Khull's last circular, only four hundred and fifty tons, eleven hundred weight, three quarters. twenty-seven pounds, nine ounces, three pennyweights, seven grains, (say—

Tons.	*Cwt.*	*Qrs.*	*Lbs.*	*Ozs.*	*Dwts.*	*Grs.*
450	11	3	27	9	3	7),

of gold, have been shipped for England. Although this is below the amount we anticipated, our case might have been considerably worse. Diggers generally are earning at the rate of from a pennyweight to a pound (troy) a day. Great improvements have been made in puddling machines, and about three hundred plans for quartz crushing and amalgamation have been patented during the past month. No patentee has however, as yet, succeeded in extracting from quartz, more gold than the matrix contains, so that a great desideratum still remains to be supplied. Very few large nuggets have recently been discovered. One considerable lump, weighing about a hundred and seventy pounds was picked up on the St. Kilda beach, the other day, and a considerable deposit of coarse gold was also found in the strong room of the Bank of Victoria. The fortunate finder of the latter, was Mr. Henry Miller—the well known philanthropist.

POPULATION.

The population has lately considerably increased, and to judge from appearances is likely to be still farther augmented before long. Not more than thirty thousand males, including dancing-masters and linendrapers' assistants have however immigrated to this colony during the last month. The present population of Victoria is estimated at three million, five hundred and forty thousand, six hundred and fifty-two souls, which are classified as follows :—

Adult males	1,654,321
Adult females	696,787
Lola Montes	1
Children	1,189,543
Total . . .	3,540,652

POLITICAL.

Shortly after the date of our last summary, Mr. William Kerr, the Town Clerk, resigned office. He has long been suspected of a leaning towards Romanism, and he has at length declared himself a convert, and his intention to become a monk of the order of La Trappe. Mr. Kerr has long been a distinguished political character in Victoria, and has endeared himself to all, by the tolerance of his sentiments, the urbanity of his manners and the liberality of his views. On account of his liberality indeed, many persons supposed him to be a Scotchman, but he really is an off-shoot of the well known family of Kerrs from the Isle of Dogs. Great activity is being manifested in canvassing for votes in the election for Mr. Kerr's successor.

The prorogation of the Council took place on the 22nd ult. The Officer Administering the Government his Excellency Major-General M'Arthur, attended by Major Hodgson, of the Artillery, Captain Collier, R.N., of the Expert, Captain Harrison, Inspector-General of cabs and 'busses, and a large and distinguished suite of naval and military officers, entered the Hall of Assembly at the usual hour. They were received by the speaker attired in his robes of office (pea green picked out with silver), the Attorney-General, the Collector of Customs, Mr. Brown of the Detectives, Mr. Grimes the Australian Astronomer Royal, &c., &c. The usual prorogation speech set forth, the gratification his Excellency felt at the progress that the colony had made in various directions, and his regret that in other directions there had been some retrogression. He thanked the members for the attention they had paid to public affairs, and assured them that on his part no zeal would be wanting to promote the welfare of this great and rising colony.

The speech was very favourably received, as being much more explicit and fuller of meaning than the majority of such addresses. When his Excellency left the House, all the members burst into a chorus of "he's a jolly good fellow," Dr. Palmer, the Speaker, giving the time.

Little did any one imagine that this was the last occasion on which a representative of Her Majesty would preside either at the opening or closing of a Victorian Parliamentary session.

Despatches brought by the "Royal Charter," announced that Her Majesty by and with the advice of the Peers, spiritual and temporal, and the Commons in Parliament assembled, had resolved to grant the independence of Victoria on condition of it's being erected into an hereditary monarchy with the late Mayor John Thomas Smith, for the first sovereign. Although the predilections of the colonists were decidedly rather in favor of a republic than of a monarchy, the universal respect and esteem felt for the noble character, high talents, and great attainments of John Thomas the First, sufficed to reconcile the majority of the people to the less popular form of government. The ceremony of the coronation was conducted with great splendour, and in the evening a general illumination and grand display of fireworks took place. It was observed that the illumination was most brilliant in the neighbourhood of Little Bourke and Stephen streets. The majority of members of the old Corporation have been appointed members of the new Monarch's Privy Council.

A brilliant article on this subject by the way, has appeared in the *Herald*, the writer displaying his usual pointedness of allusion, and a consummate knowledge of the subject discussed.

COURT AND FASHION.

His Majesty held his first levee for the season, on Tuesday last, at the Exhibition Building, the reception rooms at the Palace being still incomplete. The diplomatic civic was unusually brilliant, and the presence of Her Britannic Majesty's representative was a subject of general and satisfactory comment.

It is in contemplation to establish a new order of knighthood, that of the Spigot, in compliment to the numerous noble lords who owe the foundation of their fortunes to the cellar.

The Master of the Mint was honored with an audience yesterday, and submitted an impression of the dye which has been prepared for the new gold coinage. His Majesty's profile, on the obverse, is considered to be a beautiful work of art; and the inscription "John Thomas, D. G., King of Victoria," encircles the Colonial Arms on the reverse.

The range of buildings, lately occupied as the Council Club, have been applied to the purposes of a Herald's College; and the officials in that department are engaged, night and day, in searching for and blazoning the arms of our patrician families. We are happy to add that the Government of Tasmania have offorded every facility for the prosecution of genealogical researches in the archives of that island; which may be called the Normandy of our aristocracy.

SOCIAL AND GENERAL TOPICS.

The setting in of winter has been followed by the customary suspension of business: though, in consequence of the facilities for sleighing, and the attendant fall in the rates of cartage, large quantities of goods are being forwarded on sleighs to Bendigo and the Ovens.

The Bay, at the present time, presents a very animated aspect, owing to the number of parties passing over the ice in sledges of all descriptions, to Mount Eliza, and Geelong. It is in contemplation to establish a three days' fair on the Bay, in the neighbourhood of St. Kilda.

We regret to say that up to the present time not more than fifteen hundred bodies have been excavated from the snow on Collingwood Flat, notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts of the little army of laborers employed.

The suspension of the Sunday bull-fights, in the Carlton Gardens Arena, has given so much umbrage, that both Houses of Parliament have sanctioned the appropriation of a vote of £100,000 for the purpose of covering in the Arena with plate-glass, and a further vote of £30,000 for heating it with hot-water, in order that these fashionable and popular sports may be enjoyed in the winter as well as the summer season.

It is worthy of remark that not a gallon of wine, spirits, or beer has appeared upon the weekly list of imports for the last three months, and the small quantity taken out of bond for home consumption, has gone into the stocks of chemists and druggists. This fact speaks volumes for the sobriety of our population.

THE ARTS, LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Italian Opera House, in course of erection on the Eastern Hill, is rapidly advancing towards completion, and, when finished, will furnish accommodation for ten thousand visitors. The whole of the boxes on the grand tier are let for three seasons in advance; and the enterprising manager has despatched an agent to Europe with a *carte blanche* for engagements.

A Spanish Company has been playing nightly to crowded houses in the Theatre Royal. The Chinese Theatre, in Little Bourke-street, also overflows every evening with delighted celestials.

Mr. J. P. Fawkner's five act comedy has created a perfect *furore*, and the orchestra attached to the German Theatre gave the veteran author a serenade on the twentieth night of its performance.

We are eagerly anticipating the appearance of Mr. Patrick O'Brien' *magnum opus*, "Philological Recreations," which, rumour asserts, will place the representation of its erudite author on an imperishable foundation. The only other forthcoming novelty, in the world of letters, is Mr. Myles' "Flirtations with the Muses," which is announced for publication next week.

Among the reprints of the season, we are called upon to notice a charming selection of papers from the commercial columns of the *Argus*, which for humour, playfulness, beauty of diction, picturesqueness of narrative, affluence of subject, exquisite fancy, and grace of style, are comparable with the best productions of the best authors in either hemisphere.

The statue of *Punch* (which our English readers may not be aware is of pure Ballarat gold, weighing forty-seven tons, three hundredweight and a quarter) has been placed upon its pedestal immediately before the House of Lords, and will be publicly inaugurated on Thursday fortnight.

The exhibition of the Victorian Academy of Arts opens on Monday. Two thousand pictures have been sent, of which six hundred have been rejected.

HEATRICAL NOVELTIES.

Mrs. Brougham has been playing the character of Hamlet, for the improvement and delectation of the patrons of the Drama at Ballarat. Following the excellent example thus set, Mr. G. V. Brooke intends, it is said, to make his appearance on the boards at Bendigo, in the part of Juliet, Mr. Coppin sustaining the character of Romeo, and Mr. Gordon that of the starved Apothecary. King Lear, is to be reproduced at the Olympic, the part of the grey, discrowned monarch—

> "All beggar'd, save in tears,
> Foolish—and blind—and overcome with years!"

having been most judiciously confided to Mr. Murray. Lola Montez is deeply engaged in studying the light and lively part of Richard the Third, and an engagement is understood to have been effected by this lady with Mr. Charles Young, who will undertake the character of Lady Anne. The precise day upon which Mrs. Robert Heir will take the town by storm, as the Moor of Venice, is not yet definitely fixed.

AUSTRALIAN DOUBLES.

THE FIRST LAND SALE.

By Charles Dickenson.

Everybody said so. The sharp-featured little pioneer with the shrill voice, and the sparse hair, and the spare cheeks, and the shrunk garments, and the shrewd eyes, said so So did the surly shepherd, who never opened his mouth but to swear, nor lifted his hand but to strike,—excepting to drink. To drink! It tainted his breath and palsied his hands, and furred his tongue, and thickened his voice, and bleared his eyes, and ruddled his nose, and deepened the traces of a dissolute life which were deeply engraven on that seamed and sunburnt face. Even he said so. A fat storekeeper, with a round shiny head, and round shiny cheeks, a round oily voice, and a round oily body, that rolled about upon a pair of round oily legs, said so, too. They all said so.

Now, I am far from intending to assert that this unanimity of opinion is to be accepted as an evidence of its strict and undeniable correctness; for the collective wisdom of the early settlers of Port Phillip was likely to be quite as much at fault as the collective wisdom of a certain Empire, upon which the sun never sets; and whose "flag has braved," and so forth. I merely relate it as a fact of essential importance to my narrative—they all said so.

An upset price of twenty-five pounds per half-acre allotment was preposterous. And a dead silence succeeded to the auctioneer's earnest solicitation for a bid. A sly fellow, that auctioneer. He had studied human nature, he had. A jovial, boisterous, free-spoken fellow, who had been sworn in at the Horns, at Highgate; had taken the chair at Codgers Hall, in the precincts of St. Bride; and had belonged to the family of the Sons of Harmony, who held their meetings at the Rosemary Branch, Peckham. So he sent round the bottle did that jovial auctioneer. Real old cognac, every drop of it. The light and warmth of twenty summers' suns appeared to glow and sparkle in the rich ruby stream that came bubbling and gurgling from the neck, with a cheerful precipitancy, as though it were eager to loosen the tongues, and stir the hearts, and fire the blood of those reluctant bidders. And the pioneer drank, and the surly shepherd drank, and the fat storekeeper drank, and the auctioneer drank, and smacked his lips, and winked his wicked eyes, and rolled his waggish head, like a man who loved and was beloved by that blushing spirit, as, I dare say he was; for he had been pretty intimate with that same blushing spirit for more years than you could count upon your ten fingers. All the bystanders—by which you must understand all the white ones, though some were of such an equivocal color that you could only denominate them dirty white—drank too; and, last of all the aborigines pressed forward for a draught of the fire water, but were repulsed by the savage gestures and sinister menaces of the evil-eyed shepherd.

"Who will offer an advance on the upset price of this valuable building allotment?" Resumed the auctioneer. "Remember it's in the principal street of the principal township in Port Phillip. Why, gentlemen, Melbourne 'ill be a little city some day, with four or five thousand inhabitants, and a Mayor, and a Corporation, [Joe, fill Mr. Batman glass, and the stocks, and a watch house, and everything to make us comfortable. Any advance upon twenty-five pounds for this capital half-acre allotment, corner of Collins and Queen-streets; title from the Crown; deposit only ten per cent.; and not many yards from the river. [Joe, open another bottle of brandy]."

Joe did as he was bid; and the brandy circulating freely, served to counteract the chilly influences of the season; for it was the first of June, and a cold wind swept in from the sea-ward. Streaks of white foam flecked the surface of the purple bay; the intermediate bush and scrub, swayed by the stubborn and prevailing breeze, appeared to be doing homage to the invaders of the soil; flocks of sheep huddled in the sheltered hollows; trees, that had been blazed, snapped and fell crashing to the earth, strewing the track of future streets with a wreck of leaf and branch, and stem and spray; the aborigines drew their opossum rugs or dingy blankets more closely around their withered and attenuated forms; and the new lords of their patrimony fortified themselves against the bleak wind, by further draughts of brandy.

It was beginning to work its wicked will,—that subtle spirit. The auctioneer—sly dog!—saw it all, at a glance. He grew positively eloquent. He was figurative, poetic, and prophetic all in a breath. There never was such a corner allotment as that which was now under offer.

Three or four years hence it would be worth £100. ("Hear, hear," from the pioneer), It would be worth *five* hundred pounds. ("Ho, he," from the same individual.) The auctioneer felt that he was straining the string of his long bow too tensely, and prudently relaxed it. Well, then, he would undertake to say that such a corner allotment as that, would fetch ten times the upset-price in three years from that date. Would no one offer him a bid?

A tipsy voice hiccoughed from the crowd "Upset-price:" whereupon a second tipsy voice hiccoughed "Twenty-six pounds." First tipsy voice, slightly irritated by the competition, boldly advanced to "Thirty!" Second tipsy voice irritated also, sprang five pounds upon his rival's bid. It was becoming perfectly exciting. People forgot the cold wind, forgot everything in short, but the bidding and the brandy bottle. The bottle circulated and the bidding went on. Every moment strengthened the rivalry of the tipsy voices: every moment deepened the excitement of the contest. It lay between these two inebriated competitors exclusively. The company divided itself into two camps. Each of the tipsy voices found himself at the head of a band of applauding supporters. Each was a hero to himself.

"Forty!"

"Fifty!"

"Sixty!"

The excitement was unparalleled. The face of the auctioneer was beaming with satisfaction; the bystanders enjoyed the contest, as though it were a dog-fight; the aborigines were all perplexity and amazement: the rival bidders glared at each other like deadly enemies; and Joe opened a fresh bottle of brandy.

The pause which had ensued upon the last bid was only momentary. It enabled all parties to inspire a long breath. Second tipsy voice took up the running.

"Sixty-five!"

First tipsy voice dashed furiously ahead:

"Seventy!"

Second tipsy voice winded, and manifesting signs of distress:

"Seventy-five!"

It was the last struggle at the winning-post and the first bidder, applying whip and spurs to the sides of his intent, pushed gallantly forward to the goal:

"Eighty pounds!"

The bystanders cheered: the auctioneer held his hammer (a corkscrew) suspended in the air.

"Any advance upon eighty pounds for this half-acre allotment? For the first—second—third and last time, any advance?"

There was no advance! Second tipsy voice was distanced. The hammer fell; and the lot was knocked down to his rival: who pulled eight sovereigns from a greasy leather pouch, and paid them over to the auctioneer. The balance could be liquidated in a month.

But in the interval the purchaser was sobered. Repentance supervened on reckless rashness, and—*he forfeited his deposit.*

LIKELY MEN.

R. Punch, considering that the compiler of the "Black and White List has by no means exhausted the subject of "Likely Men," and that it is a matter of public interest to ascertain who are likely men for other things as well as for seats in the New Parliament, has been at some pains to collect the following :—

James Shackle—commonly called the Penton Pet, Londoner. Age 25. Frame muscular. Strongly marked with the small pox. Has lost a portion of his nose, which was bitten off by a friend. Thick neck, low forehead, dense black eyebrows. Squints. Was born in Clerkenwell. Studied under Fagan the Jew. Was nine times put through a hole in a shutter to open the back door, before he was seven years old. Committed his first regular burglary on his own account at the age of eighteen. Married. Passed three months at Coldbath fields for correcting his wife with a kitchen poker. Is hot tempered, and had the misfortune to kill a policeman. Was transported to Van Diemen's Land. Escaped and took to bush-ranging. At present similarly engaged in Victoria.

A likely man to stick you up if he gets a chance.

Stephen Grey Russel Aubrey De Vere, Englishman. Age 24.—Son of Canning De Vere, Esq., M.P. for Rottanburgh. Went to Eton at an early age. Was not eminently distinguished there. Went to Oxford. Was rusticated for participation in the enterprise of fastening crackers to a Proctor's gown, while going in to morning chapel. Past a year chiefly at billiards. Returned to Oxford. Was plucked for his little go. Had a row with his governor touching money matters. Ultimately went back to Oxford. Was plucked for his little go again. Consoled himself by putting some flour into the cap of the principal of his college—a short-sighted man, who put on the cap nothing doubting. Consequences to the principal, ridiculous. Consequences to De Vere, junior's academical prospects, fatal. Lost heavily on the Derby, and immediately afterwards travelled on the continent. De Vere, senior, had an interview with the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the same night voted very unexpectedly in favor of the government on the —— question. A week afterwards the subject of our memoranda sailed for Australia with strong letters of introduction to all the Governors. Letters dated from Downing-street.

A very likely man to get a lucrative Government appointment.

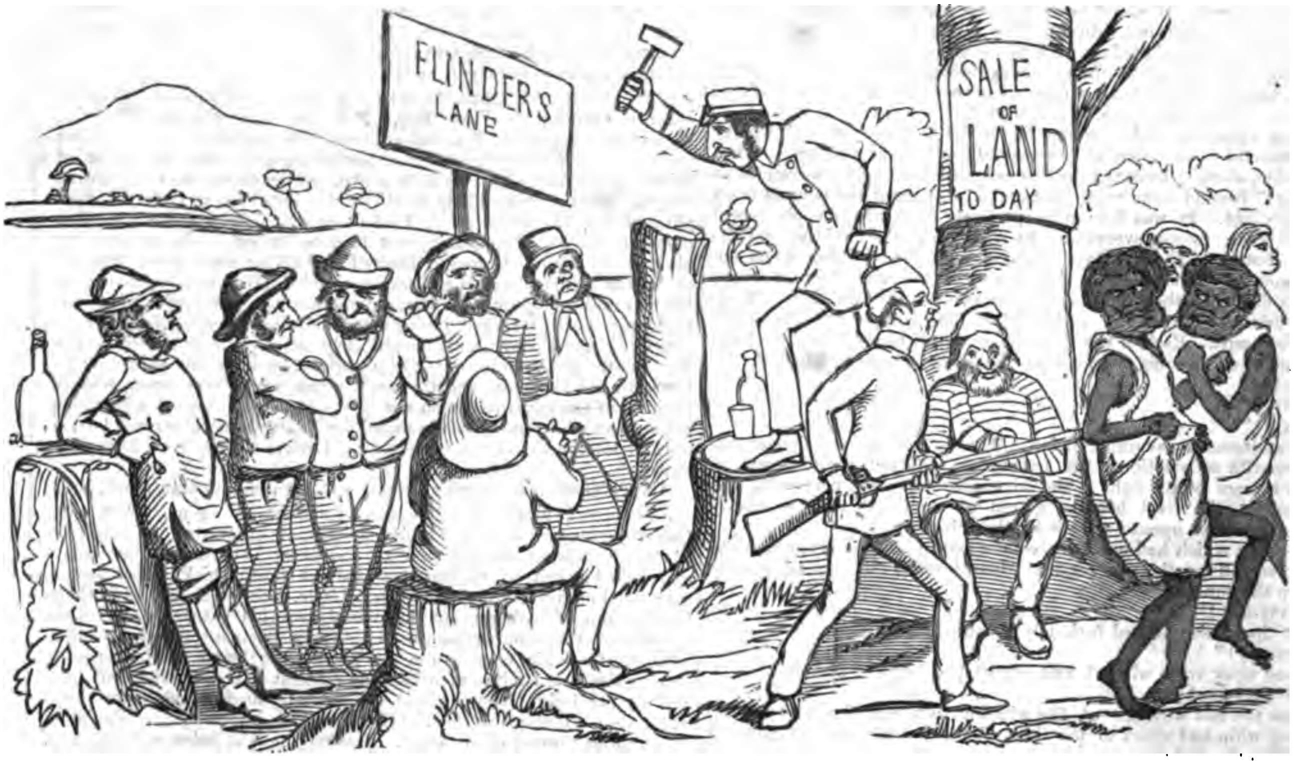
John Spendwell. Englishman. Commission agent. Age, 30. Can drive tandem well, and knows a little of accounts. Is rarely at his office, having an aversion to sedentary occupation, but may generally be met in Collins-street, about four o'clock. Has been a very good credit customer to Messrs. Little, Milton, Haigh, and others in their line of business, but has withdrawn his patronage, in consequence of their impertinence is desiring payment of their bills. Guesses that his commission on goods, consigned to him for sale, during the last twelve menths, may amount to about £200, but cannot say precisely. His personal expenditure, during the same time, amounted to about £1350. Has received letters from England, urging him to send remittances. Has no doubt of being able to make it all right when things improve. Has a weakness for loo. Backed his cob, Bang, to trot anything in the colony for two miles. Dropped £100 on that event, but Bang was out of sorts at the time, and is sure to make it up in the next match. Is fond of "seeing life."

A likely man to make a bolt of it some day.

Thomas Brogue, Irishman. Age 50.—Was formerly considered an ornament to Concilliation Hall. Was ill treated by the Liberator, and gave up politics. Became secretary to a railway company, but lost the appointment through the machinations of an unprincipled clique in the directory. Started a scheme to connect Dublin and Holyhead with an ariel railway, but owing to the absence of public discernment, the enterprise never got beyond the prospectus stage. Inherited a small fortune (amount unknown) and went upon the English Stock Exchange. Was ruined there in consequence of the perfidy of a trusted friend. Went through the Court. Started successively a "Metropolitan Steam Mangling Company," a Society for converting the Aborigines of New Guinea, "on the principle of offering considerable worldly advantages to those engaged in the good work, in order that the ordinary springs of human energy may be properly touched"—a Patent Waterproof Paper Roofing Company—an "Association for Supplying Baked Potatoes on a Scale Suited to the Character of the British Nation," &c., &c., &c. Did not succeed in making any one of these speculations remunerative. Retired to Boulogne, where, in company with several gentlemen, he drew up a prospectus of an Australian Gold Mining Association. Transmitted the prospectus to London, where it was so favourably received, that he was appointed Melbourne director, and permitted to embark from a French port. Received his first quarter's salary, when remittances ceased, the majority of the shareholders having forfeited their shares, and the affairs of the company being wound up: Has thereby been ruined again. Is at present principally engaged in submitting plans for promoting national and individual wealth to various persons of influence.

A likely man to carry a grievance and a prospectus with him where-ever he goes.

Wizard Jacobs Surpassed.—Hitherto it has been thought that the Squatters are no conjurors. We are creditably informed, however, that a gentleman in the interior, has, after the most laborious and indefatigable exertions, succeeded in *turning a horse into a paddock.*


FLINDERS LANE
SALE OF LAND TO DAY

FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT NO. V.
THE FIRST LAND SALE.

SHORTLY WILL BE PUBLISHED.

THE STORY
OF THE
SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS,
Who went in Search of Constituencies.
NOT BY (CHARLES DICKENS).

"THREE CHEERS FOR THE PERLEESE."*

BY PLEESMAN X.

Pleesman Hevans, unaccustomed
For to put his thorts in verse,
Haskes me his greatful feelins
In a poem to reherse:

Wich as I'm a dewchus servant
Of the sister Mewses nine,
I consent to, more betoken,
He's a brother Bloo of mine.

And tho I've the gift of writin
Like Tom Moore, or Mister Pope,
Or Sir Eddard Bulwer Litten,
I aint noways proud, I ope.

So I writ him word as I would
On this matter speak my mind;
And ses he, by way of anser,
"Pleesman X yure wery kind."

For that vote of thanks at Richmond,
Me, and likewise all the force,
Feel ourselves unkimmin grateful,
Likewise very proud, of course.

Sometime in a noisy meetin
Pleesemen meet with eavy blose;
Sometimes get a broken head, and
Sometimes show a bleedin nose.

But to salve that broken head, and
Staunch the blood that freely flows,
You've applied a vote of thanks, and
So you ought to, goodness knows.

This is jest the way the niggers,
Are accustom'd for to do;
With the fetisches they worship,
In the land of Quashiboo.

When their wooden gods affront em
Kix and cuffs and curses fly;
When they want the gods purtecshun,
Them with softest words they ply.

But I think an intermeedyat
Mode of treatment would be wise,
For the wooden-headed Fetisch
And our softer heads likewise.

We could do without the cuffin,
Hustlin, jostlin, cries of "Jee!"
And without the Richmond cheerin,
Which is all soft-soap, you know.

Civil words and kertchus treetment's
All my brother bloos expex,
Fewer kix than ha'pence would be
Welkum to the Force, and—X.

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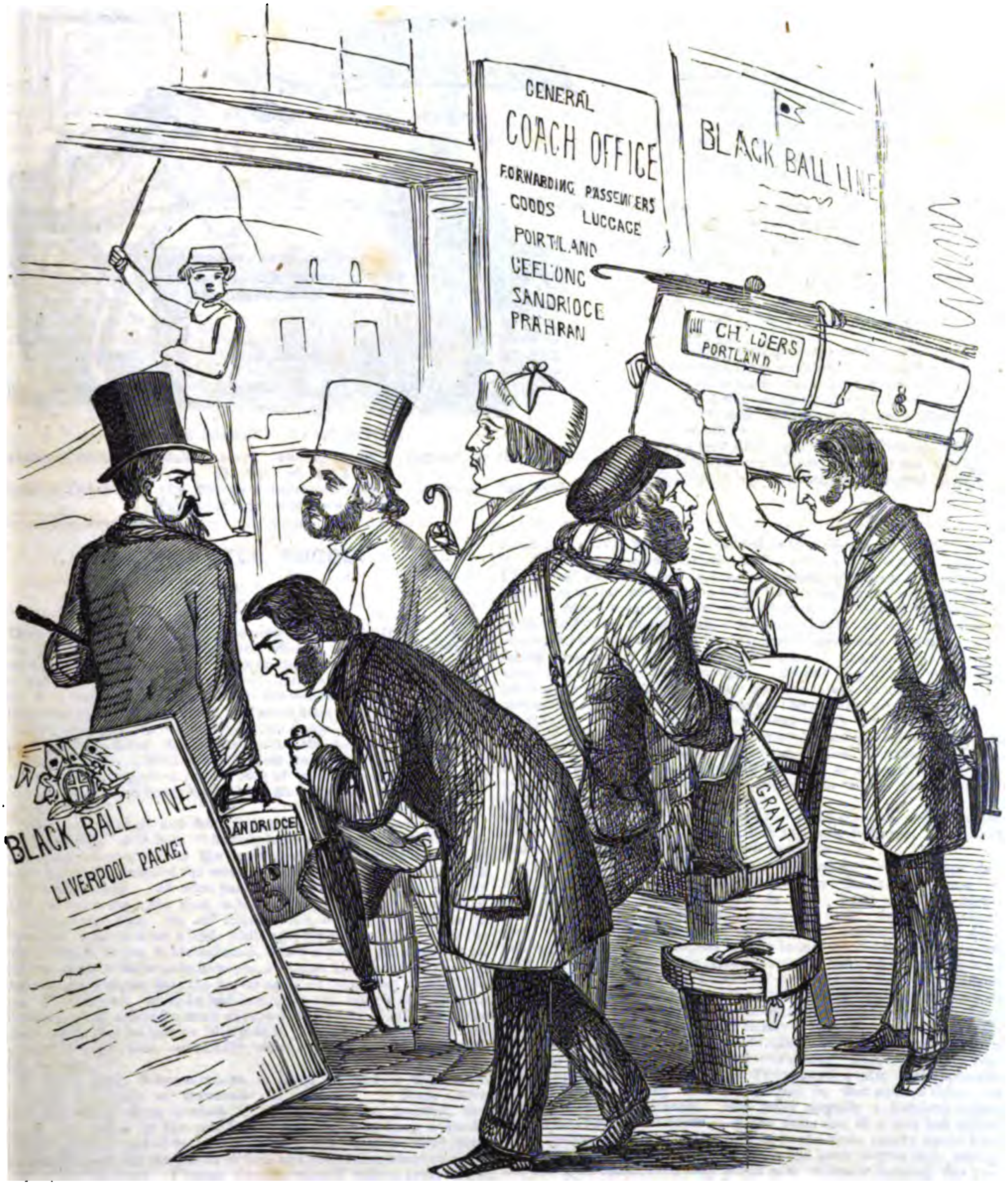
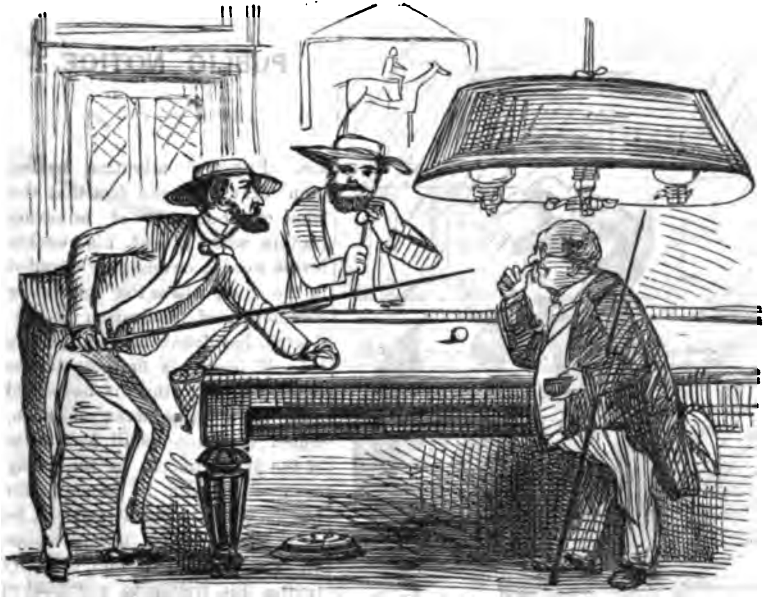
* Three cheers were also given to the police for the good order which they had succeeded in maintaining, and the good temper with which they had done their duty. Constable EVANS responded to the compliment, and the meeting broke up.—ARGUS REPORT OF THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION AT RICHMOND.



THE SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS.



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (*taking snuff*): Bad news from England by the "Royal Charter," eh, Sir?

PASTORAL TENANT OF THE CROWN (*pausing abruptly in his game*): Bad news!!! Why, wool's up threepence a pound!!!

THE BLACK & WHITE LIST.

IT has been suggested to Mr. Punch that the doggrel, with this heading, recently published in the *Melbourne Herald*, would have been more complete with an additional verse here supplied. Why the writer in the *Herald* did not supply it, perhaps most readers of the subjoined may be able to guess:—

A'Beckett, Chief Justice, and lately made knight,
A middling lawyer—a genius not bright;
Though passably anxious that justice be done,
More ardent, by far, in concocting a pun;
Most studious he is, when a lawyer has spoke,
To torture his words to the shape of a joke;
And though nobody else see the wit of the fling,
He'll laugh at his jest till he makes the court ring.
At doggrel writing, in metre like this,
He in confidence owned to not being a-miss;
He read to the bar the sweet strains of his muse—
To laugh at a justice's jokes who'd refuse?—
The barristers roared—and I can't deem them wrong,
For a very small joke is a treat at Geelong;
This praise to A'Beckett we ought not to grudge,
He'd make a good jester, if not a good judge.

THE MONSTER NUGGET.

PART I.

Those who—like myself—have the pleasure of being a friend of B- 's, know, that by dropping into his little office at about two o'clock on most days, one is likely to procure a good glass of sherry and a biscuit, and subsequently a small cigar of curious and excellent properties. B—, himself, indeed, although not remarkably small, is also of curious and excellent properties, and some little time ago, as I sat in his office, enjoying his conversation, his cigars, his sherry, and his other amiable qualities, he narrated to me the following anecdote:—

"You know F—. Well he's in a great state of excitement just now about a monster nugget—a regular rock of gold—(incomparably larger than any that has yet been brought to Melbourne)—the existence of which he knows."

"Why doesn't he go and fetch it at once." I exclaimed.

"I'll tell you," said B—, "he only knows that it is in some gorge near a creek, somewhere to the north-west of Middlerowie, but he doesn't know the name of the creek or anything about it, except that it is fifty miles long. At what part of the creek the nugget lies, he knows no more than the man in the moon. The way he heard of the matter was this. An old friend of his, who seldom comes to Melbourne, came to town a little while ago, for the first time since the golddiscoveries, which, in his seclusion, he never paid much attention to. When he came to Melbourne however, F— took him in to Mr. Khull's, to see the great nugget that the papers made so much fuss about at the time. F—'s friend, when he had looked at the nugget and handled and examined it, evinced a most unexpected amount of interest in the matter—said, that he had no idea gold in its native state, presented that kind of appearance—and finally, when F— and he left Mr. Khull's office, he said,—

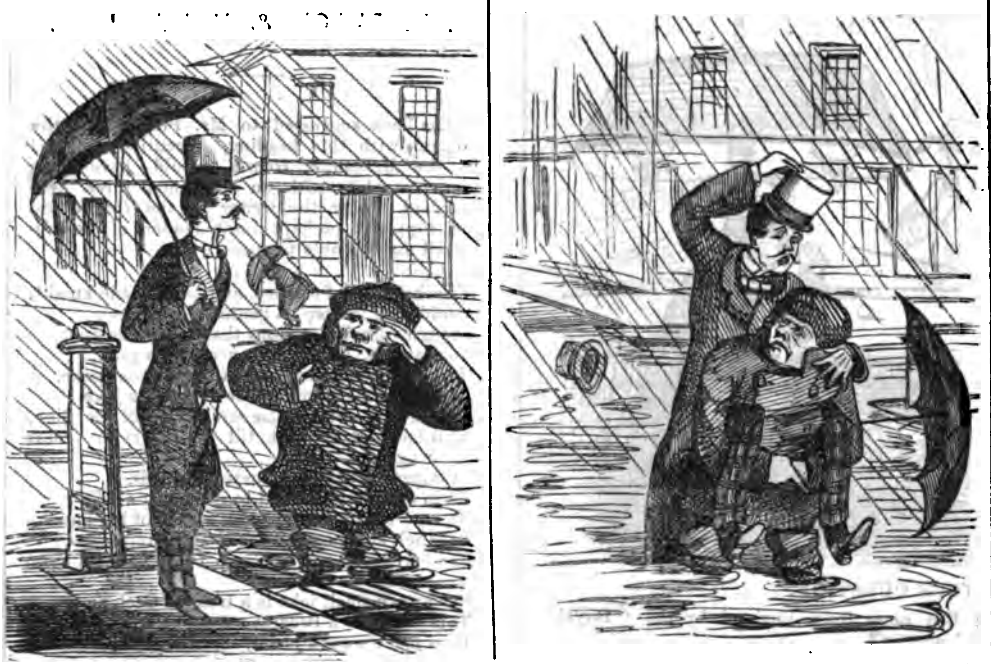
'If that's gold, I know where a lump of gold is that must be worth hundreds of thousands of pounds.' "Some time ago, I was riding along a creek in my part of the country, and got off my horse in the middle of the day, to have a smoke and boil myself a pot of tea. I unsaddled old Jack, hobbled him, lighted a fire and put the pot on to boil, and then I clambered up a hill overhanging the creek. I began amusing myself rolling great stones down into the creek. While doing so, I noticed, what I took to be a great yellow looking stone, and went up to send it after the rest, but found it so heavy or so fast imbedded in the soil, that I couldn't move it. I thought no more about the matter for the pot began to boil; so I made my tea and in half an hour afterwards, rode away. I am now certain that that yellow lump must have been a huge mass of gold.

F—'s friend became a good deal excited, here refused to give more particulars of the locality in which he had stumbled on his extraordinary discovery, but declared his intention of immediately returning and taking possession of the enormous treasure. The next day he rode away, and F— never saw him again. He had long suspected that his heart was some way diseased, and whether or not excitement at supposing himself to he suddenly enriched 'beyond the dreams of avarice,' precipitated his death, he was found dead in his bed a few days afterwards at a little bush public-house, where he had put up for the night. With him, of course, died all knowledge of the whereabouts of the monster nugget, but F— seems half inclined to start off and devote himself to examining all the hills and creeks to the north west of Middlerowie, till he finds the treasure."

These were all the particulars that B— could give me, and he indeed rather ridiculed the whole story. For my part, however, I couldn't shake off the strong impression it left upon me.

"It would be ridiculous," I said to myself, "to suppose that we have already chanced to light upon the largest mass of gold here. No doubt, buried in the heart of the earth, there are thousands of vast masses of gold far larger than that petty hundred weight nugget that people haven't done talking about yet. A hundred weight indeed! No doubt there are many ton nuggets if we only knew where to find them. There is no more reason to doubt the existence of ton nuggets than of hundred weight nuggets. We know nothing about the matter—we can have no means of guessing the maximum size of the lumps in which gold may be found. Nothing but the vulgar fallacy of regarding what is unknown as impossible could induce a man to affirm confidently that there is no nugget in Victoria as big as Degraves's mill. There is nothing contradictory or irrational in the idea. The utmost, a calm philosophically minded man would say upon the subject, is, that such a thing has never yet been discovered. But until recently a hundred-weight nugget had never been found. A few years ago, if a man had talked about finding a hundred weight of gold in the bush, people would have said the notion was absurd; and they would have said so with neither less nor more reason than they would now evince in denying the possibility of finding a nugget as big as a church.

Thus thinking, I sought out F——. He repeated to me very



THE SWELL'S EXTREMITY IS THE ROUGH'S OPPORTUNITY.

Rough: Carry yer honor across, Sir, for a trifle, Sir ?
Swell: Aw—my man—aw, yes, if you can carry me.

Rough: Now, then, mate, what are you going to stand ?
Swell: Aw—my good feller, be quiet now—aw—and I'll give you sixpence.
Rough: If you don't give us a bob afore I go any farther, so-elp-me I'll drop you in it.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Mr. Punch's attention having been drawn to the fact that the tens of thousands of admiring visitors who attend his weekly levees were inconveniently crowded in the office, where the interesting ceremonial of publication is conducted, has determined on tearing himself from his first Australian home, and removing his household gods to a magnificent mansion, which the united skill and taste of the first artificers in the colony are now occupied in preparing for his reception. Mr. Punch will be "At Home" in his new premises on Thursday next, and cordially invites his friends to a "feast of reason and flow of soul" on that day, and each succeeding Thursday, *ad infinitum*.

Con.—Why is a publican unfit to sit in the New House of Assembly?—Because he is addicted to half-and-half measures.

nearly what B—— had told me, but declared that he had given up all idea of going off on such a wild goose chase as to seek a nugget about which he only knew that it was somewhere up a hill, somewhere along some creek, fifty miles in length. Perhaps, too, his friend had been mistaken about the thing being gold at all. The man had paid no great attention to the "yellow mass." Very possibly it wasn't gold at all. Certainly he was a very trustworthy person, but as liable to make mistakes as any one else. In short, F—— was not going to disturb his peace of mind in seeking the apocryphal treasure. Any one might go after it for aught he cared.

In pushing my enquiries I at all events threw away the substance to grasp at the shadow, insofar that I missed my dinner, and reached home late in the evening. However, I was too much of a philosopher to be "thrown off my feed" by the description of any nugget that ever did or can exist, and I made great play with a cold surloin of beef for supper. I then sat down to smoke and meditate, with the aid of a bottle of an agreeable fluid that had emanated from certain "United Vineyard proprietors," to whose union and manufacture I wish all manner of prosperity. Finally I went to bed, but it was long before I could sleep, for the spirit of the monster nugget was strong upon me.

Before I went to sleep, I determined that whether the chase were a wild goose one or not, I would set about it. Let who would laugh I would devote myself to seeking what F's friend had accidentally found.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Enquirer.—We don't know what it is that petitioners "ever pray' for.

Nauticus.—Dr, Macadam has undertaken the delivery of a course of lectures on navigation to the unlettered buoys in Hobson's Bay.

Algebraical Problem.—Give the formula for a pot of Burton ale ? *Ans.* A pot of ale (good) = XXX = X^3.

PROHIBITED PUNS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that from and after the date of this Proclamation, all the undermentioned Puns, and their variations, will be strictly prohibited, and persons perpetrating the same will be visited with the full penalties of the statute in that case made and provided.

MELBOURNE PUNCH.

Calling the Richmond Municipality the farce of the "Miller and his Men."

Saying that Dr. Macadam is paving the road to popularity.

Dining on the Kangaroo Steamer.

Complaining of Kerr's dogged opposition to progress.

Comparing the Electric Telegraph to a post-al commuuication.

Indulging in raillery at the new St. Kilda line.

Calling the enterprise of the Water Commission spirit and water.

Alluding to the gutteral sound of the torrents in Elizabeth-street, or calliug that thoroughfare a channel of traffic.

Applying to motto "Palmer qui meruit,' &c., to the speaker.

Citing the Governor's income as a specimen of gigantic celery.

Calling the Ballot Constitution Balls.

Comparing the staff of a certain newspaper to sticks.

Botanical Phenomenon.—In the garden of Mr. —— is to be seen an apple growing on a tree, *which* a week since was only a blossom.—*Age.*

New Publication.—We are informed that Mr Hellicar has in the press a great historical work, entitled "The Sovereigns of Australia."

THE MONSTER NUGGET.

PART II.

Contrary to common expectation the latest information given by the English Registrar-General, is to the effect that the Joneses of Great Britain are even more numerous than the Smiths. Seeking then the most harmless *alias* for F—— 's deceased friend, I shall call him Jones. My first object was to see whether I could obtain any relics of the late Mr. Jones that would in any way guide me in my search. In Melbourne I could procure none. Very few people knew him at all. He was a man whose natural shyness and taciturnity had been aggravated by long residence in the far bush; and, being somewhat advanced in life, he had not even been a partisipator in any of those "fast" expeditions that gentlemen from the interior are apt to set about in a kind of copartnery that makes them what they call friends. The fact that nobody cared a straw about his life or his death, would of course have been quite compatible with the sort of friendship, the existence of which I sought to discover; but, among a great many members of the squatting confederacy, who I thought had at various times been drunk with all the sheep and cattle owners of Victoria and the adjacent colonies, I could not find one that seemed to know anything of Jones' affairs. He had indeed appeared at some of their haunts, but he had always sat apart smoking an incommunicative pipe; and though it had been noticed that that comfortable instrument gradually acquired a darker color, he never, during the whole process of coloration, admitted a single individual into his confidence. He would make a virgin "Burns' cutty" as black as a coal without letting any one of his "friends" know what he was thinking about during any minute while the change was going on.

I therefore saw that my only plan was to get into his "part of the country" as soon as possible; and, having purchased a stout horse for the journey, I lost no time in setting forth. The weather being fine, and the bush roads in good travelling condition, I was enabled, on the evening of the second day, to "make," as seamen say, a township called, on government maps and in impounding notices, Glenetwas, but more generally spoken of as "the Stockhorse," that being the name of the public-house which had been the nucleus, and remained the bulk, of this rising city.

The "Stockhorse," though not a very magnificent place at this day, presents a remarkable illustration of progressive developement, traces of each stage of its progress being still visible. It was originally an out-lying sheep station, and the old shepherd's hut with it's slab sides and bark roof still stands above the waterhole. In former days, this old hut used to be a great house of call among the squatters, stock drivers, shepherds seeking employment, and others, for it stood where several roads, or rather tracks, leading to various stations, emptied themselves into one channel that flowed on to Melbourne. Coming from M'Thistle's, it was a capital mid-day halting place, whereat to draw bridle and get a feed and a pot of tea, and the same truth applied in going to old Rose's, twenty miles farther on at the Emu Springs, and though by staying at O'Bragh's head station, you made a better start of it the next day for Leak's place on the Moukiddino Creek, most people had a horror of sleeping at O'Bragh's establishment which had the reputation of being the dirtiest, fleaiest, and buggiest, in the whole country.

The consequence was, that old Tom, the hut-keeper at the Stockhorse water-holes, had continual calls upon his hospitality, and in a fit of industry quite alarming in one of his professian, had gone the length of constructing for the use of strangers, two extra bunks, which were seldom unoccupied, while it very often happened that three or four more snorers lay upon the ground rolled up in blankets and looking like huge cocoons. In fact Tom gradually came to look upon it as a matter of course, that who ever came that way wanted a feed, and as soon as he saw any one coming over the brow of the hill, he "slung the billy"—as these pastoral Pollies call putting the kettle on—as a matter of course, and got ready the mutton and damper.

The consequence was that the ration account for the station at the Stockhorse Water-holes became so formidable, as to be a continual grief to the prudent Scotch soul of Mac Sparing, the occupant of the run, while his bush hospitality was too strong to permit him to decline furnishing the extra supplies that Tom's visitors consumed. At length he adopted that common course of squatters, who find themselves being eaten out of house and home, in this way,—he made "commodity of his diseases," by establishing an "accommodation house." The accommodation house had been built of the same material as the old hut—slabs and bark —and was beautifully furnished with bark bunks all round, and a large slab table let into the ground, and encompassed by four slab benches, also fixtures. Gentlemen were expected to bring their own blankets. Old Tom, who became superintendent, was, however, very proud of the perfection of the appointments—particularly of some real forks, which were the first of those contrivances that had ever been seen nearer than the head station.

He never, however, relished the accommodation house system, and whereas, while doing the honors of his hut, he would at any time have put himself to considerable inconvenience, or given up his own bunk, if need were, to a stranger, when once he began to sell his hospitality, he became a most morose and niggardly host, growling at his guests, and grudging them every morsel they put into their mouths.

His reign over the accommodation house was not, however, a very protracted one. A gentleman, supposed to be a land speculator, one day showed his unwelcome face at the Stock-horse Waterholes, and Mac Sparing, taking the alarm, and having the fear of the plough before his eyes, exercised his pre-emptive right and purchased a square mile of country, taking in all the water-holes and all the improvements. It was soon after this that the present "Stock-horse" Inn was built, and the poor old accommodation house turned into a stable. At this time, also, a considerable mania for laying out townships prevailed, and so it came to pass that about a hundred and fifty, out of the six hundred and forty acres, were cut up into small allotments, and a very beautiful plan of the valuable property, showing a railway station reserve, a reserve for places of public worship for various denominations of believers, a reserve for schools, a reserve for a market, reserve for a hospital, etc., was prepared, and the township of Glenetwas was founded.

In spite of the liberal and far-seeing spirit that the surveyor evinced —Mac Sparing stared when he saw the plan, and still more when the bill for preparing it came in—very few lots were disposed of. A blacksmith bought one, and set up a forge, however, with great success. A shoemaker, with a natural capacity for mending saddlery and harness, also became a thriving citizen of Glenetwas. Then there was a "general store," the proprietor of which pushed the early closing movement so far, that he kept his premises continually locked up, and had to be looked for at the "Stock-horse" whenever a customer came. Then there was a pound and a poundkeeper. The landlord of the Stock-horse acted as a post-master, and was considered to be a man of great influence with government, not only by virtue of his office, but inasmuch as he had made interest to get three horse policemen stationed at Glenetwas to preserve the peace of the district. Thus it came to pass that the township possessed a lock-up—a noble structure, built with more than common regard to the comfort of prisoners, being nearly seven feet square and six feet high, and composed both as to walls and roof and floor, of large logs, the sleeping accommodation thus afforded being rendered more complete by a heavy chain (fastened along one wall with strong staples), to which prisoners could be handcuffed, and so made snug and comfortable for the night. Fortunately, however, this establishment was scarcely ever in request, except occasionally for the incarceration of some unlucky shepherd or storekeeper who had "got the horrors," by "knocking down" his wages somewhat too rapidly at the bar.

I reached the "Stock-horse" as night was setting in, and the whole male population of the township was loitering about the inn door—the only exception being the smith who was shoeing a squatter's horse, and making the sparks fly, and the still air vibrate with the strokes of his hammer. By the way, I know nothing that acts more suddenly upon the spirits of a man after a long ride in the bush—when the miles seem to lengthen, and when the night has begun to fall—when he has long been expecting to see his journey's end at every turn in the road, and has begun to get half sceptical as to the very existence of "the timely inn"—when he is considering whether it is possible that he can in any way have missed the place altogether—I say, I know nothing that more quickly raises his spirits than at a sudden turn of the road to see the gleam of a forge, and to know that his troubles and anxieties of the moment are over.

ELIZA (who is addicted to spaniels, scientific, studies, and seriousness): Out for the evening, Charles?

CHARLES, (who has promised to be present at Peplow's "little dance," and is engaged for the first schottische to Louisa Bagge, and for the *deux tems* to 'Bella Wilkins, and for Sir Roger de Coverley to Ellen Beauchamp): Yes, my love! I made an appointment with Whiffles to go through those abominable executorship accounts. I may be rather late; but don't sit up, for late hours are so very injurious to the complexion.

CONS,

Why is having your portrait taken for *Punch*, like capital punishment? Because your head is laid on the block to be cut.

Why should a horse feel doubtful, when loosely tethered? Because he is in a state of uncertain-tie.

THE ROAMING HISTORY OF FITZ GIBBON.

BY PLEESMAN X.

Pens, it seems, has sharper hedges
Than the werry sharpest swords,
And no cutlash wounds so deeply,
As do keen and trenshant words.

For a letter as was written
In th' Elizabethan *Age*,
Poking fun at won Fitz Gibbon,
Plunged that gent intoe a rage.

Off and on the pashun seized him,
Like a tershun ague-fit;
And it lasted for a fortnite,
And he couldn't smother it.

And one day as he was walkin
Up and down Big Collins-street,
Curling his mustash for pastime,
Who dye think he chanced to meet?

Why a sertin gent as edits
That Elizabethan *Age*,
Which did publish that there letter,
Which excited Fitzes' rage.

And that gent, he nods famillyer,
Which his name is Mister Syme,
Aving seed him in the Council,
Once or twice upon a time.

And like other Krischun peeple,
They began to cuss the weather,
As they chatted, free and friendly,
Jogging on, them two, together.

And sez Fitz, a-smilin sweetly,
Untoe that there lofty writer,
Likewise speakin very slowly,
For to make his words perliter:—

"Wot's the name of that there My-lee,
Which that flippant letter writ,
Making out as how at Kremorn,
I had for my country fit?"

But the gent as was appealed to,
On this question put a stopper,
By observing such divulgings
Wasn't not by no means proper.

So, in such like pleasin small talk,
Them two gents the time beguiled,
And Fitz Gibbon curled his starshers,
And the lofty writer smiled;

Till a sudden burst of frensy
In Fitz Gibbon's mind was bred,
And he deals a blow, back-handed,
On to Mister Symeses head.

Then he amputates his timber,
Satisfied with that there blo;
Had *I* met with such a wonner,
I'd have laid Fitz Gibbon low.

Howsomdever Mister Syme, he
Summonses this fitin Fitz,
Tho I bleeve he cood have smash'd him,
In a minnit, all to bits.

But unto the City Court, he
Introjuces fitin Fits;
Where, dispensing dewbyous justice,
Whittington the Second sits.

Likewise Mr. Sturt, the double
Of that most unblemished Mare,
And in this perticler instance,
Mister Sturt he took the chair.

So the case was heard afore him
And the hostile parties brort
Wis-a-wee, and told their stories,
Flump and plain to all the Cort.

Lots of rifles there was present.
(Fitz belongs to that their kore),
And the Capting for his folly,
Blushed and *(sooty woshee)* swore.

For this Fitz made bad much wusser,
Talkin in his simple way,
And he look'd like Master Slender,
Simp'ring in the Winzor play,

When he brags about his valor
In regard to fitin bears,
Parleying with sweet Ann Page, while
Dinner's gettin cold up stairs.

And a turgid speech Fitz wound up
With a frothy perorashun,
Boastin what the Rifles would do,
In th'ewent of an inwashun.

Then the people skreech'd with lafter;
Whereupon, sewerely frownin,
"Silence ! Silence in the Court, there !"
Cries out galyant Sarjent Downin.

And when that there larf subsided,
Mr. Sturt remarks as how
Mister Symeses provokashun
Partly justified the blow!

And he should inflict no more than
Jest a fine of forty bob;
So, you see, it aint deer pastime,]
Crackin of a writer's nob.

For the Beak dont like them writers—
Lynx-eyed watchmen as they are,
Keeping an unsleeping vigil,
Oer the Bench and oer the Bar;—

Gardyens of the fount of Justice,
For to keep it pure and bright,
Fearless censors of wrong-doers,
Champions of the law of right;

Profligacy's sternest foes,—
Gilded folly's speshal hate,—
Little love have beaks or bullies
For the dreaded Fourth Estate.

But the strife is out of date, which
Such poor puny whipsters wage;—
Arguments *ad backy linem*
Dont belong to this here age.

NOT SUITING THE ACTION TO THE WORD.

The *Geelong Advertiser* of Tuesday week, thus commences its leading article:—

"Geelong is biding her time. There is no hurry, no precipitancy in her politics."

Not knowing what the politics of the Pivot are, and conscious only of a vague impression that they are decidedly slow, *Punch* is not prepared to offer a decided opinion upon the subject; but the political organ of Geelong is unquestionably in a violent hurry, and precipitate to rashness, since we find it dating the very paper from which the above paragraph is extracted—Tuesday, *May* 29, 1856.

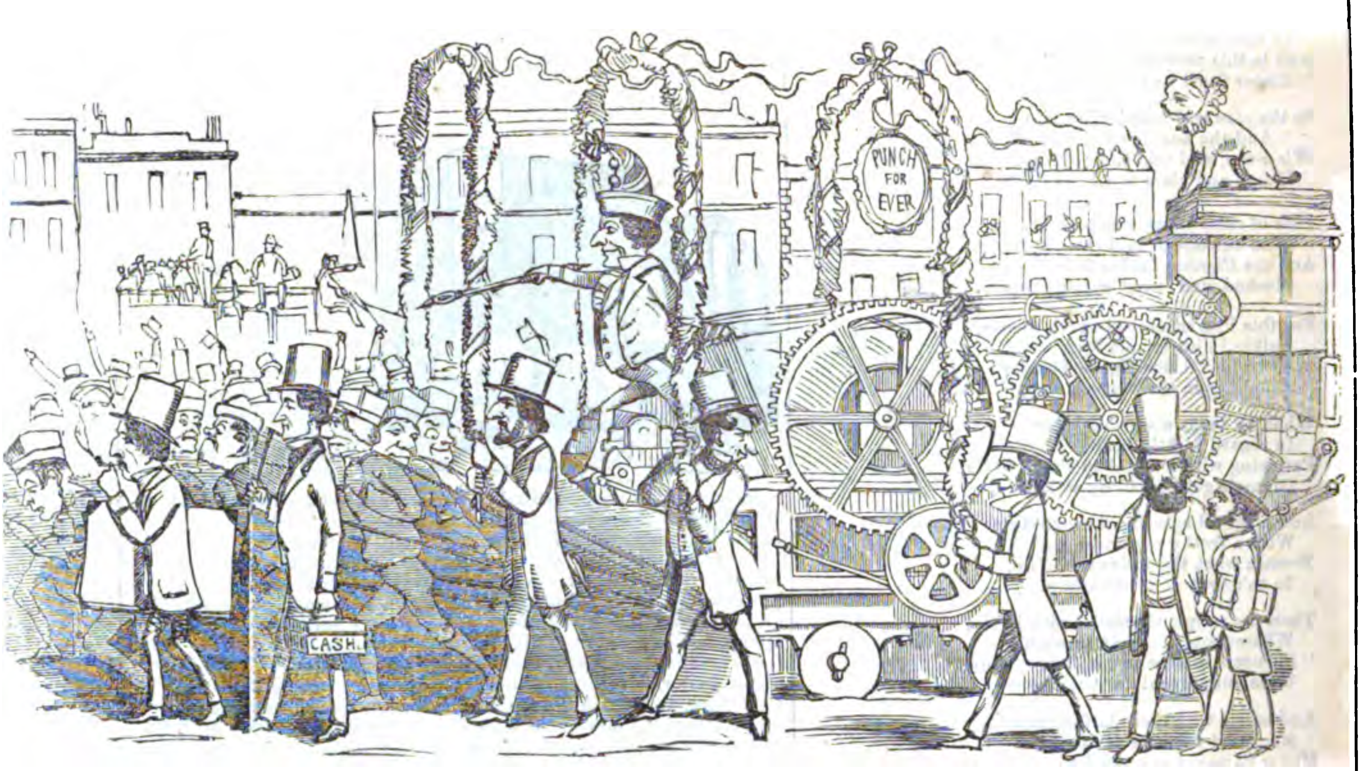
PUNCH MIGRANS.

Profound sensation was excited in the City on Saturday last, by the migration of the whole of Mr. Punch's extensive "plant"—comprising his stupendous printing machine, several tons of printing ink, a hundred thousand cubic feet of box-woed, and a few million reams of paper—from his old premises in Collins-streeet east, to his new premises, Collins-street, central. A rumour had obtained currency, that Mr. Punch had received a pressing and affectionate invitation to rejoin his revered parent, and that he was about to embark his effects on board the *Royal Charter*, preparatory to his own return to the old country. Such a report, though utterly groundless, called forth the liveliest manifestations of grief, and the most touching evidences of grateful and devoted attachment, from Punch's fellow citizens and admirers. The prospect of his loss was felt to be so insupportable, that the Worshipful the Mayor took counsel with the Town Clerk and the City Solicitor, as to the expediency or legality of obtaining a writ *ne exeat regne*, to restrain the public benefactor from departing. The countenances of the merchants on 'Change were clouded with sorrow; business stagnated; 'busmen spoke in gentle accents to their horses, and forbore to swear; several leading tradesmen went so far as to put up their shutters, and numberless runners meditated committing suicide. Happily the deepening gloom was dissipated at the very moment when it was becoming most unfathomable, by the stoppage of the migrating plant at the premises, No. 23, Collins-street, where it was deposited amidst the deafening cheers of a countless multitude, joyful in the prospect of being still gladdened by the presence, enlightened by the lessons, and instructed by the wisdom of the Victorian Sage.

On Thursday next, Mr. Punch holds his first levee, and he intends to be at home every Thursday for an indefinite number of years, and to manifest a continuance of that paternal regard for the welfare of his fellow colonists, which has already secured for him their affectionate homage, and their grateful benedictions.

SUBAQUEOUS COMMUNICATION.

In a pleasant suburb of Melbourne, over a stream known to travellers as Gardiner's Creek, and dreamt of by townsmen as the apocryphal terminus of an unexplored line of road named after it, is a crossing place which was very passable, until the Eccentric Road Board took it in hand. Nature, a better engineer than many we wot of, had placed trees in such a position, that the primitive skill of early colonists had thrown them across the creek, forming a rude bridge for the use of foot passengers, while a friendly shallow afforded a fair thoroughfare for cattle. Lately however, some clever persons have constructed, what they facetiously call a crossing place. But this great work, unfortunately for the reputation of its designers, and for the convenience of those who would use it if it were usable, has been constructed at such a level that, after a couple of days rain, it is covered with water, and the road, which we are told is a great artery, is tied up by the tide. In this condition, all intercourse between neighbours is of course cut off by the water course, and no lady who is not a diving belle can exchange communications with her friend opposite, except by signals. We have heard of a smart schemer propounding a plan for subaqeous communication between England and France, and perhaps the Eccentric Road Board has been making a preliminary experiment to something of the kind here.



PUNCH MIGRANS.

THE UNPRINCIPLED CANDIDATE.

Mr. Frank Stephen said, as his name had been mentioned he was desirous of stating that he was ambitious of the honor of representing them in the coming Parliament. He was not a public man, but he was candid to say that he was a candidate for their suffrages. He was no place hunter, nor given to public speaking, (a laugh) and he was only sorry THAT HE HAD NOT SUFFICIENT IMPUDENCE IN HIS COMPOSITION TO COME FORWARD TO ADDRESS THEM. (Laughter) This, as he understood it, was a meeting of electors, and so he had not come prepared to address them, but he should be happy to reply to any questions which they might put to him. He was not a native of the colony, although he had been reared and educated in it, having been in it for thirty years. He also had a family among them, and had not known any other country. He had not mixed up in the political parties in the colony, AND SO HAD NOT FIXED ON ANY PARTICULAR CODE OF PRINCIPLES.—ARGUS.

Pray, excuse my modest blushes,
 Quite unused I am to speak:
I'm a shy police court lawyer,
 Timid, shrinking, coy, and meek.
Well, I'll speak the simple truth, though
 I'm ashamed before so many;
Principles I never had, and
 Principles I haven't any.

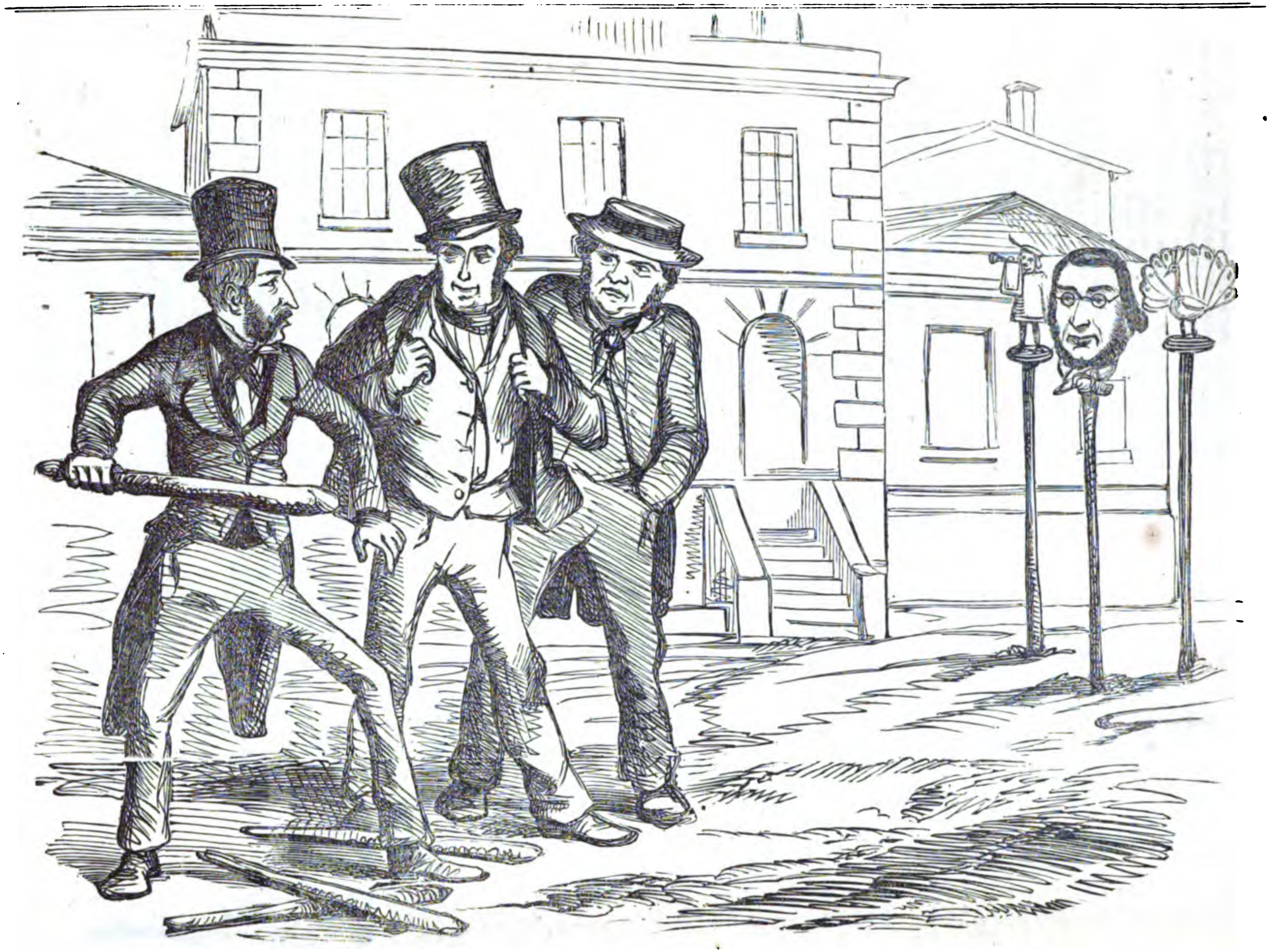
Please, I'd like to be examined,
 If you've anything to ask;
And I'm such a candid creature,
 That you'll have an easy task.
Thirty years I've in this country
 Lived, and turned both pound and penny;
Still, I freely must acknowledge
 Principle I haven't any.

FAR-FETCHED.

At the same time that New South Wales sends to Victoria for an Engineer for her railways—we have to go to Derbyshire for ours.

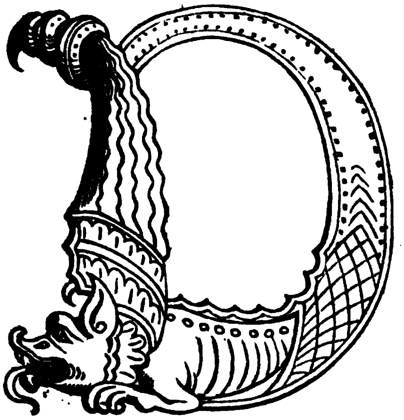
POLITENESS IS NEVER COURTED.

A writer in the *Warrnambool Examiner* delicately expresses a "trust that he may soon have the pleasure of advertising for tenders for extending the —— watchhouse," We would be the last to cavil even at this apparently needless display of polite language, and we trust that we may soon have the pleasure of hearing that the business of the *Examiner* has experienced as much advantage as is derivable from the fruition of its wish.



" KNOCK-EM-DOWNS."

An Entertainment under the Distinguished Patronage of the Melbourne Bench.



ENUNCIATION;

or the

Legend of the Friar and the Lawyer.

A handful or so
Of centuries ago,
—If accurate date you desire -
There lived in a city—no matter its name—
Ancient in date, but unknown to fame,—
A city whereto gold-seekers came,—
In jumpers as red as the reddest flame,
It would make you wink to look at the same ;
A city which bore the identical name
Of a very bewitching, but fallible dame,
Whose title to mention, my metre would maim.
There lived, I say,
At that early day
A peculiarly holy friar.
This holy friar—howe'er he was called—
Had a wonderful gift of speech;
When he spoke, schismatics slunk off appalled,
Or, failing to fly, got most horribly mauled,
And wished themselves out of his reach.
His extempore sermons were wondrously long,
And his language was also remarkably strong:
In sulphur he dealt wholesale.
Whenever he prayed for the good of your soul,
He showed that he thought it was black as a coal,
And quite unfit to be ever seen again,
Unless he could manage to make it clean again.

On Fridays—to see the friar fast,
You'd think that the pace was too good to last;—
For, dish after dish,
Of the very best fish,
Salmon, turbot, and mullet,
Would slip down his gullet—
Flounder and sole
Seemed to disappear whole—,
He'd always a place
For a roach or a dace!
And history the notable fact reveals,
He could beat any three men at fasting on ells.

But of all his qualities, moral or mental,
Artificial, natural, transcendental,
He was most widely known
For this art of his own,
Acquired by dint of constant rehearsing—
The peculiar art of canonical cursing.
On occasions fit he could curse away,
Till he cursed a horse from his oats and hay.
He could curse a knave—he could curse a fool;
He could curse the leg off a three-legged stool.
This pious and excellent christian priest,
Could curse man, woman, or thing, or beast.
He could curse individual—family— race;
He could curse a baby black in the face;—
He could curse—in short when he had a mind;
He could curse a bullock-driver blind.

Moreover he boasted a faculty rare,
For poking his nose in anywhere.
He never was for a moment posed,
Because he found the front door closed.
He didn't mind climbing a garden wall—
He could sneak through a back door into the hall;
And unless you swore that for better or worse,
You'd resign to his keeping your conscience and purse—
Wherever he went he would curse, curse, curse.

Now, in the same city with this holy friar,
A heretic lawyer there dwelt,
Who, in pleas and rejoinders, and answers and bills,
And opinions and precedents dealt.
This heretic lawyer was very well known
To have got a sharp head, and glib tongue of his own;
And even sometimes a heretical joke,
At that good man, the friar, he'd venture to poke,
And as friars, more than most men, dislike to be chaffed,
The good man cursed the more, the more other folks laughed.

Now, the more not to think of the lawyer he tried,
The more was the lawyer a thorn in his side;
The thought of the lawyer would vex him by day,
And at night frighten sleep from his pillow away.
The horrible image would rise up at prayers,
Would follow the friar by passage and stairs,
And stand on his table, and sit in his chairs,
Till the friar got so mad he cried "Curse him, who cares,
"I'll visit this heretic quite unawares,—
I'll trap him in some of my orthodox snares,
And then let him haunt me again if he dares."

So saying, the friar went sneaking about
The heretic lawyer's premises;
Peeping through windows, and peeping through doors;
Now standing on tiptoe—now down on all fours—
Briefly watching the house,
As a cat does a mouse,
Till he proved beyond all kind of question or doubt
That the heretic lawyer was happily out.
Then, finding a door that was left on the jar,
The friar slipped in, winked, and said "Here we are."
"Now, then," said the friar,
"Let's proceed to enquire
Into all this vile heretic's ways.
I'll find enough evidence, I've no doubt at all,
To send master what's his name quite to the wall,
For the rest of his heretic days."

So saying, the friar examined the floors—
He opened the cupboard and chiffonier doors.
He smelt at the water, and tasted the wine;
(The latter he owned was remarkably fine).
He came on deposits of raisins and prunes—
He found out the drawer with the forks and the spoons.
He looked and he smelt,
And he tasted and felt;
But go where he could,
And do what he would,
Though he spared in the search neither labour nor time,
He could find out no proof of the heretic's crime.
The friar upon this felt a little perplexed,
And puzzled to know what to set about next;

When his eye on a sudden caught sight of a door,
That led to a room he'd not peeped in before.
He applied to the keyhole his eye and his ear,
And feeling assured there was nothing to fear,—
Believing the chamber, as Scotchmen say, "toom,"
He at once turned the handle, and entered the room—
When a slight frightened cry made him tremble and start,
And sent the blood back from his face to his heart;
But, finding 'twas only a lady, no worse,
He recovered himself with a gulp and a curse;
And seeing no reason for feeling alarm,
He looked round him sternly, and thus began—"Marm."

Now, what this good friar was going to express,
The present deponent must leave you to guess.
The friar got no farther than that single word,
When a masculine footstep behind him he heard.

A GREAT TRUTH BEAUTIFULLY EXPRESSED.

Knowing Codger.—It aint 'unting with the 'ounds as 'urt the 'orse's legs—it's 'is 'igh action—'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer, on the 'ard roads.

He suddenly felt himself seized by the scruff,
And jerked from the room in a style somewhat rough;
Then, ere he could ask what this want of respect meant,
He found himself served with a kick of ejectment,—
There was only just time for this fact to transpire,
—On occasion a lawyer can curse like a friar.

The friar—holy man—felt a little forlorn;
He had gone out for wool. and went home again shorn;
He'd been shaken and kicked—well, it might have been worse:
He had always this medicine at hand—he could *curse*.

* * * * *

I cant pretend to give chapter and verse
Of the holy friar's magnificent curse;
But, if you have got the volume handy,
Study the curse in Tristram Shandy—
The friar's pet curse was a cross-breed it seems.
Between that and the curse in "the Jackdaw of Rheims."

Now what after this sad chance befell,
All past historians fail to tell;
But the friar was "translated" since that the phase is,
And thenceforth was known as the Bishop of Blazes.

PUNCH'S ADVICE TO "GENTLE SHEPHERDS."*

When business or caprice calls you from Sylvan solitudes and pastoral plains, to Melbourne, you will, of course, devote every evening and all your energies to the pursuit of pleasure; selecting as the place of your resort, a concert hall, casino, theatre, or dancing room. You will take care that your conduct savours of the wilderness of your rural life, that your manners are as rugged as your associates on the station, and that your language is studded with the forcible expletives in use among your stockmen. It is not at all expedient that you should secure the ingenious efforts of your tailor to make you pass current in society as a gentleman, to devise such a fraud may be creditable to his inventive genius as a tradesman, but to carry it into successful practice would be incompatible with the antipathy which every ingeuous nature must feel towards the assumption of a counterfeit. The habits which he supplies you with, may be those of a gentleman; the habits which you have acquired are possibly otherwise, and the reports of what occasionally transpires in the police courts convince us that there is all the difference in the world between the two characters. But to return—as "gentle shepherds" naturally wish to return—to our muttons.

Police officers being guardians of order, and representatives of the law, it is seemly and becoming on your part to defy the one and violate the other, the more surely to provoke a collision with the "force." Having succeeded in which laudable design, it will add to the turbulence of the disturbance you have created, if you belabor the police with your riding whips, rend their clothes, affix your signature in legible characters upon their eyes, and otherwise maul and maltreat them. Possibly, certain of your riotous associates will be taken into custody, and if so, it becomes your bounden duty to attempt a rescue; failing which, it would not be amiss to follow the prisoners to the watch house, of which you should break the windows, for the two-fold purpose of improving the ventilation, and signifying your contempt for such obnoxious institutions. By this manly and energetic procedure you may secure yourselves the honor of an introduction to the City Bench of Magistrates, and receive, as the appropriate reward of your gallantry, a month's gratuitous board and residence under the hospitable roof of Mr. Wintle— always assuming that you refrain from assaulting either of the conductors of the public Press; in which case you will meet with a gentle admonition from the Bench, and be merely called upon for a trifling contribution to the revenue, ranging from one shilling to forty; according to circumstances.

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* See Police Report in the "Argus," of Tuesday last.

HE MONSTER NUGGET.

Part III.

A sensible horse knows an inn as well as if he could read the words "good stabling," and mine turned into the yard as though he had been used to the locality from his infancy. I myself was shown, by, I think, the largest and dirtiest imported Irish orphan I ever saw, into a little bedroom, the floor of which bent under me as I trod, and the unlined weatherboard walls of which gave way with me as I leaned against them ; and the canvass ceiling of which flapped with the wind. I was gratified, however, to extract from the Milesian damsel that this was the identical room into which poor Jones had been shown,—little thinking that he was not to leave it again till carried out in a rude bush coffin, to be the first, and, for long the solitary tenant of the yet unconsecrated, unfenced, uncleared Glenetwas cemetery reserve. But Bridget could give me no information of the kind I required. The taciturn Jones had arrived and sickened and died silently, and Bridget seemed to me to have formed a poor opinion of him during his life, and to be only restrained from speaking ill of him after death by a recognition of the principle, to say nothing of the dead, unless good. I tried the landlord. I tried him sober at tea over huge masses of meat, and huge cups of "post and rail ;" and subsequently drunk, which he had the temerity to become with a reckless disregard to the composition of his brandy when provided at my expense. I could see, however, that different theories passed through his mind as to what made me so inquisitive about poor Jones's affairs. At one moment he seemed to take me for a relation, at another time for a creditor of the deceased gentleman. Then he thought I had a lien upon his wool—then that I had an eye to his run. The notion that I was a land speculator seemed even darkly to cross his mind, but it was evident that he had never heard anything either of or from Jones about the Monster Nugget.

When I had gone to bed and put out the candle, I found the light of the moon peeping in at the chinks of the weatherboards, and the lights from the bar-room below streaming up through the joints of the floor, and through those same joints came the murmur of a conversation between the landlord and some familiar sojourner at the house, from which I gathered that I was looked upon as a person who might be only eccentric, but who should be regarded with considerable watchfulness and suspicion.

In short, I gained little immediate information at the Stock-horse, and the next morning proceeded on my journey. A few farther attempts in the way of fact-gathering that I made, though they proved quite bootless, served, however, to detain me so late, that I found a very short day before me in which to accomplish my next day's stage, in the direction of Jones's station. When the sun was setting, I found that I had still a considerable number of miles to travel before I could reach my halting place. I had seen no human creature since I left the Stock-horse in the morning, and began to wonder whether I should see any one that night at all, when I heard the galloping of horses' hoofs, and was presently overtaken by three men remarkably ill-favored as to countenance, and remarkably well-flavored as to the horses they rode. The pulled up as they overtook me, and bade me a gruff "good evening." I could not think whence they came, for their nags looked fresh and cool, and by no means as though they had been travelling all day, and yet I knew of no place within any moderate distance from which they could have come. They seemed determined to ride beside me, however, and to draw me into conversation, albeit they were not particularly cordial or communicative themselves. I began to grow suspicous as to their character and purpose, and proposing to push on at a more rapid pace, without waiting for assent, put spurs to my horse and broke into a canter. Their fresh and well-conditioned horses, however, kept alongside of mine at an easy stride, and I presently saw that it was not in my power to decline the company of my new and questionable acquaintances, and that I could only make the best of them, and hope that they were more honest than they looked.

We had not gone above a mile farther, when one of them said they were going by a short cut through the bush, and they would show me how I could "knock off a —— of a distance" by going with them. I saw that I should now be relieved of my apprehensions, or that matters must come to a crisis. I accordingly intimated to my gentlemen that as I could not hope for the advantage of their company and guidance during my whole journey, I thought it better to stick to the track. In an instant, one of the men who was riding a little behind me, dashed his horse forward, and dexterously hitching his toe under my heel, gave me a hoist that sent me clean out of the saddle, on my back, in the middle of the road Before I could get on my feet, the bushrangers (as I needed no farther evidence to assure me that they were), were on theirs, and presenting their pistols with most persuasive action, told me to "stick up quiet," if I didn't "want to be —— dogs' meat off the reel." I made one instinctive plunge at the pocket in which I carried my revolver, but received so quick and potent a blow across the wrist, as to deprive me for the time of the use of my hand, and to numb my whole arm up to the shoulder blade. I saw that resistance was hopeless, and resigned myself to my fate, all sorts of anecdotes painfully *a propos*, rushing into my head, and making me wonder whether my golden dreams were to end in my being served as Macbeth threatened to serve the messenger that told him Birnam Wood had begun to move—

> "On the next tree thou shalt hang alive
> Till famine cling thee"—

or of what other bushranger's barbarity, of which I had read too authentic accounts, I was likely to be the victim. Fortunately for me however, the thieves into whose hands I had fallen, brutal though they were, had not sunk into that demoniac condition that has made some of their order revel in the infliction of wanton and purposeless suffering. "You —— fool, said one, who seemed to be the leading spirit of the three, "do you want a ball through your heart?. It aint no good to us to kill you, if you bale up quiet; but if you don't, we aint no ways particular. Hold your hands up."

[This speech, of course, had a vast quantity of rough oaths in it, which the reader who does not like the plain truth trimmed, can easily supply for himself. Half-a-dozen words used over and over and over again as adjectives, and not unfrequently in the stead of all other parts of speech, lengthen out such folks' addresses wonderfully, adding more force however than beauty. No speech sounds "natural" indeed, as coming from such mouths, with such garniture, but the words may not be printed, nor will I tempt the innocent reader even to think of wicked words by the use of more ——s than I cant help. Perhaps one —— for every fifty oaths may serve just as a reminder that my thieves' phraseology was not quite so simple as my report of it.]

I knew very well what holding up my hands meant, and held them up as well above my head as the knock I had received would let me, while the villains rifled my pockets.

"If I let you take all quietly," I said, "you've at least no motive for killing me, and risking being hanged for it."

"That's what the man in the play calls 'touchin' of a tender chord,'" said a gentleman, whose good humour seemed to be rising rapidly as he fossicked in my pockets with satisfactory results.

"If you say much about hanging, I'll hang you as soon as look at you," said a second, with a scowl and a squint. "If you're tired of your life, I'm agreeable."

I thought not, but said nothing.

"We've got enough to hang us all already, governor," said the man I took to be the chief, "and making a croaker o' you wouldn't make any great odds. But you do as you're told, and you're all right."

"Now, I've looked after the gentleman's property, if you'll look after the gentleman ; I'll look after the gentleman's 'orse," said the fossicker; and, suiting the action to the word, he went up and caught my steed, which was grazing at a little distance with that perfect indifference to his master's fate which generally characterises the noble animal, except in anecdotes of natural history. The "agreeable" proprietor of the squint, when my horse was brought up, began feeling down his legs and examining his mouth, and otherwise testifying a interest in his condition, implying a sense of ownership that was most grating to my feelings.

He seemed satisfied with the inspection, and looked a little mollified as he growled out "I'll make fifty pound o' you, my beauty, if I get you over t'other side."

"I don't know as he's yours yet, Billy," the man who had led him up said—and with great justice, as I thought.

Billy looked as black as ever again directly, and with a full return of the squint, said "Why —— you, you know —— well as it was a bargain as I was to have the next. What the — — — — — —," and out came a whole volley of vernacular.

"He's right enough, Fitz," said the chief, "the horse is Bill's."

"All right," responded Fitz, with the good-humoured air of a man waiving a personal claim; "if it's a bargain, it's a bargain—I don't want to rob any man."

I wish your practice had accorded more with your precept, thought I, but as it was clear that I, at all events, had no share in the horse, I considered it unnecessary to ruffle a man who would hang me as soon as look at me, with any irrevelant remarks.

"Anyways, Bill, you must lend him to the gentleman for a bit," said Fitz, "and, now, Captain" (to me) "if you'll get up, and allow me to tie your 'ands with a 'ankercher, we'll get on. You wont be inconvenienced as you aint got no swag to look after, and we'll lead your 'orse for yer."

He accordingly fastened my hands behind me, and the bushrangers having caught their horses—they had stood quietly by all the time—we left the track, and took the "short cut" through the bush.

AUSTRALIAN DOUBLES.

A LAY OF THE COLONIAL CAVILLERS.

By Professor Anytune.

Come listen to a southern song,
Should make the red blood rush
To the cheeks of British Ministers,
If Ministers could blush.
It is a song of purposed wrong,
In evil days of old,
When Charle La Trobe held rule and sway,
In this fair land of gold.

He kept his state at Jolimont—
Hard by the Hawthorne road,
And small the train of servitors,
That with him there abode;
Though to him many a suitor came,
The public wage to crave;
And to him many a mendicant
The Emerald Island gave.

His Secretary seconded
The Irish and their claims;
And fortunate were all with O,
Or Mac before their names;
For into ev'ry place of trust
They were install'd straightway,
And greedily their fingers clutch'd
Their monthly meed of pay.

La Trobe meanwhile at Jolimont,
A mimic monarch dwelt,
His sceptre was a riding whip,
His crown a hat of felt;
And when he asked his friends to dine
He gave them homely fare,
And smoked his cutty pipe and drank
His pint of bitter beer.

One day the news ran through the town,
"Two vessels are in sight,
The one bears gallant *Randolph's* name
The other's *Hashmee* hight.
From stem to stern these vessels twain,
A living cargo hold,
A gang of exil'd ruffians
And desperadoes bold.

Then came La Trobe from Jolimont,
All red with wrath and heat;
And wrathful red was ev'ry face
He met in Collins-street.
He parley'd with his Councillors,
He parley'd with the Mayor;
Not one who counsel'd compromise,
In all the town was there.

"We will not let this convict gang
Upon our soil set foot;
We will not let the felon taint,
Our freer blood pollute."
Thus ev'ry Melbourne citizen
His purpose sternly vowed,
And like the angry ocean surged,
And swayed the chafing crowd.

And downward to the Sandridge shore
Rushed that resistless tide,
And Governor La Trobe, he rode,
The citizens beside.
And fast before the fresh'ning wind
Those vessels twain sped on;
And brightly, on their swelling sails,
The morning sunshine shone.

But darkly on the waters fell
The shadow of their hulls;
And hoarsely round their cordage scream'd
The restless white-wing'd gulls;—
Darkly, as though the shade were cast
From the mass of crime within,—
Hoarsely as ever curst the worst
Of that evil brood of sin.

Anon the vessels near'd the land;
Anon the anchor twain
Were dropp'd, and through the hawse-holes dragged
A coil of rattling chain;
Then sped a boat across the bay,
A captain at her stern,
What all this throng upon the beach
Might bode, he came to learn.

Out spake La Trobe, in accents clear,—
"Sir Captain, get thee gone,
I charge thee quit Port Philip, ere
To-morrow's sun shall dawn.
If England holds it good to thrust
Her felony on us,
We'll hold it good our severance
From England to discuss.

"No convict of the gang you bring
Shall quit those vessels twain;
So hoist your sails, your anchors heave,
And put to sea again."
And at these words a shout arose,
That seemed to cleave the sky;
And ev'ry hand was firmly clench'd,
Fire shone from every eye.

And unto that decided 'hest,
The captain wisely bowed,
And yielded to the menaces
Of that excited crowd.
The boatmen dipped their dripping oars,
The coxswain cried, "Give way!"
The water from the bright blades fell
In showers of sparkling spray.

Brief space the vessels anchor'd lay,
Cold welcome found they there;
They both stood out to sea again,
When as the wind was fair;
Their dark hulls dipp'd beneath the wave,
And, like two spectres wierd,
Beneath the dim horizon's rim,
Those white sails disappear'd.

All honor to the steadfast stand,
The men of Melbourne made;
And to Latrobe, whose interdict,
Was on that landing laid.
For God forbid our empire should
Its greatness build on crime,
Or rank among its founders, men
In villany sublime.

AN ADDRESS TO "TOMMY BARBER."

Tommy Barber, you young rascal,
I'll be down upon you yet—
Only let me catch you tripping;
Don't suppose that I'll forget.

Sacrilegious Tommy Barber,
Don't you know that I'm the Mayor?
Eh, sir! what's that you mutter,
"You know that but you don't care."

Laugh away, young Tommy Barber,
But, with help of Mr. South,
Presently I'll set you grinning
On the wrong side of your mouth.

Trust me, little Tommy Barber,
But I'll catch you on the hop,
Out of sight of Wilkinson, and
In my own partic'lar shop.

There—my peaching Tommy Barber—
Van Liemonian peelers ply,—
Men who, while they kiss the bible,
Watch the magisterial eye.

Very simply, Tommy Barber,
May the secret signal pass;
Don't you think that you'll escape—
Tommy Barber, you're an ass.

If to silken soft abstractions
You'd have been a little blind,
You'd have found me, Tommy Barber,
To your failings very kind.

As it is, you'll find, my Tommy,
What it is to "rile" a mayor;
Tommy Barber, you young rascal,
Split again, sir, if you dare.

A TURN OF THE PIVOT.

Our eloquent, poetical, rhetorical, but somewhat obscure friend, the *Geelong Advertiser*, has arrived at a conclusion, and has proclaimed his conviction in clearer terms than we ever recollect him to have used before. Hear him:—

> "The people of Geelong have no vitality in their veins: their blood is stagnant, and their pulse denotes a sinking constitution. * * * Deadness everywhere—apathy around us in every direction. No movement of any kind, and yet we fancy ourselves constituting an enterprising community! Pshaw! Our public men, at the present day, resemble so many alligators, basking on the banks of an Indian river—they lie like logs, with ponderous and open jaw, to catch all the insects of adventure."

We will not now stop to investigate such phenomena as the veins being empty while the blood is stagnant; the resemblance of Geelong public men to alligators, or logs with open jaws; iusects of adventure, etc. Our business is to investigate pathologically, and to find out, if we can, the cause of this stagnation.

We shall see lower down what is our foggy friend's notion of "vitality." Not the celestial ichor, not the oxygenated fluid which furnishes the root of many a colonial expletive, not the mysterious universal agent, Electricity, which the philosopher coolly gathers into bottles, while at the same time he disputes whether it be an entity. None of them! what then? *Eccolo!*

> "There appears to me no cash in circulation. Go where will, the cry is the same—a mere synonimous echo of an individual complaint. The times are very bad: wretchedly dull: no money in the market. Trade stagnant; the social element appears paralysed, etc."

Here we have it; the mystery is solved; the difficdlty is explained away by the 'synonimous echo of an individual complaiut,' whatever that may be. The times must be very bad for a weekly paper to have to express what it has instead of ideas in such a concatenated involution of an unintelligible hyperbole. From being mystical, the writer becomes actually unpolite as he goes on; and, what is worse, he waits till people have turned their backs before he opens fire upon them. Answer his enquiry if anybody can.

> "Is Victoria destined to be impoverished by an avaricious, grasping, speculative, and absentee proprietary? Here we are, suffering the pangs of hunger in reach of aliment, and cannot enjoy even the munificence of nature. * * * Only 399,000 people, with gold under our very feet, and yet no money in circulation."

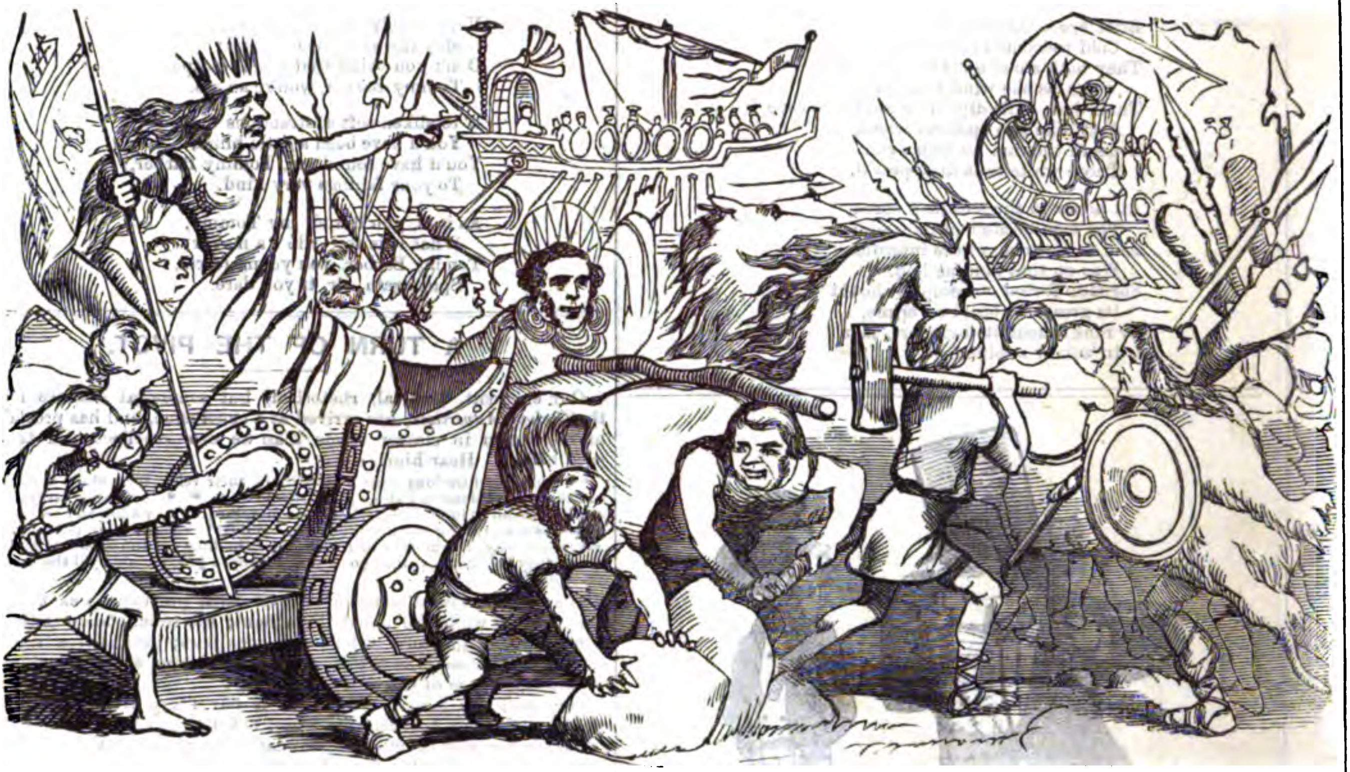
Isn't he a very model of a disconted man? He treads wealth under foot, and boasts of the feat, and at the same time grumbles that it is not in circulation, and abuses the grasping proprietary, for taking it out of the country. Perhaps he objects to foreign trade, or to paying for our imports. But there's no knowing what he wants.

> "The colony rich, but the colonists poor. What a financial anachronism, worthy of the solution of a Crœsus."

Here our attention is drawn to two very remarkable points. First, a singular instance of that figure of speech, called an anachronism. "The colonists rich, but the colonists poor."—Well, we have often been puzzled between solecisms, anomalies, anachronisms, and a chromatism; and we were astounded some time ago, by the discovery of a theatrical critic, that it was anachromatic to decorate the Temple of Isis with modern embellishments, but here we confess ourselves altogether beaten. Secondly, the reference to Crœsus as a solver of riddles. Now Crœsus had a clear head for exchanges, and stood well in the Bank parlor of his day, and so far resembled Mr. Henry Miller, but loke our respected townsman, he was no conjurer. One line more—

> "Even men of property tell us that they want money; and after this can we be suprised at the incessant outcries of a general public. What is the cause of it all?"

Perhaps the want of the said money may be the cause of all the outcries; but what is the cause of all the rhapsody, we can't divine, unless it be whiskey toddy.



FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—NO. VI.

LA TROBE AND THE CHIEFTAINS RESIST THE LANDING OF THE CONVICTS.

THE JOLLY YOUNG SQUATTER MEN.

(*Air*—"JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.")

And did you ne'er hear of three jolly young squatter men,
All of them prone to get out on the spree;
Who flourish'd their whips with such skill and dexterity,
Bruising the head of Detective El-sey?
They drank so much wine, and they danced so unsteadily,
They swore such loud oaths, and they blasphemed so readily;
And so maul'd the police, when a riot arose,
That each blue they assail'd was nigh black with their blows.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen;
As they walk'd about, thinking of nothing at all,
They were collar'd and carried off straight to the watch-house,
Very much to the joy of the folks at the Hall.
Next morn Mr. Sturt sent the trio to quad,
But the sequel to this, you'll acknowledge, is odd:
These riotous swells were released from the jail
In a very few hours, without fee, fine, or bail.

MAKING BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW. The investigation of the affairs of the Gas Company, by a committee of enquiry, to whose impertinent curiosity the directors object.

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.—Mr. Kerr and his supporters.

TURGID WRITING.

Speaking of a recent performance of the Merchant of Venice, at Geelong, one of the local papers indulges in the following rhapsody,—

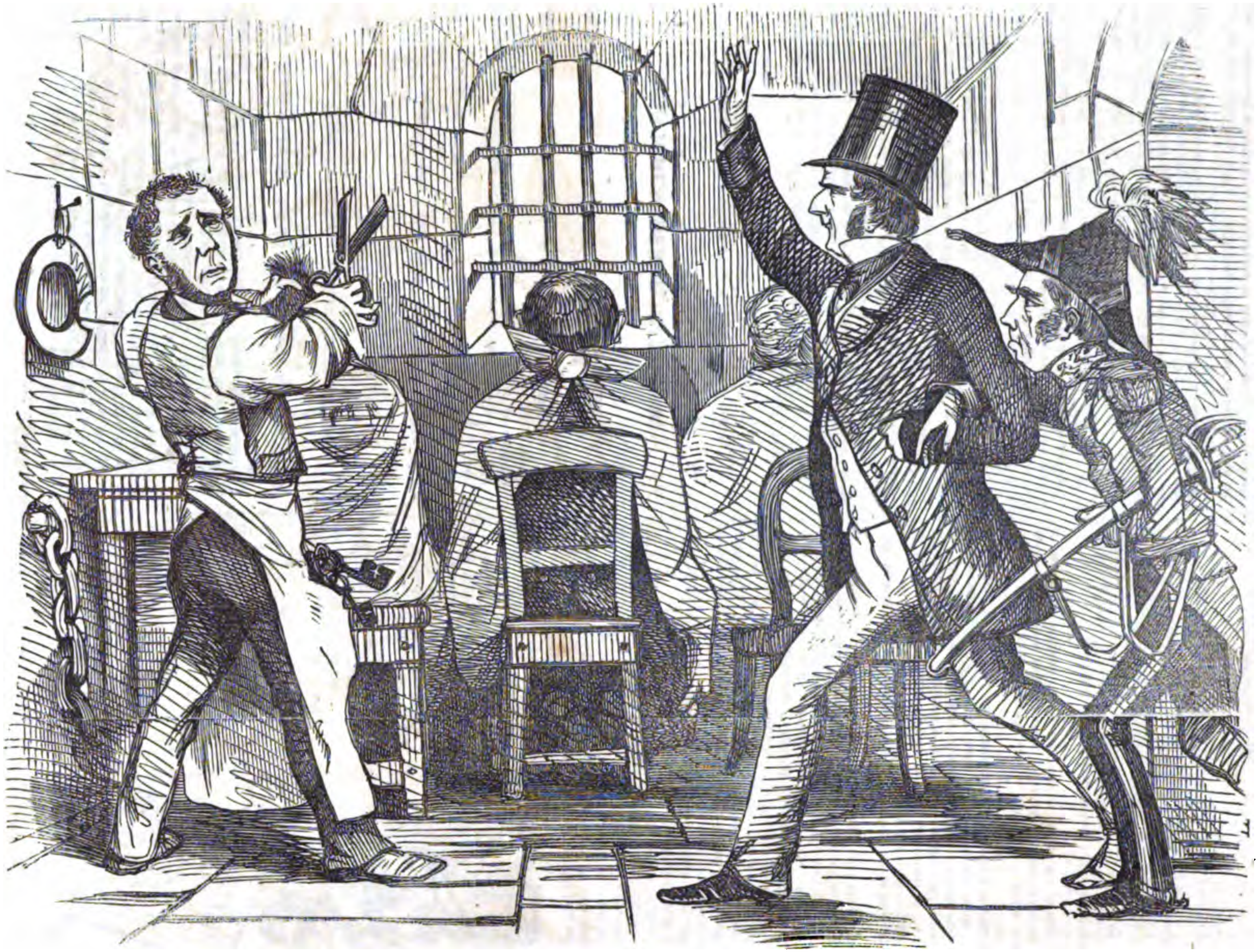
> "As the play progresses, incident after incident follows with startling reality—billows waving over billows on the great sea of life, till the spectator is lifted above the earth, and carried up and away through a world of splendid imagery such as everywhere gems the works of the Prince of Dramatists, wondering the while at the gigantic mind of him who could rear such a fabric from the common-place materials of daily existence "

If this style of writing becomes general in newspaper literature, plain matter-of-fact people will stand in need of a supplement to each journal - such supplement to be filled with notes and comments for the elucidation of the occult meaning of the text. What, for example, is to be made out of such a mirage of words as that which *Punch* has quoted above? What have the billows to do with the "Merchant of Venice," and how comes the spectator to be floating on their undulating surface? Whence does he come, and whither is he going? Again, we have all heard of the "Corregiosity of Correggio," but the scene painters of the Geelong Theatre appear to have a style of their own, and to employ materials hitherto unknown in the studios of Italy or Flanders.

> "Mr. Pitt's was a brush (if we may use the term) of thunder-clouds, his paintings, therefore, dark and heavy. Mr. Henning's is one of sunbeams, and his sketches are consequently bright and summerie, redolent of calm and Purple skies."

"Thunder clouds" and "sun-beams!" Let the vendors of artists' materials and the holders of camel's hair pencils look to it. Such articles will very shortly be unmarketable. Messrs. Pitt and Hennings have discovered new agents for the execution of the mechanical processes of their art, and since they have acquired the art of manufacturing paint brushes out of sun-beams and thunder-clouds, they may possibly avail themselves of the hint, for the composition of a new pigment, which Shelly has thrown out in the subjoined couplet—

"——— Like some great painter when he dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquakes and eclipse."



THE REPRIEVE; OR, JUST IN TIME.

OMESTIC DIALOGUES.

Time: Tuesday Evening.
Place: Punch's Snuggery.
Interlocutors: Punch and Toby.

Toby. Have you observed, Sir, that your old antagonist, King Kerr, has been deposed?

Punch. Not deposed, Toby, but permitted to resign.

Toby. A fine subject, this, for a cartoon, Sir. Napoleon signing his abdication before retiring to the Elba of Fernyhurst.

Punch. No, Toby, it is neither a fine nor a fitting subject for a cartoon. Vice and folly, vanity and pretence, are legitimate subjects for the pen of the satirist and the pencil of the caricaturist; but misfortune is akin to sorrow, and that is sacred.

Toby. The sentiment, Sir, is Cicero's. "Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam quam- -

Punch. There, that will do, Toby. I object to *dog* Latin.

Toby. Well, Sir, to return to the Kerr. His misfortunes appear to be the natural fruit of his faults.

Punch. And these faults have been visited by their appropriate punishments. Pass the bottle, Toby, and remember this—that Punch has no personal antipathies. Bad passions, vicious principles, corrupt practices, depraved actions, pernicious systems, improbity, meanness, falsehood, selfishness, pride, cant, bigotry, conceit, servility, uncharitableness, poltroonery,—against all these *Punch* declares war to the knife; and wherever he may appear to bear most hardly on the evil doer, his hostility is directed, in reality, against the evil deed. You are nodding Tobby?

Toby. Sermons, and especially dull ones, always makes me sleepy, Sir,

Punch. Anything new in the papers, Toby?

Toby *(Reads)*. "A meeting, numerously attended, of the friends of Mr. W. Kerr, took place yesterday afternoon, at the Criterion Hall. Collins-street. After considerable discussion, it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. J. Hood, to put Mr. Kerr in nominanation for one of the representatives of the city in the Legislative Council."

Punch. What! what! Is this a time for scurvy jesting, Toby? Exercise your inventive faculties upon a more suitable subject, and dont attempt to palm an extravagant romance upon me as authentic intelligence.

Toby. *(Handing the paper)*. Read for yourself, Sir.

Punch *(as soon as he has mastered his astonishment)*. Toby, I beg your pardon. The words are here. The proposition *has* been mooted and "The Deformed Transformed" is to be played upon the hustings. The defaulter is to be converted into a hero, and "resignation" rewarded by permission to enter the seat of Legislation.

"it is the very error of the moon,
That comes more near the earth than it was wont,
And makes men mad."

Toby. You are warm, Sir.

Punch. Warm, Toby. It would make a man's blood boil at midwinter. Will no one rescue the ex Town Clerk from the dangerous embraces of his friends?

Toby. Not knowing, cannot say.

Punch. Because Mr. Kerr has been permitted to retire from the office he held in the Melbourne Corporation, therefore is he to be invited to become one of our civic representatives in Parliament. Because he has been negligent of the financial affairs of the City, therefore he is capable of dealing with the finances of the colony. Because by his own admission, he has displayed "inexcusable inattention to money matters," therefore he is qualified to attend to the interests of a whole people. Because he is ineligible to fulfil the duties of a subordinate functionary, therefore he is to be put in nomination for one of the highest and most honorable offices to which the citizen of a free country can aspire. It is bad enough to violate the laws of logic; but it is still worse to perpetrate so flagrant an outrage upon common decency, common propriety, and common sense, Hand me the *Herald*, Toby, I require a soporific.

[Toby supplies the opiate, and withdraws. Punch presently subsides into a refreshing slumber.]

CONS.

What part of Victoria did Cæsar visit? He was at Warringall (war in Gaul).

When does a digger resemble a lunatic? When he exclaims "To the Bend-i-go."

Why would any future administration in this colony be a coalition of Whigs and Tories? Because it would be a Victorian (Whigtorian) Ministry.

Why are certain religious denominations like blight? Because they are *in-sects*.

Why ought an M.D., to be a dead shot? Because he is always being called out.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

A Letter from Mary Jane Mullens to Julia Cooper.

Queen-street,
Toosda.

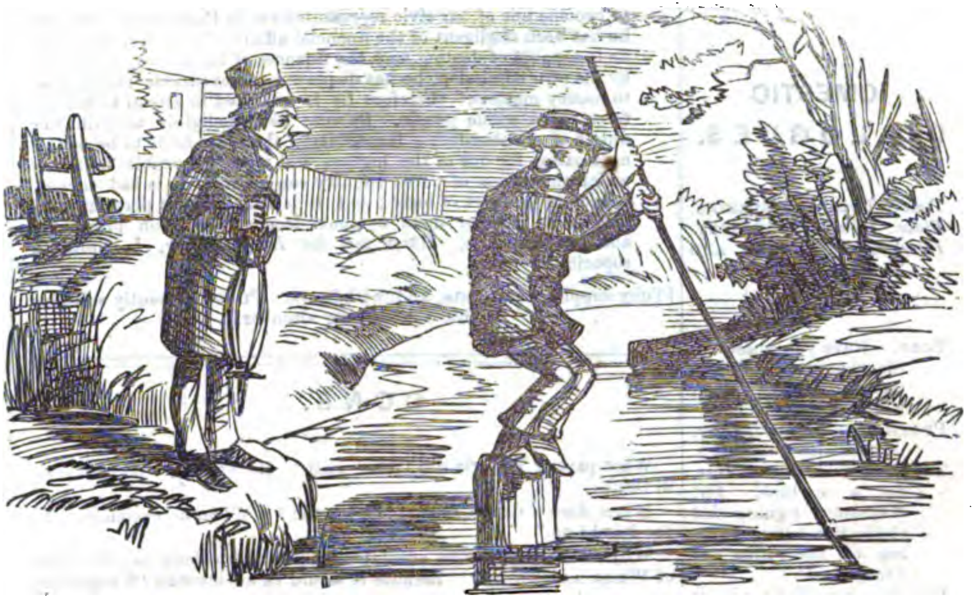
Mi Deer Jewliar

its onbenoan the differings it makes and no rise in my wages eyether. Yew must pragtise befoarhand ses missus, wich will make it kum moar esyer wen the queen ralely nites him, so i caul her mi ladi and master sir jon, and if i say yes mum, blak looks and sowr worts is my potion and heaving knows there tempers is not improovt sins the towalin they got in the Solvingsea cort wich missuses draws are chock ful of the lovliest Sataus yew ever sor as mite run aloun for stiffness tho the pore man's breth was scarcely out of is boddy wen they rummidged is hows and pikt out everithink of the best yew may be shure. we doant ave a brother in lor in the drayperi traid dye everi day and satans is deerer than they wos wus luk for them which byes em, and havent diseased relashuns in the mercenary line to pick and shews their leavins. so as i was sane Jewliar, hees to be nited line wittinton and his cat and other sillybrated mares that you reed of in hysterical works of fixion but as my yung man charley summerhouse ses we shall all be rich in our turns and wen weeve maid a site of munny wich charles is goin into the publik line aving a korner howse in is eye we may be nited 2. little did i think wen i fust came to Awstraleyah which i never could bare the ot winds that my fates predickted me wife to appear of the relm tho i ave ad wonderfull forchuns with cards and coffee grounds and a gipsee wooman on amstead eath. ladi mullens as a deliteful sound with it and wen ime mairess i dessay i shall give a fansi bawl wons or twice a weak approvin of gaity in general and sum peeple as toss up their heds now i menshun no names Jewliar but yew will understand wat i elude 2 will bee glad 2 say how deede ladi mullens than.

ime avin a blew merreener dress maid up for sundays out in the winter and ime puzzled wich to selekt dubble skirts or flounces. rite me a line by the baker to morrow and tell mee wich is most woarn by fashinable societee in sent kilder so no moar at present from

yure affekshunate friend

MARY JANE MULLENS.



A SKETCH ON GARDINER'S CREEK.
Ah ! Spearing Eels, I suppose ?—No, Sir, Fishing for the New Bridge.

"GENTS" IN INDIA.

The Western World has been accustomed to hear much of the immobility of the Oriental races. By our last advices we find that European prejudices are being introduced alongside of the steam-whistle. "At Krishnagur, on the the 15th ult., a Gentoo ran a Malay through with his kreese, for calling him a "gent."—*Madras Examiner*.

TENDERS
FOR
SPOUTING.

TENDERS are required for Spouting, with or without Heads. Apply to the country constituencies.

MR. STURT ON STRAY GOATS.

THE following paragraph thus headed, appeared in Saturday's *Argus* :—

James Hanna, a resident at St. Kilda, was summoned at the City Court, yesterday by a mounted trooper, for allowing his goat to wander over waste ground at St. Kilda. Mr. Sturt enquired of the constable what harm the goat was doing. The constable replied that it was doing no harm, but that being illegally at large, it had the power of breaking into people's gardens. Mr. Sturt replied, that if it did so, the owner of the garden had the power of exercising summary jurisdiction by shooting the animal ; but he really could not see what injury goats were doing by eating grass off common land. These goats were a very great convenience to numbers of poor families, and he could see no grounds for interfering with them without they did some damage. He would therefore only inflict a penalty of 1s.

Mr. Sturt's logic is certainly as admirable as his other magisterial qualities. The goat did no harm but some good, and the man was not culpable, *therefore* he was fined a shilling. The consequence is as clearly traceable to its cause, as that referred to in another equally admirable sentence—"so she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf," &c. No harm being done however, the fine was made a nominal one—that is to say, it was inflicted on principle—for public principle must be observed. The principle recognised seems to have been, that, as the constable was good enough to take the trouble of summoning a man, it would be discourteous towards the active and intelligent officer to inflict no punishment. But as the man had clearly done nothing, the magistrate hoped the constable would overlook it this time, and be satisfied with a nominal penalty. Thus, Mr. Sturt, in his own happy way, succeeded in "making things pleasant" to all parties, for the heart of that man must clearly have been worse than blameless, if he objected to paying a shilling, as an acknowledgement to the zealous booby, and to maintain a great principle. Stray goats may be shot in enclosures, but, by the way, how about stray donkeys when they get into courts, disfigure benches, and do other considerable damage.

REVIEWS.—STURT ON JURIRSPRUDENCE.*

WE have been favored by the publishers with a copy of Mr. Sturt's new work on Criminal Jurisprudence. The reputation of the author prepared us to expect much that was novel and interesting in the important subject on which he treats, and we have not been disappointed. It is evident that he perceives a connection and a mutual dependence between the social sciences, hitherto little considered; and he discards the narrow principal of "letting justice take its own course" independently of all consideration of surrounding circumstances. Mr. Sturt is believed to have received some literary assistance in the arrangement of his work, but the main ideas are obviously quite original. The following extract illustrates the writer's views very forcibly:—

"Among the cant cries of the day, few are more pernicious than such as 'equal justice to high and low,' 'the same law for rich and poor,' &c. That they have obtained very general acceptance, is a fact affording fresh evidence of the fatal levelling tendencies of the age. As yet, indeed, few persons have ventured to dispute the legal immunity of the sovereign, but this sacred principle of the British Constitution would be no longer safe if the fallacy of 'equal justice to high and low' were universally regarded as a truth. It is a magistrate's duty to consider the ultimate effect of his sentences, and no effect can be worse than that of encouraging an ignorant impatience of class distinctions. Order is Heaven's first law, and the order of the offender should be the first consideration of those who administer the law. The reader, supposing him to be on the bench, should not confine his attention, in investigating cases, to those obvious and apparent facts, which any one is enabled to master with ease—he should consider the extraneous circumstances—he should secure in private ways a knowledge of a prisoner's birth, family, calling, circumstances, and friends. Not only does the imprisonment or other punishment of well connected persons tend to lower the upper classes in the eyes of their inferiors, but it is plain that without a knowledge of the kind which I say ought to be secured, a magistrate cannot estimate the effect of what he inflicts. The great object of punishment is reformation. What, then, can be more absurd than to endeavour to reform by a month's imprisonment a man whose evil nature has resisted the influence of a good education, the example of a respectable family, and the influences of the best connections. A pecuniary penalty is more suitable to such a case, as its payment, about which there is seldom any difficulty, at once restores the culprit to those who are able to set him a good example, and save him from the evil communication of thieves and vagabonds.

"As there is a kind of jealousy apt to be excited by this mode of treatment, however, I should recommend a system which I have successfully pursued myself—that of holding private courts to reverse severe decisions publicly recorded against respectable criminals. The following case illustrates my meaning :—

"Three gentlemen, whose social class I did not perceive, were brought before me for a breach of the peace. I paid no more attention to the case than I thought it merited, and without farther consideration, sentenced the offenders to a month's imprisonment. Presently, however, facts came to my knowledge, shewing that the gentlemen in question—had only used obscene language and ill-treated a and policeman—were not of a class that it would be right to punish by imprisonment. I therefore immediately caused a private enquiry to be held, reversed my previous decision, obtained the consent of the executive, and was just in time to ease three most respectable and well connected young men from the ignominy of having their hair cut by a common jailer, and of being arrayed in prison clothes."

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* Criminal Jurisprudence, considered theoretically and practically, by Evelyn Sturt, 1 vol. Blundell and Co., Collins-street.

LAYS OF THE LEGISLATORS.

AWKNER IS MY ONLY JOY,

(*Air*—"PHILLIS IS MY ONLY JOY.")

Fawkner is my only joy,
Ever stirring up some breeze:
Cranky is the queer old boy,
Yet he seldom fails to please.
When I'm sad, to think him mad.
Some shrewd remark—some kindling spark
Makes me like him more and more.
Fawkner is my only joy,
Ever stirring up some breeze:
Cranky is the queer old boy,
Yet he seldom fails to please.

Too convinced I must remain
Nothing can his fancy fix,
Yet the moment he is sane,
I forgive him all his tricks;
In flashes bright, of transient light,
He upbraiding—or persuading,
Makes me like him more and more.
Fawkner is my only joy;
Ever stirring up some breeze;
Cranky is the queer old boy,
Yet he seldom fails to please.

THE MONSTER NUGGET.

PART IV.

Soon after we left the road, we entered a sterile and densely scrubby region, through which we travelled for some miles, the bushrangers seeming to have strong organs of locality, and a perfect knowledge of the country, We then crossed a range of low stony hills, and, in a gorge of the farther side, came to a small pool of rainwater, at which the marauders seemed to have fixed their temporary head quarters. How they discovered the place I know not; but it was certainly one in which they were likely to be undisturbed. For miles round, the country was quite barren and useless. Neither flocks nor herds could find feed there. There was nothing to tempt the wandering hoofs of stray cattle; nor would any stockman in search of runaways think it worth while to seek them there. The sides of the hills looked green indeed, but it was only with tufts of Spinifex or "Porcupine grass," from the keen-pointed blades of which, all things that ruminate turn away with an instinctive aversion.

The bushrangers had no tent, but they had constructed a "gunyah" of green boughs, in which their 'possum rugs were spread; and this rough habitation seemed to be regarded as a kind of home by its nomadic architects. There were several horses tethered about, and there seemed to be no lack of either eatables or drinkables. One man had been left "at home" to look after the domestic arrangements, and he proceeded with great expedition to get supper ready as soon as our party made it's appearance. The cook carried a revolver in his belt, and I—with my hands still tied, was placed under his surveillance, while the rest of the men proceed to feed and tether their horses—mine being now of course included in that number. The cook, or doctor, as they called him—his degree having probably been taken in a ship's caboose—kept a sharp eye upon me at the same time that he pushed on the supper arrangements, in which I could not help taking a considerable interest, for my appetite, sharpened by a long day's ride, had not yielded to the misfortune which had made me a prisoner. Out of a great heap of hot ashes, the doctor exhumed a fine symmetrical looking damper, that gave forth a hollow sound of great promise, as he tapped it with a stick; and which emitted that peculiar smell of hot bread which touches agreeably the olfactory nerves of a hungry man, even if his hands be tied and his presence involuntary. The ribs of a sheep which the legitimate owner put down probably to the account of the wild-dogs, were quickly broiling on the embers in the shape of mutton chops, while a few pigeons completed the bill of fare. The bushrangers, on dismounting, had unbuckled their quart pots, and the doctor speedily had them filled with water, and down by the fire to boil. He so far observed the duties of hospitality, moreover, as to get my quart pot, and to place it along with the rest. Tea was quite ready when the bushrangers came back to the fire, and Fitz untied my hands, and invited me to sit down, while Bill scowled at me in a manner that seemed to say if his personal tastes were more consulted, he would much rather put a knife into my stomach than victuals and drink.

Very little was said during the progress of the meal. The doctor asked some question that I could not quite make out, to which Bill growled out a reply that "the —— wouldn't be by till to-morrow," and I gathered from what followed that they had planned the robbery of some individual, whose want of punctuality Bill evidently looked upon as a personal injury. Indeed I disliked this ruffian almost as much for the moroseness of his discontented spirit as for having robbed me, and I centred upon him the greater part of my animosity against the whole firm. Nothing satisfied him, and for every item among the causes for his dissatisfaction, he seemed to find it necessary bitterly to hate and curse some one. I felt a strong personal interest in him, indeed, for I thought that murdering me would put him into a better temper than anything else, and that he had a vehement wish to apply the medicine of such a murder to his mind, nor did I feel at all convinced that his comrades might not presently be brought to consent to so trifling a sacrifice of their own intentions, for the sake of peace and quietness. Fitz, on the contrary, had a flow of spirits which made his felonies sit more lightly upon him. The rest of the men were dull and moody, and seemed to go through their crimes as through an inevitable business that had no charm about it, and that might be expected to end at the gallows. I set them down as being thoroughly hopeless and miserable—far more prospectless and miserable than they were conscious of being themselves. They seemed to be the mechanical creatures of criminal habits—plodding through the work of robbery with as little taste for it as the reader has for the drudgery of his particular calling, and feeling—though not knowing that they felt—the hopeless unhappiness of their outcast life. As for what we should call remorse, I could not see that it afflicted any of them.

After tea, however, when some bottles of spirits were produced, they brightened up a little, and began "yarning." They were all old Van Diemonians, and their convict experiences formed the staple of their conversation. Bill dealt chiefly in murders that had been committed by his friends or himself, and he grew almost cheerful in describing how he had once effected an escape with three others, after beating out the brains of their guard with an iron bar. Fitz admitted the inferiority of his performances as to murders, and seemed to take most pleasure in the memory of various cunning swindles and adroit robberies in which he had been engaged. After about an hour spent in this kind of agreeable and improving conversation, Fitz and Bill had a game at "Beggar my Neighbour," Fitz betting my watch against Bill's bet of my revolver, my various chattels having been divided I presume when the bushrangers were away with my horses. Bill won the watch but swore frightfully at the discovery that it was not so good a one as he expected. He appeared to think that I had regularly cheated him, and he looked at me with a most murderous expression. Finally however, bed time came, and Fitz proceeded to make me comfortable for the night by fastening my right leg to a tree with a chain. He was kind enough however to lend me my 'possum rug and saddle, and assured me that I should find the chain rather inducive of slumber than the reverse, as he had himself ascertained by an experience of some years.

The disagreeable novelty of my situation however, counterbalanced all the soporific influences of the chain for several hours. I was too old a bushman indeed to feel very sensible of the physical discomforts

A BANK DRAUGHT.

(Bill and Jem, who have been for some time absent from Melbourne and have very little interest in Banking matters, enter what they take to be the Imperial Hotel).

JEM : Now Bill- what's it to be ?

(The tellers of the Colonial Bank of Australasia are so petrified, they are scarcely able to tell the delinquents to be off, and that they mustn't smoke there.)

CONS.

Why is the *suit* of a lover preferred in verse ? Because it is then *made to measure*.

Why is the beauty of a ball-room called the *belle* ? Because the room *rings* with her praises.

Where is the coldest place in summer ? A newly *coaled* furnace.

BRIDGE ARCHITECTURE.

Designs have been invited for swing-bridges of light and elegant character, to be erected at the corners of streets, for the use of foot passengers in wet weather. Also for punts adapted to the transit of vehicles. Here's a fine opportunity for the application of engineering skill, as the difficulties to be overcome far exceed what are usually met with in bridge-building; the rapid floods of course precluding the use of piers in mid-stream.

of my situation, even though a shower, which fell towards midnight wetted my rug and the ground on which I lay, in a way that would have frightened a sheet-airing townsman into an influenza. The loss of my property too, though that afflicted me more, would not have kept me from sleeping—for a man in search of a monster nugget worth nearly a hundred thousand pounds a ton—and who could say how many tons it weighed?—is naturally prepared to make a few losses in the course of the search. But lying among bushrangers—eating, drinking, and sleeping with these cut-throats—seemed so strange an episode in my life, that though I felt no great apprehension of personal violence, the events of the day re-acted themselves over and over again in my mind, and kept me broad awake. Gradually however, these images became more and more confused, and after a time I started up from a dream in which my friends at home and the bushrangers were mixed up in a manner that would have astonished both parties. Then I dropped into a sound sleep, from which I did not wake till it was broad daylight—when, with the sound of Fitz's voice, the recollection of all that had occurred fell upon me with the suddenness of a blow,

"'Ope you've slep well, sir," said that cheerful miscreant with many bows of exaggerated politeness—"Excuse the liberty of entering your room without knocking sir, but I thought as you might 'ave over slep yourself, so I brought yer 'ot water for shavin sir, without waiting for your bell. Sorry I can't offer you the accommodation of a clean shirt this morning but the washing aint come 'ome. Now, Sir," he concluded as he took the chain off my leg, "look alive, as your friends is a waiting breakfast, for yer in the best droring-room." I accordingly gave myself a good shaking, and, having given my face and hands the ghost of a wash in a puddle of rainwater at my elbow, I joined the friendly breakfast circle.

PUNCH AT THE THEATRE.

SCENE : *Punch's Box at the Theatre.* · **TIME** : *Tuesday Evening.*
INTERLOCUTORS : *Punch and Toby.*

TOBY : You are very silent, sir; and the people in the pit, yonder, are shouting like mad.

PUNCH : It's the best compliment I can pay the singer, Toby. Viola, in Illyria might thus have sung "John Anderson, my Joe, John," and would have sung it so. Look at that hard featured North Briton in the stalls. While that "old and antique song" was being trilled, he sat like a statue, with fixed eyes, and open mouth, and when the last long-drawn note faded into silence, heaved a sigh that seemed to shake him from the soles of his boots to the roots of his fiery hair; and then he beat his huge hands together, as though they were a pair of clashing cymbals. That's a divine gift, Toby.

TOBY : The cymbals, sir ?

PUNCH : No, Toby, the gift of song. In that old and simple ballad, as we heard it carolled but a moment since,—in two short verses, was epitomized the history of a life. The hopefulness of youth, and "the mystical lore" of "life's sunset," are set to solemn music in "John Anderson my Joe."

TOBY : Solemn music, sir ?

PUNCH : Yes, Toby, a chaunt in use among the monks of old; then secularized at the Reformation; then married to immortal verse by Robbie Burns.

TOBY : I am glad you can laud as well as jest, sir.

PUNCH : It is the opportunity and not the inclination to praise, that is so often wanting, Toby.

TOBY : I have been trying to remember some verses, sir, that seem to fit the present hour and circumstance.

PUNCH : You may repeat them, Toby.

TOBY : ———"Into the inmost ear she pour'd
Breathings so soft, so low, so full of life,
Touch'd beyond sense, and only to be borne
By pauses which made each less bearable,
That out of pure necessity for relief,
From that heap'd joy, and bliss that laugh'd for pain
The thunder of th' uprolling house came down,
And bow'd the breathing sorceress into smiles."

[The curtain rises, and Punch and Toby resume their lorgnettes.]

A MURRAY ECLOGUE.

Unwonted sounds, along the Murray,
  Vibrate through the startled air;
Human voices wake the echoes—
  Who on earth can those be there ?

Mounted on a stockyard railing,
  Two young past'rals pleading stand;
List'ning flocks and herds about them
  Cluster close on either hand.

Not of fountain, grot, and meadow,
  Sing these simple Austral swains;—
Not of fruit, and flower, and sunshine—
  Not of love's delightful pains.

But, as heedfully reported,
  Did they in alternate verse,
To the list'ning flocks round them,
  Thus their sentiments rehearse.

Bonus Homo: "Oh beloved sheep and cattle,
  Brethren—calves and all—give heed,
And your independent suffrage,
  Give to me your friend indeed.

Filius Adami: May, my brethren, I solicit
  At your hoofs the lofty trust,
To advance your interests with
  Language firm and reasons just.

Bonus Homo: Many years I've lived among you—
  Guide, philosopher, and friend;
Know each varied want and grievance—
  Know which way your interests tend. (A)

(A) Having lived many years among you; being closely identified with your district, both by property and friendship, it is probable that I know your wants, and the remedy for them, better than one not connected with you.—Mr. Goodman's Address to the Electors of the Murray District.

Filius Adami: I have lived two years among you,
  And myself would *Liberal* call;—
But that word has lost it's meaning,
  Since it's used by one and all. (B)

(B) I have been for nearly two years a landholder in your district, of which, moreover, during my late official connection with it, I acquired extensive local knowledge.—Mr. Adamson's ditto.

Bonus Homo: As an active member of the
  Recent Council, are my views
Amply known, yet with permission
  I'll detail them in two twos. (C)

(C) Having been an active member of the late Council, my views are generally known on most subjects; but on the two questions of public policy and interest which most effect your district, I should wish to say a few words.—Goodman.

Filius Adami Letting diggers into fossick
  On bought land is monstrous wrong,
And as I myself own acres
  On that theme I'll pitch it strong. (D)

(D) I should call my politics liberal, if that word, now contained in all confessions of political faith, could convey any distinctive idea. I prefer briefly alluding to some of the particular questions of the day. To the proposals for permitting intrusion of this nature, for private purposes, and without the consent of the owner, I will never accede.—Adamson.

Bonus Homo: On the much vexed squatter question,
  I think as I always thought.
I'd permit (where I can't help it),
  Sections to be sold and bought. (E)

(E) On the Squatting question, I hold the same views in principle which I have ever done slightly modified in detail I think that the land should everywhere be sold to bona fide purchasers.—Goodman.

Filius Adami: Self regard is most discerning:
  I maintain the truth that none
Do as much for other people
  As I do for number one. (F)

(F) They are founded on false notions as to the sources of national wealth, ever best committed for developement to the person whose discerning self interest ensures the greatest addition, in whatever shape to the common stock.—Adamson.

Bonus Homo: I consider fifty shillings
  Is the natural rent to pay;
And I've made a grand discov'ry—
  When you've heard it so you'll say. (G)

(G) I am of opinion that both in law, equity, and justice, the rent of the grazing capabilities of the country has been fixed at £2 10s. per 1000 sheep.—Goodman.

Filius Adami: To invade, with hand felonious,
  Other people's private rights.
Is a thing 'gainst which I'm ready
  To stand up in fifty fights. (H)

(H) Thus prepared to withstand, on behalf of a class to which I myself belong, the wanton invasion of private rights.—Adamson.

Bonus Homo: This, then, is my grand discov'ry—
  I'll proclaim it till I'm hoarse;
You can ne'er rescind an act, while
  That same act remains in force. (I)

(I) I do not think any local council has a right to rescind the Act of Parliament so long as it is in force.—Goodman.

Filius Adami: Sweet the sound of compensation,
  To the ousted squatter's ear,
When he yields to plough and spade, with
  Compensation dry his tear.

Bonus Homo : To a tax on foreign grain, I've
  Certainly a strong objection ;
But I'd grant to graziers bounties,
  While corn-growers have protection. (J)

(J) I feel sure that it will not be to the interest of any government to impose restrictions on the production of one great article of food of the country, and so long as agriculture is protected, so long should the grazing of stock be encouraged as much as possible.—Goodman.

Filius Adami: I'd indemnify lease holders,
  Where their runs have been adempted;
And I think a fair adjustment
  Of their claims should be attempted. (K)

(K) It is my opinion, that where substantial injury has been occasioned by the ademption of a part of run, the lessee should be indemnified to the extent of his integest in the land so taken.—Adamson.

Bonus Homo: Gentle dwellers on the Murray,
  Grossly you have been neglected,
But you'll dip your hoofs into the
  Public purse, if I'm elected. (L)

(L) The Murray District has certainly not received its fair share of the public monies of the country. Should I be returned, I will do all I can to assist the member for the Boroughs in remedying this evil.—Goodman.

Filius Adami: I will educate your lambkins,
  And, besides their ABC,
They shall learn to plough and harrow,
  If your choice is fix'd on me. (M)

(M) In earnestly advocating the promotion of public education, I shall always have special reference to the circumstances of the district which I aspire to represent ; suggesting, as these do in particular the establishment, amongst others of industrtrial schools of agriculture and the kindred pursuits.—Adamson.

Bonus Homo: I, too, hope that education
  Will engross immense attention;
But which system I prefer, I
  Don't intend just now to mention. (N)

(N) I hope that the subject of Religion and Education will engross as much of the attention of the future Council as it has done of the past, and that the National and Denominational systems will both be supported. Goodman.

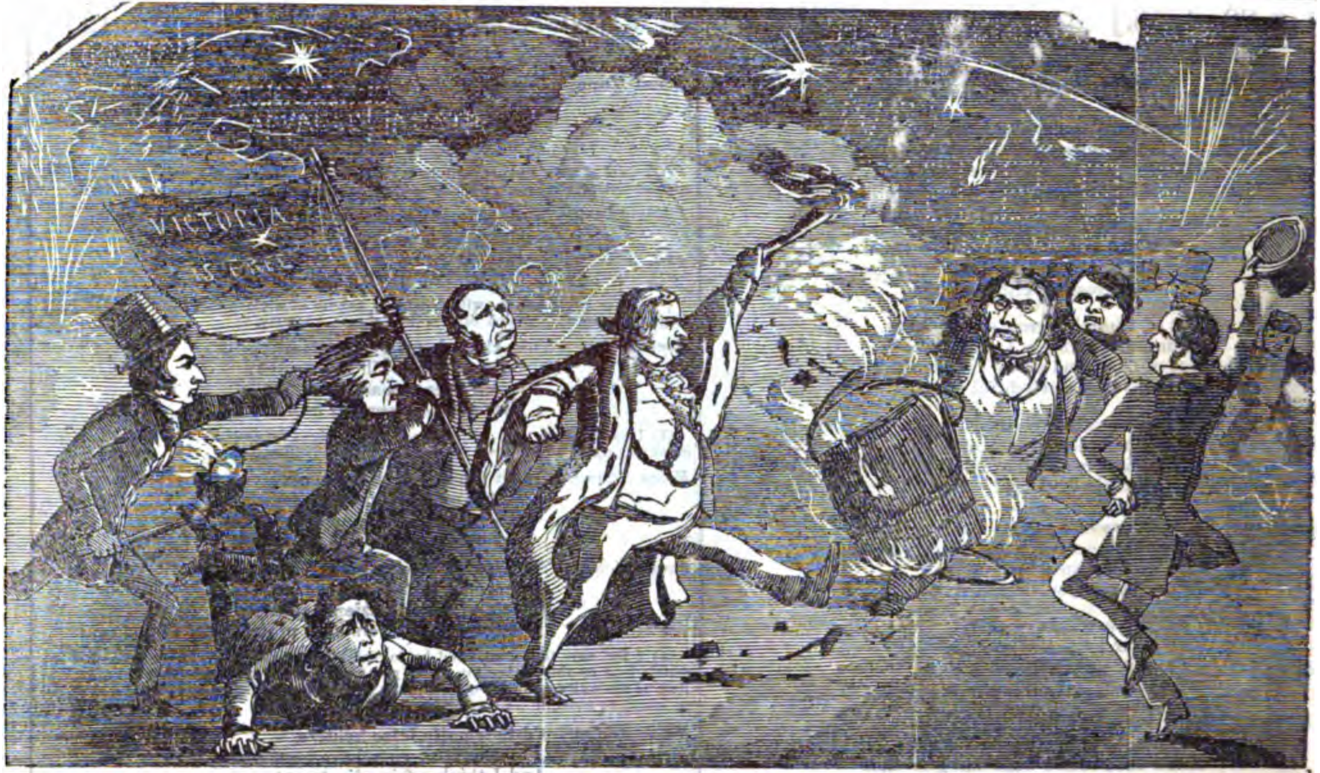
Filius Adami: Lastly, I will keep my eye on
  Those who spend the public tin ;
Therefore, oh ! my gentle hearers,
  To th' Assembly let me in. (O)

(O) Lastly, I will advocate the greatest possible economy of the public funds, consistently with efficient Government.

Bonus Homo : If elected, I will vote you
  Cash for church and chapel, which
You wont want, when you become more
  Populous and likewise rich. (P)

(P) I shall always advocate State Aid to Religion until I think the population is large enough and rich enough to support itself.—Goodman.

Here from off their timber perches
  Down the speakers jump'd, and far
Over all the Murray district
  Sounded an applauding *baa*.



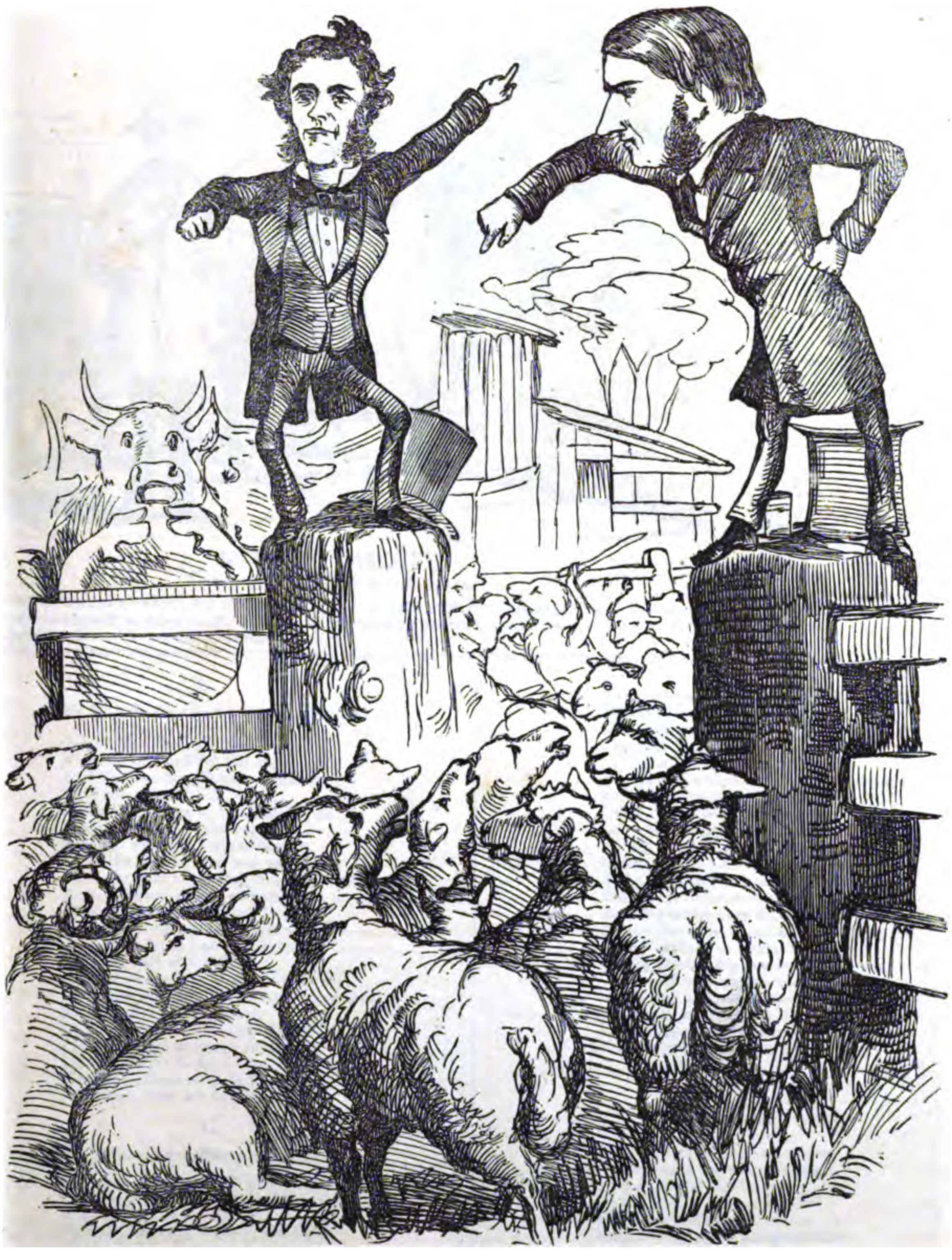
FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—NO VII.
PUBLIC REJOICINGS ON SEPARATION DAY.

AUSTRALIAN DOUBLES.

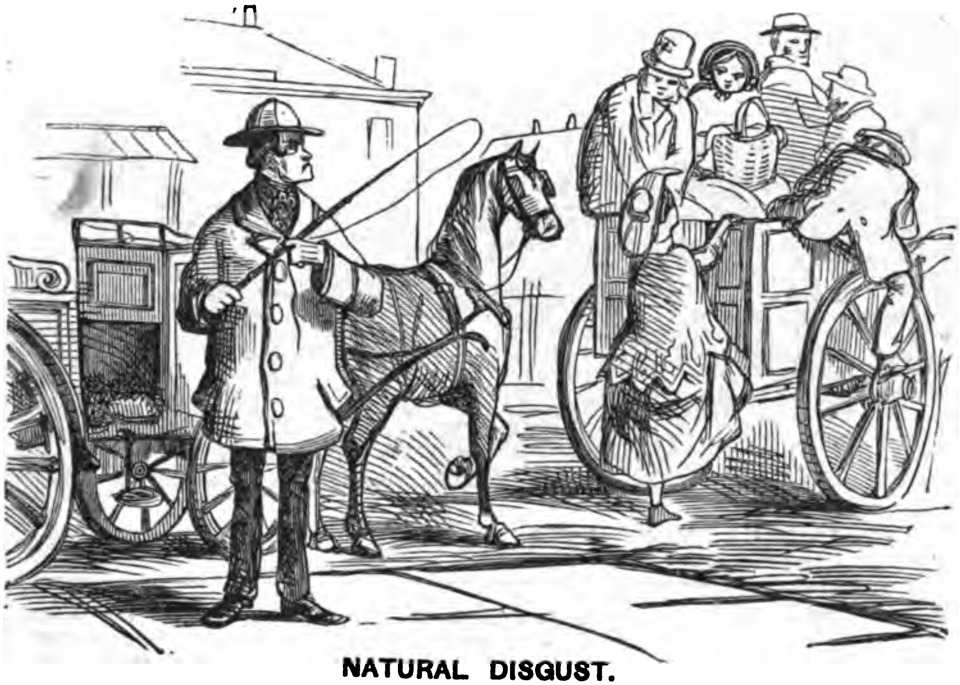
THE SONG OF LAH LAH TROBA.

BY HENRY W. STRONGFELLOW.

Should you ask me whence this tumult ?
Whence these bonfires and rejoicings,
With the troops in order marshall'd,
With the new policemen muster'd
With the throng of deputations,
With the rustling of addresses,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their loyal protestations,
As of most devoted subjects ?
I should answer, I should tell you
From the Corporation civic,
From the citizens of Melbourne,
From the offices of lawyers;
From the lodges of freemasons,
From the lodges of odd-fellows,
From the desk, and stool, and closet,
Where quill-driving youngsters seated,
Nib their pens and tot up figures,
Come these parchment gratulations
Come these fussy deputations;
I repeat but what I read, in
Olden volumes of the *Argus*,
Many-eyed, all-seeing *Argus*.
Should you ask me where that *Argus*
Found the story of the tumult,
Of the bonfires and rejoicings,
I should answer, I should tell you
"In the note-books of reporters,
In their cabalistic short-band,
In the copy fair they furnish'd
To the nimble finger'd typos."
If still further you should ask me,
Saying "What is meant by *Argus*,
Tell us of this early *Argus*."
I should answer your inquiry,
Straightway in such words as follow :
"In the eastern street of Collins,
In that sloping, sloppy highway,
Stood the presses of the *Argus*.'
Round about the infant Melbourne
Spread the bush-land and the marsh-land,
And beyond them rose the mountains,
Dark with groves of Eucalyptus,
Brown in winter, brown in summer,
Ever destitute of shadow :
And the winding Yarra Yarra,
You could trace it through the valley,
By its turbid floods in winter,
By its channel shrunk in summer,
And beside it dwelt Charles Joseph,
In a low and lonely shanty,
On the hill of Joli-Joli.
Ye who love the land of basalt,
Love the sunshine of its summer,
Love the torrents of its winter,
Love the dust-compelling hot wind,
And the gold-field, and the quartz reef,
And the rushes of the miner
On the camp and on the paddock,
And the rocking of the cradles,
Through whose perforated bottoms
Drop the specks of golden metal;
Listen to this early legend
To the Song of Lah Lah Troba.



MURRAY CANDIDATES ADDRESSING THEIR CONSTITUENTS.



NATURAL DISGUST.

Scene: The Junction Hotel, St. Kilda.

DRIVER OF SMART CONVEYANCE *(loq.)*—There aint no taste nor appreciation in this here Colony. A cove slaves himself to put a coach on the road worth sittin in, and people goes and drives in a apple cart like that — a — cat's meat barrer. Ugh.

A REAL BLESSING.

Somebody—a "mercantile man" who has attained such a degree of wisdom that he thinks he could be better off with a wife than without, offers a settlement of £500 a-year to a lady of prepossessing appearance who "possesses an *equivalent*." The mysterious signature is "Blessing." No doubt £500 a-year is a blessing not to be despised; and doubly desirable the possession of twice that sum. But whether the advertiser means that his wife *in posse* must have an equal amount, or merely that her charms, "prepossessing appearance," &c., must be worth at least £500 in the market, is not quite clear. The general tenor of the announcement, however, leads to the conclusion that the advertiser only wants a wife who is "worth," in purely commercial language, the sum mentioned. A pearl without price would be of no use to him. Beauty unparallelled, and therefore not priced, or ticketted, would have no charms for this mercantile man.

I.

PORT FILI PEEPI LOOSED FROM BONDAGE.

Out of childhood into manhood
Now had grown Port Fili Peepi;
And the Noo Sou Thwails dominion
Irk'd the tribe of Fili Peepi:
When there came to Lah Lah Troba
Mighty voices o'er the water;
Pow'rful words in accents tender,
From the land of mist and vapours,
From the land of rushing fire-steeds,
From the land of coal and iron,
From the cradle of the white man,
Spake these voices strong and tender:—
"Take the rule, O Lah Lah Troba,
Take the rule of Fili Peepi;
I, the Queen of Cloud-and-Mist-land,
Loose the wampum thong that bound thee
To thy cruel elder brother.
Quench the fires of ancient discord,
Light the pipe of sacred redstone,
Call thy elders to the Council,
Wear the plume of eagle feathers,
Fili Peepi, thou art free!"

II.

FILI PEEPI'S SEPARATION.

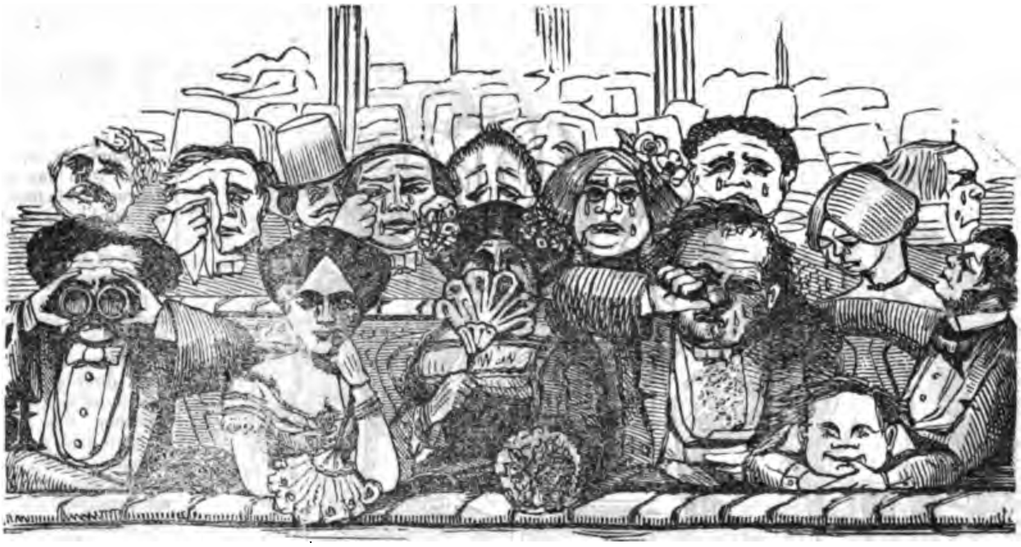
You shall hear how Lah Lah Troba
How the joyful Lah Lah Troba
Honor'd Peepi's separation.
Through the miry ways of Mel Burn,
To the Ruler's House of Treasure,
March'd a file of deputations,
Corporators in the vanguard,
Then the tribes of civic burghers,
Then the scribes of legal parchments,
Then the sons of Hiram Abiff,
Then the lodges of Odd-fellows,
Then the servants of the Ruler,
Then the preachers of the Blessing.
To the people spake Lah Troba
All the words that came from Mist-land;
From the iron-throated war-tubes
Came Waywassimo the lightning,
Came the thunder Annemeekee,
Filling all the air with tumult,
Filling all the air with tremor;
And the multitude assembled
Raised a hurricane of clamor,
And the music pray'd a blessing
On the Queen of Cloud and Mist-land.
By the shore of Yarra Yarra,
By the shining Big Sea water,
On the hill-side, in the vallies,
In the still and starry even
Blazed the bonfires and the rockets,
For the Queen of Cloud-and-Mist-land
Had made Port Fili Peepi free.

III.

FINDING THE GOLD-FIELDS.

Sing, O song of Lah Lah Troba,
Of the happy days that follow'd,
In the land of Fili Peepi,
In the land of wool and tallow;
Sing the mysteries of mining,
Sing the finding of the gold-fields.

But as this would be quite foreign
To the subject of our fresco,
This true song of Lah Lah Troba
Ought to find an ending here.



REALLY ENJOYING ONESELF.
'MADAME ANNA BISHOP IS SINGING "HOME SWEET HOME."

ANOTHER LIKELY MAN---VERY!

What lucky dogs the men of Belfast are, if, as the Latin Grammar sagely remarks, *sua bona norint.* Their suffrages are invited by a certain Mr. Stephen Peake Solly, whose qualifications are thus set forth in an article "communicated" to the *Belfast Gazette.* "He is the son of a naval gentleman," designation uncertain, but something between a Rear Admiral and a boatswain—"who has for some little time resided in the colony, and who"- it is uncertain which, father or son—"among other pursuits, has studied the peculiar wants of the colony,"—think of that, now!—"Among other pursuits," the study of metallurgy, metaphysics, crochet, conchology, sculpture, and sanscrit,—perhaps Mr. Solly has found time to investigate "the peculiar wants of the colony—and intends to offer himself as a candidate for the town of Belfast." And if the town of Belfast rejects such an offer, it ought to be ashamed of itself, for—"Mr. Solly's connections at home rank very high in society"—a candidate with aristocratic antecedents, you see, is about to fling himself away upon the constituency of a little sea-port town, a circumstance which does not occur every day in the week—"Anthony Crofton, Tidd Pratt, and other celebrities formed his mind for the world after leaving the university." Tidd Pratt is pretty well known in connection with Savings' Banks, Friendly Societies, and so forth, but who, on earth, is Anthony Crofton, the other "celebrity?"- "Having received a highly finished education and possessing an almost"—why not altogether a—"perfect knowledge of everything connected with the colony"—Mr. Solly ought to be Chief Secretary at the very least—"and possessing"—you should be a little more careful in the construction of your sentences; such tautology is highly objectionable; well—"possessing as he does, a most ample fortune, he is well able and quite prepared"—electors of Belfast, look out! a golden shower is preparing to descend upon your heads—"to go into Parliament for the good of his constituents, and the public generally,"—the last clause being an afterthought—"but also"—why "but?"—"to control some of those fierce and almost ungovernable spirits"—alcoholic or otherwise?—"which but too often destroy the interests of society, and sometimes involve their country in ruin."—The writer must have felt rather rejoiced when he arrived at the end of that sentence. Its meaning is very misty, but perhaps it is intentionally so. "He will go into Parliament"—about which there is some doubt—"free of all parties,"—though not of expense: *that* is very evident from the foregone allusion to his "ample fortune."—"He will shun all cliques, but he will join any party"—nothwithstanding his freedom of them "all"—"if such an act will be for the good of his adopted country"—which is very kind of Mr. Solly.—"However, in a short time his address will appear"—an announcement which is sure to create a sensation in the world of politics and letters—"and he will present himself to the electors, when his views of all the great questions which interest the public,"—whose "peculiar wants" have engaged the attention of Mr. Solly, "among other pursuits"——"will be most fully developed, and he will answer all questions which may be put to him:"—even if they should happen to relate to such abstruse subjects as the plurality of worlds, the squaring of the circle, the millenium, and the resolution of carbon into diamonds.—"We pause till then, and only say to the Electors, the times being critical"—and *Punch* takes the liberty of imitating the times—"put the Right Man into the Right Place." And if the electors in Belfast act upon this recommendation, they will put Mr. Stephen Peake Solly into the nearest National School, for if—as it is fairly presumable—he is the writer of this "communicated" article in the *Belfast Gazette*, his education, so far from being "highly finished," can scarcely be said to have commenced.

WANTED

To know the precise meaning of the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Argus*, of the 14th inst.:—

WANTED, bacon, hams, or fish to smoke, by an experienced smoker. Fordham, Park street, Emerald Hill.

We have heard of learned pigs, but is the advertiser so sanguine that he hopes to be able to teach bacon to smoke, or does he think that fish can be imbued with the pernicious habit. A man who could teach fish to smoke, should not despair of setting the element, in which they swim, on fire.

Or is the advertiser so palled with Cavendish, so *blase* to Negrohead that nothing can satisfy him but to put ham in his pipe and smoke it.

Well may he call himself an experienced smoker

WANTED A BEARD.

Punch clips the following from the *Geelong Advertiser*:—

RESIDENCE and PARTIAL BEARD wanted on reasonable terms, in a respectable family. Address, stating terms, H., Advertiser Office.

What sort of a beard does the advertiser require? And why "partial?" Would he prefer the Vandyke, the demi-pique, the hearth-brush (or American), the Rabbinical, or the bi-furcated beard? Advertisers ought to be more explicit, if they expect their wants to be attended to. Has "H.," ever tried Macassar?

HE MONSTER NUGGET.

PART V.

After breakfast, I took an opportunity of asking Fitz, how long it was proposed that I should enjoy the hospitality of himself and his friends, but I could get nothing but an enigmatic answer, to the effect that he could not hope long to have the pleasure of my company, but that he desired to make my stay as agreeable to myself as possible. I could not however, approve of the means he took to bring about this end, for he represented himself to be under tha necessity of again fastening me to the tree. The well known effect of chaining up dogs in making them savage, I began to feel could be brought about by similar causes in men. I protested vehemently, and pushed Fitz away when he was about to carry out his intentions. The cook, and the leader of the party, however, came promptly to his assistance, and quickly overpowered me, leaving me nothing but passion and breathlessness, as the result of resistance.

" Aint you ashamed o' yourself governor, a fightin' with your best friends like that." said Fitz reproachfully, when the chain was finally adjusted, and I sat silent, sullen, and helpless, leaning my back against the trunk of the tree.

" Serves you right," said Bill with his habitually ferocious scowl ; " if you'd put a ball through his head at first, there'd have been no more bother with him, and what odds is one —— man more or less."

" I loves a good action from my 'art Billy," replied Fitz. "But I do 'ate ingratitude," he continued, turning to me. " Here ave I been and saved your life, as one may say, and fed you and taken care of you, and like the wiper, you'd turn and sting me—oh it's a bad world, it is."

" Why don't you let me go instead of talking that d—d stuff," I said. " You've taken all I've got, and what do you want to keep me chained up like a dog, for ?"

" There now," said Fitz, " the little tempers shows the man. If I was to let you go that nasty temper o' yours would be just the thing as would carry you off hot foot to the peelers, and as there's been a coolness between them and me, I don't want no morning calls from them. That's what you'd be doing—creating unpleasantness directly. I'd rather be sure o' being out o' the way before they knew where to come to leave their cards."

The bushrangers now began to saddle up their horses, and having examined their pistols and primed themselves with a dram each, they went off to " business," leaving the cook behind as on the previous day.

The cook's duties it may be conceived, were not very onerous, and he speedily settled down to the grand occupation of Australian bush cooks, whether administering to the wants of thieves or honest men—smoking. Now man is gregarious, and smoking, though conducive to silence, tends nevertheless to develope the social instincts and kindly feelings.

" Have a blow, mate," said he, offering me a pipe and a piece of tobacco.

Perhaps the reader thinks I somewhat condoned the bushrangers offences by accepting subsequent civilities at their hands, and that I ought not to have proceeded to cut and rub up tobacco that a thief offered me, and that probably had been stolen. I can only say that sitting—with the prospect of so sitting all day—at the foot of a gum-tree, and chained to it by the leg, is a very monotonous amusement, and that I was hungry for a smoke. Also that as what I did is done, I shall make it none the worse by telling the plain truth about it. So I have openly avowed how familiarly I sat at meat at the bad men's feasts, and now own that I enjoyed a very soothing smoke in company with their cook.

Moreover, though your undeniable thief has declared open war against society, and must of course stand the racket of that declaration, I don't think it at all follows that all those who wage a righteous war with him are at heart better men than he. The legal scale of offences and their attendant penalties may be very useful in its way, but not I think in a moral-philosophical point of view in determining the relative *hateableness* of peculiar faults. At all events, whether I be right or wrong, I have often felt a much more cordial aversion for "respectable men," in dress-coats and white waistcoats, fortified by possession of wealth against the temptation to steal, but betraying an utter meanness and selfishness of disposition—an incapacity for any good emotion—an ostensible regard for others rights, readily resolvable into mere regard for self—a dislike of the penalties of crime rather than for crime itself—than for many criminals very properly dealt with according to law. I have taken wine at charity dinners, with beautifully got up gentleman of the " highest respectability," from and into whose mouths good things came and went with equal readiness, that I devoutly believe were intrinsically worse men than the larcenous cook, who, out of the kindness of his heart, supplied me with pipe and tobacco, and fetched me a firestick to light it with.

Mind I am not asserting that the law should let off the larcenous cook, because of a ray or two of kindness in his disposition, or that the depraved gentlemen in the white waistcoats should be prosecuted for their moral depravity. I own freely that overt acts of retaliation by society must be justified by overt acts of attack upon society—that the law should punish the smallest positive crime, and cannot deal with even the greatest wickedness of disposition where no crime has been committed. But I believe that in one's own regard of men, one's estimate should not, and one's moral contamination from associating with them does not depend upon a few special acts so much as upon their general character. The judges must punish according to acts, not character; but I decline founding my moral philosophy upon the sentences their honors pass, and I feel more humilliated—that I made more of a compromise of right and wrong—in exchanging grins over our wine-glasses, with the gentlemen in the white waistcoat at the charity dinner, than in smoking a pipe with the larcenous cook. I am happy to say, however, that since that pipe was smoked he has been very properly sentenced to ten years upon the roads.

The cook and I had a good deal of friendly conversation, and I obtained from him some valuable information about Van Dieman's Land. Shortly after noon he made up his fire, and prepared chops and tea, and so we dined together, he pressing the stolen mutton upon me with a great deal of sincere hospitality. He said it was quite a treat to have a man take things quiet the same as I did, and I obtained from him the information that the firm proposed moving away from that part of the country the following day, when I should be set at liberty. He was a bit of a diplomatist, and took advantage of a moment when we were sociably smoking together, and when there seemed to be no asperities between us, to try and extract a promise that I would not inform the police of what had happened, but this promise, as may be supposed, I resolutely declined to give. He seemed to share Fitz's sentiments about my ingratitude, but said it would be no odds, as they would be far enough away before I could split upon them.

After dinner, as time hung somewhat heavy upon our hands, the "doctor" brought out the pack of cards, and suggested a game at cribbage. After a little demur I consented, and we played several games " for love," scoring the game upon a piece of bark, with a pencil.

While we were thus engaged, I saw my opponent suddenly prick up his ears, and immediately afterwards the distant sound of horses hoofs upon the stony range I had crossed the day before also reached my sense of hearing. The doctor rose to his feet and listened intently. The sound came nearer, and on a little opening in the scrub, to the right, there emerged two horsemen, one white and the other black—an aboriginal. The doctor at once went towards them. The plot thickens, thought I, there are more of these rogues banded together than I supposed. I put down the cards from my hand, and waited the result of the interview, which did not last long. The horsemen turned round and disappeared in the direction from which they had come. The doctor had a stern anxious look about him when he came back.

"It was a —— good job you didn't sing out," he said. "It might have cost one man's life, at least. This sort of thing isn't much in my line," he added, pulling out his revolver, "but if you'd sung out, and he'd cut up rough, he should have had it. Who the d—l could have thought of any one's dropping down on us here."

"What do you mean," said I, "wasn't he one of yourselves ?"

"One of us ! no, no. Looking for lost horses. The blackfellow came on my mates' tracks. Well, to be sure. Leastways I'm thankful I didn't need to do it. I shall catch it from Bill, though. That cove 'll be back to the Stock-horse by morning. I could see he twigged it."

So the doctor went on disjointedly, half to me and half to himself, and I saw the mistake I had made. I felt a shock of regret that I had not given a call for help— but then, on the other hand, when I thought of my cribbage-playing friend's revolver, and his saying that a cry from me might have cost at least one man's life, I scarcely knew whether to be glad of my mistake or not. The doctor, however, said not a word more, but strode off into the bush. As soon as I was alone, I examined the fastenings of the chain, and strove to set myself at liberty. I found the attempt hopeless, however, though I renewed it several times, as my fear grew that I was left to starve where I stood. The only hope I had was in the thought that the horse-seeker might return with assistance from Glenetwas, and that thus I might be released. But this was a doubtful thing, and my spirit and resolution almost gave way.

After about three quarters of an hour, however, the cook came back, having been seeking his horse, which had strayed to an unusual distance in it's hobbles. Having saddled and bridled it, he took a piece of paper and laboriously wrote a few words thereon, and fastened it to a tree. In the meantime I was protesting vehemently against being left chained up. The cook looked doubtful, but at last said, "I wont leave you like that—I'll chance it," and going to Fitz's "swag" produced a key, with which he let me loose.

Now, perhaps, the reader having objected to the familiar companionship to which I had yielded, may equally object on the other hand to what I did next. For the instant I felt myself free, without giving the doctor the least warning, and taking him entirely by surprise, I dashed my fist, with full force, into his face, and laid him flat upon his back. Before he could recover himself, I had flung myself into the saddle of the horse he had brought up; and, as he rose to his feet, and laid his hand upon his revolver, I plunged into the scrub, and was off at a gallop.

THE BIRTHDAY.

By Pleesman X.

Pleesman X, a dewchus subject
Of our grate and grayshus Quéen,
Went, last Monday, for to see what
Loyal shows was to be seen.

Shops was shut, and bells was ringing,
And the wether being fare,
Lots of folks, on foot and hoss-back,
To the barracks did repare.

And the marshal band went marchin
Collins-street and Swanston, throo,
England's royal anthem playin ;—
Partang poor lah seery, too.

Sich a site of peeple mustar'd
For to witness the revew,
Wich to keep em back dewolved on
Me and other gents in blew.

By and bye the Guvner gallop'd,
With his staff, upon the ground ;
And they cheer'd the vet'ran, wich was
Cheerin to him, I'll be bound.

And by way of doin further
Honor to the hale old boy,
One and twenty guns were let off
Wich they call'd a *fewdy joy*.

Then they cheer'd our sov'ring lady ;
And the sogers, hoss and foot,
To give up their arms pretended,
Wich they call'd a royle saloot.

And the Foot Artill'ry pull'd their
Canons up and down the ground,
And the Yeomen in their elmets,
Gallop'd wildly round and round.

And the sellybrated rifles,
Varying in hite and size,
Did amews the peeple grately
Goin 'throo their exercise.

And the dog I've seed at Epsom,
Trespassing upon the corse,
Thrust hisself upon the ground, and
Yelp'd and howl'd till he was horse.

Likewise one hoss soger couldn't
In the saddle keep his seat,
So, to lead his steed preferring,
He elited on his feet.

Howsomdever, like a fire-work,
Werry bright, but over soon,
Was that millingtary show, as
Dazzled folks on Monday noon :—

A blaze, a boom, a crowd, a cheer,
And, when all the fun was ended,
Backward o'er the Bridge, their way the
Guvner and the people wended.

And at two o'clock the Gen'ral
Did the birth day Levvy hold,
In a werry handsome coat of
Scarlet trimm'd with lots of gold.

Wich the big wigs did surround him,
In a sort of circle courtly,
Likewise Mister Haines and Childers,
As is both uncommon portly

And my worthy friends the Consuls
On the dais both did mount ;—
One did look with eyes quite Piercieng,
Tother's not of small acCount.

Crowding, squeezing, puffing, panting,
In the passage jest outside,
People bustled, hustled, tussled,
Eager for to pass inside.

And a hossifer in scarlet
Jest admits 'em one by one,
And they hands a gent their pasteboard,
And when this here act is done—

"Joseph Blank," says he, a lookin
At the pasteboard werry hard—
And a readin of the writin
On that little bit of card.

And then Blank—he makes a kind of
Cross betwixt a bob and bow,
And he shuffles off as quick as
Suckumstances will allow.

And five hundred awkward Blankses
Shuffle through the room in turns;—
Somehow John Bull for to bend his
Stubborn bull-neck never learns.

Presently up comes a Yankee,
And he takes the Guv'ner's hand,
While the courtly circle jest like
Pettrifacted statties stand.

And sez he "Old hoss, I guess as
Miss Victoria's proud of we;
When youve fix'd up this here Levvy
Come and have a drink with me."

And the Guv'ner bow'd and sniggered,
And the big-wigs took their cue,
From the galliant Gen'ral's gestures;
So they bow'd and snigger'd too.

When the people made an end of
Shuffling past him one by one,
The Guv'ner look'd as tho he was
Unkommin glad as it was done.

Wich he gets into his carridge,
And the peeple all huzzay;
And the sogers offer arms, and
That is all I've got to say.

Leastways I would merely mention,
With my werry best respex,
There's a sargent's billet vacant
As would suit Perleesman X.

PUNCH'S POLICE COURT.

On Saturday last, a suspicious-looking individual, who refused to give either his name or address, was brought up for examination before Mr. Punch, at his Office, on a charge of making use of bad language, uttering counterfeit sentiment, and obtaining money under false pretences.

Policeman X deposed that on the morning of the day named, he had paid a shilling for a copy of a pamphlet, purporting to contain "A Brief Sketch of the Professional Career of Miss Catherine Hayes;" of which pamphlet he understood the prisoner at the bar to be the writer. After perusing this publication, witness said he had no hesitation in affirming that so much bad language and spurious sentiment were never before compressed into sixteen pages. Believing that the pamphlet tended to throw ridicule upon an amiable lady and an eminent vocalist, who was no longer present to repel the ridicule; and being further of opinion that the intrinsic value of the production might be fitly represented by the meanest coin of the realm, Policeman X had felt it to be his duty to bring the author of the publication before his worship.

Mr. Punch asked the witness to furnish the Court with some evidence of the bad language alleged to have been made use of.

Policeman X then read the following passages:—

"Although, in every other branch of art, Ireland has given proof of unlimited genius and talent, as a vocalist, who has already," &c.

"She was summoned before the curtain no less than twelve times. So great was it, in fact, that she was retained for the whole of the great carnival, which followed, as Prima Donna Absoluta."

"Music, that language of the feelings in all lands, created a link of sympathy that won her a path into their hearts."

"Her notes, so wild, so gladsome. or so sad, fell on them like a spell, through which their native feeling occasionally burst with terrific violence."

"But the goal of her ambition, to be the inaugurator of the Lyric Drama in lands whose late history was felt by her to foreshadow their great destiny, was too absorbent of her mind, to permit its distraction by any inferior object"

The reading of these extracts excited a burst of laughter in the Court, which was, however, promptly suppressed: and Mr. Punch, after complimenting Policeman X upon his zeal and vigilance, thus addressed the prisoner at the bar:—

"You have heard the charge which has been preferred against you: do you admit the authorship of the catch-penny pamphlet from which the foregoing passages have been read?"

The prisoner said he did; and pleaded for mercy.

Mr. Punch resumed: You have called Ireland a vocalist; you state, that in consequence of the magnitude of the curtain of a continental theatre, Miss Hayes was retained for the whole of the Carnival; you speak of a link winning a path; and of a native feeling breaking through a spell; you also characterize a goal as an absorbent; and in looking through this publication, I find so much meretricious sentiment, flatulent grandiloquence, hyperbolical extravagance, bosh, bombast, balderdash, bathos, and "bunkum," that I should be wanting in my duty to the distinguished lady whom you have endeavored to smother in a heap of gaudy rhetorical flowers,—to the public, from whom you have improperly obtained sundry shillings, and to the profession of letters which you have done your utmost to disgrace,—if I failed to visit upon you the severest punishment which it is in my power to inflict. I therefore sentence you to read every leading article which shall appear in the *Geelong Advertiser* during the next twelve months.

The prisoner was so much affected on hearing this rigorous decision pronounced, that he fainted. The usual restoratives were administered, and, on his recovery, he pleaded with passionate earnestness for some mitigation of his sentence. Mr. Punch, however, was inexorable, and the prisoner, who wept bitterly, was removed, in the custody of Policeman X.

MORE GEELONGESE.

The inventor of this hitherte "unknown tongue" has become quite lively, since the wet weather set in. Like Mark Tapley, he is jolly under the most depressing circumstances. He literally revels in "slop and dirt," and his spirits rise with every fall of the barometer. He has devoted a whole leading article to "heavy wet," leaky roofs, gaping boots, and "quarrelsome mortar." He mixes all these articles up, with the Geelong Reform Association, in a species of typographical pudding, from which *Punch* picks out a few "*plumbs*" as the *Advertiser* terms them.—

"Domestics slop about in a state of GLUMPINESS, and mistresses get peevish because the more the place is cleaned up the dirtier it gets. Waterproof cloth, guaranteed to float for any indefinite time in water butt. somehow or other gets clammy, and caotchuc external garments permissively admit an undeniable stickiness to body clothing.

"Glumpiness," "permissive admission of an undeniable stickiness to body clothing." Pure Geelongese, every word of it, and not comprehensible without a glossary."

"Politicians are susceptible as other men to the effects of climate, until liberal principles can be cut into great coats or wrappers, or patriotism manufactured into goloshes, the members of the Reform Association cannot be expected to hold damp committee meetings, to pass moist resolutions in deference to a sneezing majority, or against a neuralgic minority."

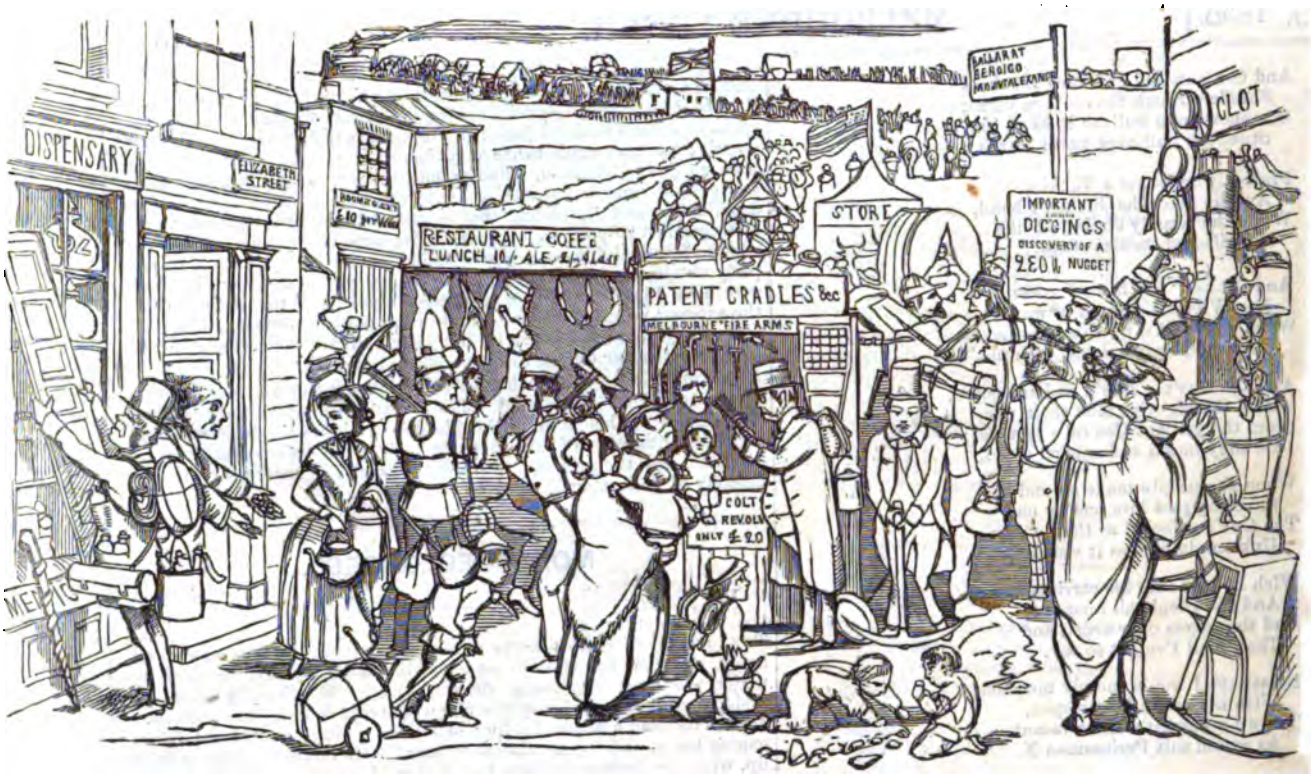
There's an effort of the imagination, for you! Liberal principles converted into paletots, and patriotism—warranted elastic—manufactured into goloshes! The curious felicity, too, of the phrases, "moist resolutions,"—"sneezing majority"—and "neuralgic minority." Geelongese is so copious a language that it can supply a distinctive terminology even to catarrh!

Elsewhere, this inventive writer characterises "slop and dirt" as "the debris of Gabrielli expenditure;" and speaks of "hundreds of pounds worth of Macadam" being "licked away down abysses;" of "mortar quarrelling with the bricks, cutting connexion, and leaving the firm;" and of "ducks delighting to puddle and *squaller* about in fluent mud;" &c., &c., &c.

Why does not the Philosophical Institute of Victoria bestow its attention upon the last, but not the least, important addition to the list of languages spoken by the human family? The editor of the *Advertiser* would no doubt offer every assistance towards compiling a dictionary and preparing a grammar for the use of those who may be inclined to study Geelongese; and as the leading articles of the only daily paper, published on the Pivot, are almost entirely composed in that dialect, such a grammar and dictionary would be a positive boon to the mystified readers of that journal.

"Will a Duck Swim?"—Mr. Rae complains that the papers have misrepresented the proceedings of Mr. Kerr's friends and admirers. They went no farther than to resolve—

That Mr. Kerr be asked if he is willing to come forward as a candidate for the representation of the City, or any other constituency, on his being guaranteed support to the amount of £1000 a year.


DISPENSARY
ELIZABETH STREET
£10 per Week
RESTAURANT COFFEE LUNCH 10/- ALE 2/- 4 Lass
PATENT CRADLES &c
MELBOURNE FIRE ARMS
COLT REVOLV ONLY £20
STORE
BALLARAT BENDIGO MOUNT ALEXANDER
IMPORTANT DIGGINGS DISCOVERY OF A 280 lb NUGGET
CLOT

FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—NO VIII.

MELBOURNE STARTS FOR THE DIGGINGS.

DOMESTIC DIALOGUES.

[*Scene* : Punch's Sanctum. *Time* : Wednesday Evening.
Interlocutors : Punch and Toby.]

Toby : *(Handing a letter)* Beg your pardon, Sir.

Punch : *(After perusal of the document)* Why, what is this, Toby ?

Toby : *(Very curtly)* Fortnight's notice, Sir.

Punch : Explain yourself. Give me your reasons, Toby.

Toby : The profession's getting very low, Sir. I should lose caste if I remained in it a day longer. I've made arrangements for going into the meat-pie line : "Two for sixpence ; all hot ! all hot !" *(Spoken with great warmth)*.

Punch : Silence, Sir, I command ; and have the goodness to explain yourself.

Toby ; Look here, Sir. *(pointing to a file of the Age and Herald)* Here are the editor and manager of a daily paper bullyragging each other—saving your presence—like a couple of fish fags. Says the manager, "You're a political profligate ; an adventurer, and a schemer." Says the editor, "You're a desperate gamester, fraudulent, and unscrupulously dishonest." Retorts the manager, "You're a hungry aspirant for office ; a malignant slanderer ; an infidel politican ; and a foul-mouthed fellow." Replies the editor, "You're a liar." Now, Sir, having a character to lose, and being of opinion that there is an honest livelihood to be obtained in other walks of life (a pieman's walk, for example), I have come to the determination of bidding the press a respectful farewell.

Punch : I trust you will reconsider your determination, Toby, which you appear to have arrived at, somewhat precipitately. The press, as a profession, must not be held responsible for the strong language and weak intellects of one or two soldiers of fortune—free lances—who hang upon its skirts: and although, undoubtedly, the vending of spicy meat-pies, is more respectable than the promulgation of abuse, highly-seasoned with scurrility; you may adopt a middle course and refrain from either.

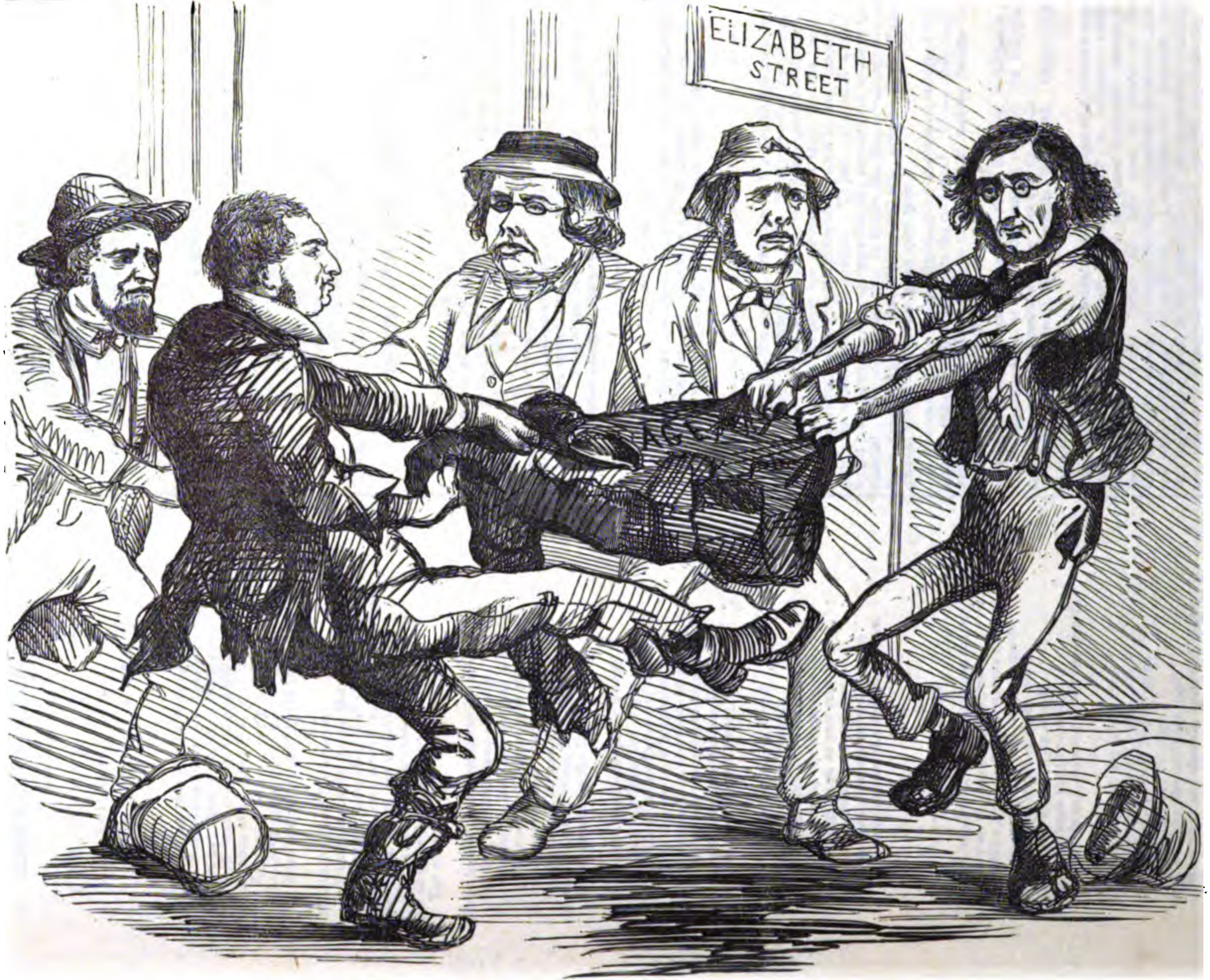
Toby : But the public, sir?

Punch : The public, Toby, is never slow to recognize and honor integrity of principle and gentlemanly conduct in editors and authors. What is excellent and enduring floats buoyantly down the stream of time; the filth and garbage sink into a congenial bed of slime. You are but a thoughtless puppy, Toby, and must withdraw your notice.

[Toby resumes possession of the document, and puts it on the fire, Punch smiling approval on the act. *Exit* Toby.]

Novel Invention.—The papers chronicle the invention by a Mr. Gordon, of a life-boat built on a new plan. The peculiarity of Mr. Gordon's invention is, according to the authority from which we quote, that it sails with "its bottom slightly out of the water." Blanchord once tried to do something of this kind and failed ; so did the proprietors of the famous aerial ship, and it was reserved for colonial ingenuity to devise a vessel that shall traverse the seas with its keel out of water. *Punch* does not pretend to understand this sort of thing, but supposes that the normal position of such a boat must be bottom up, and that her safety as a life-boat consists in the chance of her capsizing into, instead of out of, the right position.

Behind the "Age."—The prospective announcement in the *Age*, of the 28th instant, of a meeting which took place in Collingwood on the 22nd. The conductors of this journal under the new *regime*, are so impressed with the necessity of having early intelligence, that its columns notify the facts of the week before.



ARCADES AMBO; OR, A VERY PRETTY QUARREL AS IT STANDS.

AUSTRALIAN DOUBLES.

THE DREAM OF GOLD.

BY ALFRED PENNYSON.

THE SQUATTING ERA.

The varying year with thickening fleece,
Clothes and reclothes the squatter's flocks;
He shears them clean, or in the grease,
And down he boils the cumbrous ox.
But lazily the hours rolled on,
As slowly from the cutty curled
The soothing vapeur of the weed,
That makes men half forget the world.

No other sign of life appears
For miles and miles across the runs;
The grazing poleys, stags, and steers,
Wide horns, and down horns, brindles, duns,
Here seek among the water-holes
The surface of their shineing hides,
Or scrape against the gum-tree boles,
The covers of their rounded sides.

Even in town the slow clerks crawl—
The languid city seems to sleep.
The merchants, bankers, one and all,
Can scarce employ the clerks they keep.
In Bourke-street, half the shops are shut;
The publicans forsake their signs.
In short the Melbourne folks have cut,
By thousands, to the Turon mines.

Here sits a merchant at his books,
His sad eyes from the ledger turn
The luckless landlord's mournful looks,
Betray the depth of his concern.
The shopmen, undisturbed—alone
Behind their lonely counters stand,
And rumours right and left have flown
Of ruin to Victoria's land.

Oh when if ever shall be found,
A nugget on Victorian soil,
And who can say aurif'reus ground
Will here repay the digger's toil.
Yet all things must as now remain
Until the fated gold appears,
Come then prospectors mad or sane
And cause at once the change of years.

* * * *

THE DISCOVERY.

The gold was found—the charm was snapt;
There rose at once a sudden trade,
And bankers laughed, and merchants clapped
On cent, per cent., and fortunes made.
The golden find enriched them all;
And Miller wept for joy aloud.
A hubbub shook the Civic hall;
And shouts and cheering shook the crowd,

The panic ceased, the prices rose,
The tide that ebbed began to flow,
For swift the news to Sydney goes,
Of Ballarat and Bendigo.
And all along the northern road,
With picks and shovels, carts and drays,
Men after men, and load by load,
Prospective diggers fill the ways.

Here lawyers quit their briefs and pleas,
Or hopes of briefs—'tis all the same,
There doctors cast aside their fees,
All bent upon a single game,
Merchants and scholars, rogues and fools,
Old, young, strong, weak, halt, lame, sick, well,
Pour forth with swags and diggers tools,
To meet a fate that time shall tell.

* § * *

L'ENVOI.

You shake your head, a passing doubt,
Your finer sense of right offends,
Although the gold-fields be found out;
Say whereto such discovery tends—
Evil or good—the self-same thought
A learned judge ere now perplexed;
And so we leave—we think we ought,
Without response this question vexed.

A BERTH FOR MR. PRIDHAM.

Mr. Pridham, the candidate for Belfast, says, that the adoption of a scheme of his would realise "the brightest dreams of his (Mr. Pridham's) youth, and of him, the greatest of English Preceptors, at whose feet Mr. Pridham learned, 'That it was a glorious privilege to assist at the birth of a young nation.'" It strikes us that it would be a difficult thing to assist at the birth of an old nation, but we suppose Mr. Pridham's dreams go by contraries. He, and the greatest of preceptors are agreed as to the propriety of his assisting; let us hope that he, who is a new hand, will not limit his exertions at the birth to further plunging the young nation into hot water.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

ALL persons having any claims against LOLA MONTES, late of Munich, Melbourne, Ballarat, and elsewhere, are requested to forward them, on or before the first of April next, to that lady's address, North America.

STURT AGAIN—TOUJOURS PERDRIX!—We positively shall soon have to decline inserting notices of Mr. Sturt's peculiar judgments in our abstract and brief chronicle of the time—they grow too absurd and too numerous. Just fancy his discharging a thief because the thief was a reprobate, and telling the prosecutor that if he went among such people, he must expect to be robbed. To jest upon such a dictum would be to paint the lily, an operation, the absurdity of which is well attested. We understand that in future Mr. Sturt will only commit those thieves who are respectable, and who commit their offences without the injured parties going near them.

A SUGGESTION.—Is the mud blockade of the streets designed to afford the Rifle Brigade practice in the trenches? If so, they may as well add to this practice, the more useful one of making fascine and gabion crossings over the dangerous places.

IMPORTATIONS FOR THE CELESTIALS.—The Shipping Intelligence of the *Geelong Advertiser*, of the 13th instant, contains the following among the notices of arrivals at the Port Phillip Heads:—

"Falstaff, brig, 312 tons, from Calcutta, Feb. 20th. Cargo—Rice and Cats."

Nothing can beat the providence and forethought of mercantile men. Here we have the main ingredients of a celestial curry, and it must be truly delightful to those home-sick wanderers for whose peculiar tastes, all this care is taken, to find that commerce hastens to supply for their enjoyment the simple luxuries which delighted them at home. A correspondent suggests that this importation must be the speculation of the Australian Whittington, but we see little force in the suggestion, and still less in the hypothesis that "Rice and Cats," must be a misprint for "Rice and Oats."

HAIR PRESUMPTIVE.

Stout Friend: Hulloa, Smith, how are you? Scarcely knew you.

Smith: Ah, I'm rot surprised—I've joined the moustache movement, and it does alter a man's physiognomy wonderfully.

LAYS OF THE LEGISLATORS. (1)

WHEELER BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.

Wheeler (2) brewed a peck o' maut,
Pyke (3) and Andrews (4) came to drain ;
Three blyther lads the lee lang night,
Ye will not find in Castlemaine.
We are na screwed, we're nae that screwed,
But just a wee drap in our ee,
Hitchcock may craw and Pasley jaw,
But we shall still the members be.

Langlands (5) may stand, or Lawyer Horne (6)
That worthy legal M.L.C.,
They'd like of course to send as hame,
But by my troth they'll wait a wee.

We are na screwed, etc.

Wha first resigns and gangs awa,
A traitor, coward, fool, is true ;
Then, Andrews, of the Mayoral chair.
Say who's the winner of us two.
We are na screwed, we're nae that screwed,
But just a wee drap in our ee ;
Hitchcock may craw, and Pasley jaw,
But we shall still the members be.

(1) This lay is founded upon facts, thus briefly narrated in the AGE, May 28. A political meeting having been held, "on the same evening. a few were invited to meet Mr. O'Shanassy, and the members IN ESSE and IN POSSE; at which it is said eloquence, wit, and conviviality were strangely blended, and continued long past the witching hour of night."

(2) Wheeler was a brewer and politician—like Cromwell. His biography and political career will be found amongst the "Unlikely men," in the Black and White List. Melbourne. 1856.

(3) Pyke helped Wheeler to make Castlemaine a "political nullity." He was nearly drowned in the Yarra, but not quite, subsequently, he kept himself and his speeches very dry.

(4) Chairman of the Municipal Council.

(5) See Black and White List, and Register of Births, wherever he was born.

(6) An Attorney.

THE MORALE OF ADVERTISING.

Whether it is from the modesty of writers, who refrain from making allusions to subjects that are immediately connected with the idea of sordid gain, or from what other cause, we know not ; a portion of the daily journals which is replete with interest often escapes critical notice. We refer to the advertising columns. Full of moral reflections, philosophic disquisitions, scientific facts, and fun, are these simple and unpretending compositions. Let us quote a few from the journals of the day :—

"Family washing and mangling machine."
"Portable threshing machine."
"Upright sawing machine."

Are not these all-suggestive ? The great doctrine of cleanliness, is it not touchingly inculcated in the first of these announcements ; while a deep thrill of sympathy is awakened by the risk of an innocent babe being dropped too far into the machine by a careless nurse, and shot out at the other end, a mangled form. Would not such an apparatus—as well as the portable threshing machine, be invaluable to schools which, might then, like some of our, boast of leaving a completely appointed lavatory for the pupils ? A lesson of morality is taught by the mention of an upright sawing machine. How can a man fail to be honest when his very tools set him an example of uprightness ! Such a machine would of course only turn out "full-cut" work, and sturdily refuse to cut five half-inch boards out of a two-inch plank, or two 4 x 3 quartering out of a 6 x 2. Nor is this moral integrity confined to cutting tools. A little lower down we find the want of

"An American Buggy, of first-class character;"

Such a one, doubtless, as refuses to call at a public-house, and stops regularly on the door of a church, reverently bowing its hood, or uncovering its pole.

Even pianos are expected to possess intellectual qualifications. *Voila!*

"Piano.—Wanted by a lady some finishing lessons. Apply, stating terms, and under whom *they* studied. — — —."

The next is somewhat doubtful. A Mr. —— advertises, under the attractive heading "Insolvent Court avoided," that he is prepared to "take all necessary steps to secure his clients from the Insolvent Court."

Now, this might pass for the invitation of "philanthropist, who yearned to benefit his fellewmen, and only needed a knowledge of his brethren's" difficulties to step forward and relieve them. That the rest of the document, which enumerates as some of the "necessary steps," the striking of balances and investigation of accounts dispels the illusion, and suggests the hand of one of those clever artists who make work for official assignees.

Presently, we are informed that the "Body-makers" are out of work. Who these wonderful artificers are we do not pretend to know: the reader may select from the Doctors, Undertakers, and Mrs. Gamps.

A demand for a "Young Man, aged 16 or 18."

gives evidence of Australian precocity, and imparts an uncomfortable feeling of age to those who have seen twice that number of summers, or winters, whichever you will.

HE MONSTER NUGGET.

Part VI.

As soon as I got clear of the bushrangers' camping ground, my object was to make for Glenetwas, diverging at the same time so much from the direct line to that place, as would, I thought, secure me against meeting Bill and his friends on their return "home." I got so embarrassed among scrub and stony ranges, however — I went so widely out of my way to avoid precipitous descents and gullies, and to keep out of the most dense portions of the scrub, that when night overtook me, I only knew that the Glenetwas road must be somewhere on my left hand, and at the same time I felt very doubtful whether I was much nearer to it than when I gave my friend, the larcenous cook the slip. The night now closed in rapidly, however, and I determined to make the best of a bad bargain by remaining where I was till daylight. I accordingly dismounted and hobbled my horse (so I considered the horse, perhaps because I had been infected with bushranger's morality) as closely as I could with the stirrup-leather. I then lay down with my head upon the saddle, and wore out the hours of darkness in long intervals of nervous wakefulness and brief snatches of troubled sleep. From one of the latter I woke shivering with cold, at early dawn. Without much trouble I discovered and caught my horse, and made straight for the road. The nature of the country in which I had entangled myself, precluded rapid progress or direct travelling, and the sun was high in the heavens when, with anything but pleasure, I recognised a pool of rain-water, at the foot of a gum-tree, which I had noticed while riding with my hands tied between Bill and Fitz three days previously. I did not like the notion of having got again into the bushrangers' track, and kept looking about me very nervously as I approached the water-hole, to quench the thirst of man and beast. Both were very thirsty, however, and we (the "Yarraman" and I) almost at the same time, plunged our heads into the water and drank long and deeply.

Just as horse and rider had completed their draughts, the former pricked up his ears. Almost at the same moment I caught the sound of hoofs, and looking up I saw, through an opening in the scrub, three horsemen advancing at a rapid pace. A single glance sufficed to enable me to recognise the colors of at least two of the horses. I was in the saddle in an instant, and now thoroughly knowing my way, I urged my steed forward with the utmost energy of my unarmed heels, and made straight for the Glenetwas road. At the same moment I heard a shout from the men behind, and knew that I was recognised and pursued. With a heartfelt wish that the stolen horse I rode might be fleeter than the stolen horses behind me, I swept over the ground. I felt that everything depended upon speed—that if once re-caught by the bushrangers, Bill's vindictive spirit, which scarcely was kept in control before, would probably burst all bounds, and that his comrades, who had only seemed to regard my life as something not to be taken without any cause, would suspend all interference on my behalf.

The gallant grey strode forward admirably, stretching out over level glades—evading sudden difficulties—bounding over half-concealed bogs, and bursting through tangled scrub, until in the exhilaration of that rapid chase, a sense of wild pleasure arose, and the magnitude of the stake for which I was riding began to disappear from my mind, and apprehension to be left behind among the trees through which I flew. Every now and then, I cast a furtive glance behind me, but could scarcely determine whether I was making [illegible]ad upon my pursuers, or my pursuers upon me. Presently I caught a sight of the road, and I fancied if I could but reach that all would be safe; but I had not well time to feel reasured by the discovery, when my horse caught his hoof in the fork of a fallen branch, and over we went rolling together. I was stunned by the shock—the bush seemed reeling about me—for a single instant I felt as if I were crashed to pieces, and then I lost all consciousness.

I emerged from that condition of momentary death, and began to remember how I had fallen into it. I found myself in the grasp of strong men, and looked up to see the fierce faces of the bushrangers. To my great relief, the faces were strange to me; but as I had recovered from my bewilderment, I found that my wrists were handcuffed together. Another glance sufficed to show me that one of the men wore a policeman's trousers, while the dexterity with which he had applied the handcuffs, and their "regulation" appearance contrasting so strongly with the make-shift bonds, wherewith the bushrangers had bound me, left me in no doubt as to his calling. The second man I knew I had seen before, though for the moment I could not think where or when. The third was a powerful stockman-looking man. All were well armed and mounted.

A sudden light broke in upon me. I had fallen into the hands of allies, not enemies.

"Are you out after the bushrangers," I eagerly asked?

"You've got no call to say anything about bushrangers just now my man," said the constable with a professional caution. "You'll have plenty of time for that to-morrow, in the p'lice court; and, if you take my advice, you'll keep your tongue in your head till then."

"Man alive." I exclaimed, "you ought to see I'm no bushranger—I'll come with you with all the pleasure in life—if you'll take these handcuffs off."

The constable's face seemed to say more than that he was too old a bird to be caught with chaff;—it indicated with an expression of sublime indifference, just tinged with contempt, that the offer of such chaff, was a thing foolish and futile, but so frequent as to be almost taken as a matter of course. The stockman-looking man was more demonstrative. "My oath! that's a good un too," he said with a loud laugh, "you're a queer one too. My oath! you must think we came out yesterday; you must, my —— oath!!"

"What's the good of noticing him, Martin," said the third, they always say that sort of thing I fancy," and then turning to me, he added, "just to let you know you needn't waste your breath young fellow let me tell you, I saw you at cards with your mate yesterday, and that horse you've been riding so devilish hard, belongs to me."

I remembered at once where I had seen the speaker, I began to feel a little confused and dizzy—to feel vaguely that I had got into a monstrous scrape of which I could not yet measure the dimensions. But a fresh outburst from Martin—and this time anything but a merry one, again struck upon my ear. The allusion to the horse, which had by this time recovered itself, and now stood panting and steaming—had drawn towards it the attention of the stockman, and he had at once obeyed the first instinct of an equestrian after a good horse has fallen—he had rushed to examine it's knees. The roar that burst from him told the tale of woe.

"My —— oath! look here Mr. Sterling," he shouted, "here's his knees all cut to pieces—here's the --- bushranger has been and cut his knees all to pieces. Oh you —— villain," to me, "I'll come to see you hanged if I travel a hundred miles o' purpose."

Now it is not pleasing to be called "a —— villain" at any time; nor to have the fact of one's being hanged assumed as a matter of course, the only doubt recognised being as to the trouble it is worth while to undergo for the sake of being present at so gratifying a spectacle. I accordingly retorted upon Mr. Martin, in a speech to which present rage and past bush experience gave so vivid a colour, that I feel compelled not to report it verbatim. Martin—anticipating, I believe, a threat that Councillor Bowden has since made classical, by employing it in City Council debates, declared that he would "choke me," and seemed about to carry his threat into execution, when the policeman interposed—

"Choke him and welcome, when he's out of my hands, but not till then, Martin. No man shall choke my prisoners, I can do it myself if there's a call to, but he'll come along quiet enough directly you'll see."

Martin growlingly abstained from violence, and contented himself with repeating in a low tone, his determination to be present at my hanging—this time, however, if he "humped his swag and tramped it a hundred miles and back." The value of my expected pendulous performances was evidently rising.

I saw that there was little chance of my getting out of the policeman's clutches just then, but as I grew cooler, it struck me that as the whole misfortune I suffered arose from a not unnatural mistake, I ought to smother my indignation and continue loyal to the majesty of law. I might yet be able to aid in catching the real Simon Pures, with whom I had been so injuriously identified. With forced calmness therefore I said, "I see that it's no use trying to make you believe what I've told you, but perhaps I can help you to find where the bushrangers really are. I know at all events where they were the night before last, and where they intended to be last night."

The constable listened attentively, but said nothing; Martin's face assumed an expression of increased aversion and disgust. "What, peach on your mates would you," he said—"well if I was a —— villain, anyways I wouldn't be a —— cur too. Ugh."

Mr. Sterling also looked disgusted, and said, "If you want to turn Queen's evidence, this isn't your time."

"I told you you'd best keep your tongue inside your teeth," said the constable.

I began to think so too.

THE LAY OF THE LOBBY.

Scene: The Post Office. *Time:* Monday last.

With patience weary and worn,
With faces with anger red,
A hundred merchants and meaner folk,
The Post Office Lobby tread.
Wait! wait! wait!
In that place of common resort
And still they cry with importunate voice
"When *will* they the letters sort?"

Wait! wait! wait!
While the precious hours speed fast,
And wait—wait—wait,
Until twelve o'clock and past.
It's oh! to have a box,
Price three pounds three a-year;
No matter how often or loud one knocks,
The clerks they will not hear!

Wait! wait! wait!
Till the lobby overflows;
Wait! wait! wait!
Till the crowd crush all your toes,
Man, and woman, and boy,
Boy, and woman, and man,
Till the mass is just as closely pressed
As sardines in a can.

Oh, clerks, box'd up inside,
Oh, clerks with mothers and wives,
Not patience you're wearing out alone,
But human creatures' lives.
Wait! wait! wait!
In that place of common resort
While they clamour outside with angry voice
When *will* they the letters sort?

But why do I talk of clerks,
Those dapper and dainty men,
With tufts of down on their upper lips,
And behind each ear a pen—
And behind each ear a pen
For ornament, not for use.
Alas! that they should be so slow
To give us the wish'd for news.]

Wait! wait! wait!
For a weary lapse of time;
Wait—wait—wait!
Till the hour of noon doth chime.
Man, and woman, and boy,
Boy, and woman, and man,
Till you doubt if minutes eer lagged so slow
Since time itself began.

Wait—wait—wait
In that passage dun with dust,
And wait—wait—wait
Amidst motley company thrust—
While on the pigeon-holes
Hard knuckles vainly knock,
And the sportive tongues of the clerks inside
With jests that clamor mock.

Oh! but to breathe the air
Of even Elizabeth-street—
With the sky above our head,
And the gutters beneath our feet,
For only one short hour
To escape from this frowsy crowd,
Venting their wrath in murmurs low,
Or imprecations loud.

Oh for the news we crave,
The letters which must be there,
To tell us the price of "double rose,"
And what sperm candles are!
A letter from Blank would ease our hearts,
Perchance enrich us, too,
But 'till we know how the markets go
We know not what to do.

With patience weary and worn,
With faces with anger red,
A hundred merchants and meaner folk,
The Post-Office lobby tread.
Wait! Wait! Wait!
In that place of common resort,
And still they cry, with importunate voice,
"When *will* they the letters sort?"

POINT OF ORDER.

In other assemblies, if one lively speaker
In taunting another should chance to provoke him,
The member aggrieved would appeal to the chairman,
But in the Town Hall he would—threaten to choke him.

If in Parliament Houses an orator's tedious,
They try to arrest (with the cry of "spoke spoke") him;
But your gallant Town Councillor scorns such evasions,
And without ambiguity—threatens to choke him.

If a noble lord—Derby we'll say—feels annoyed
When another lord ventures too smartly to joke him,
He answers at once with some witty rejoinder,
But never, we apprehend—threatens to choke him.

Query. Would it be much out of order to carry
Straight into the road-way, and then and there soak him,
Neck and heels in a puddle, or gutter, or kennel,
The member who—threatens another to choke him?

LAYS OF THE LEGISLATORS.

THE LAMENT FOR O'BRIEN.

Air—"*It is not the Tear at this moment shed.*"

It is not the sigh at the moment heaved,
When we hear he's elected to bore us;
That can tell how profoundly we feel aggrieved
As we think of the session before us.
'Tis the yawn through many a long debate,
That his "sintiments" make longer;
'Tis the knowledge of our fearful fate,
And the wind of that word-monger.

Oh well may we weep for his speeches vile—
Though frequent he ne'er can improve them;
And as for his motions, it stirs one's bile,
As one thinks why the deuce does he move them.
And as heaps of rubbish will leave a stain,
Though they've long away been banished;
So the thought of his trash recurs again
When the speaker himself has vanished.

AUSTRALIAN DOUBLES.

URSA MINOR.

An Epic, by R. H. Corn; Author of "O'Brien,"
"Gregory, or the Hall of Commerce," &c., &c., &c.

CANTO 120.

In much intrigue the wily course had rolled
Of him who once to Sydney was despatched,
The colleague of Mackinnon and of Grey.
—The first, since known as man of many types
Of good and evil. Grey, the second, he
Erewhile obeyed as chief of Downing-street,
The god of Denison and lord of lags.

* * * * *

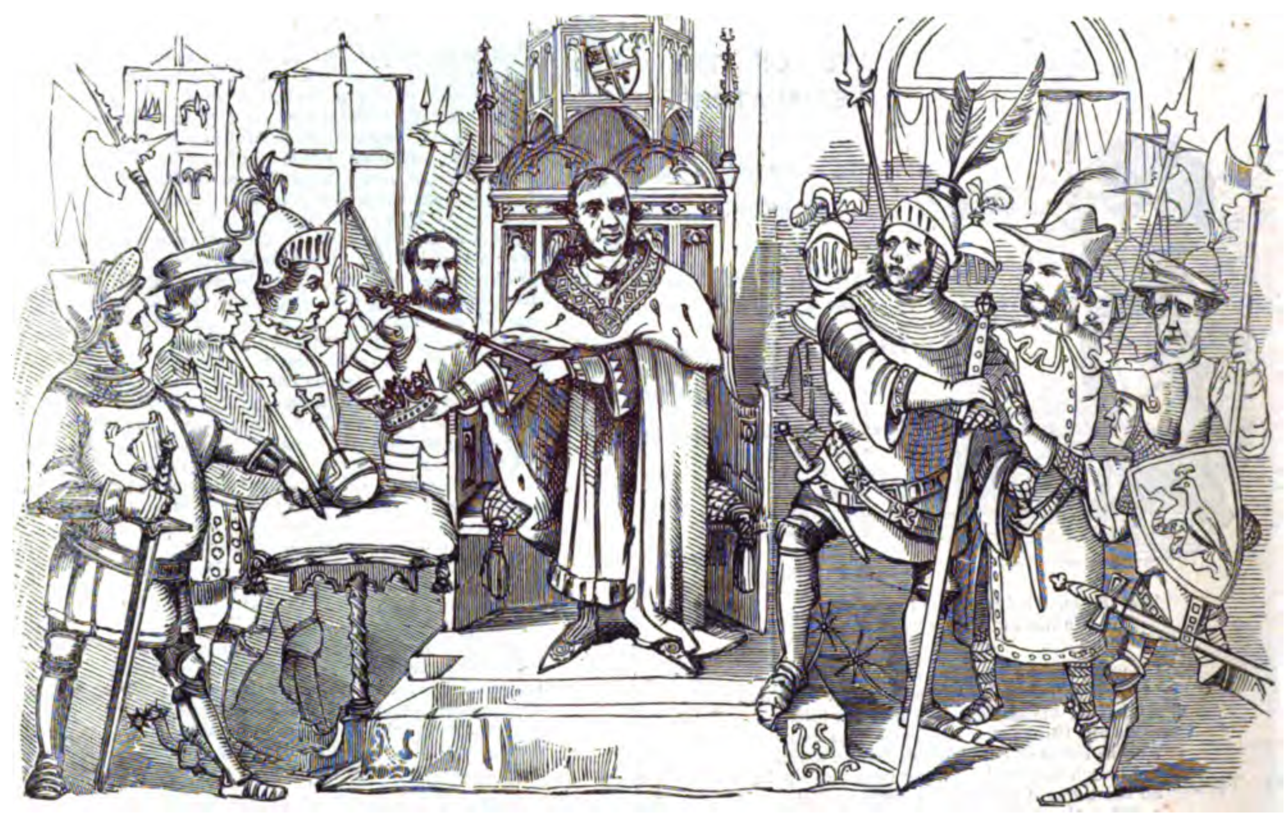
Hereon the wily chieftain crossed the sea,
And in the red tape regions of the north,
Held converse long and large, with Pakington.
They into such alliance knit their powers,
That when with great Poseidon's friendly aid,
Back to his island home Phosteros came,
He lorded it above his former chums,
And then and there cock o' the walk he crew;
Many there were to whom the crowing seemed
A meditated insult and a wrong
To be resented. Stawell, strong and bold,
Choleric, impetuous, ill inclined to brook
Control or guidance—hating crooked ways—
Huge curly-headed Childers, wise and sly—
Molesworth, whose unknown tongue some say is Erse—
Clarke, who first taught the simple islanders
To measure earth, and introduced the plough
And bribery—Pasley, the engineer,
Upright and skilful, but subdued by sloth—
Grimes, the unhappy, who could ne'er be taught
The product of two multiplied by two,
And so was given the charge o' th' public purse—
All these at Phosteros cast baleful looks.
Not without reason. For the subtle chief
At once began to weave his tangled webs.
Nor yet alone those over whom he ruled,
But many others dwelling round about
Grew jealous of Phosteros. Slippery Greeves,
Whom Insincerity to Shrewdness bore—
Fawkner, who whilom in Van Diemen's Land
Rent the huge gums in twain with cross-cut saws,
And since, with grammar bad and purpose good,
And much intelligence and courage high,
Became a terror to both friends and foes—
Nicholson, calm, reserved, wisest of all—
O'Shanassy, the idol of a set—
Haines, from the Barrabool, who neither then
Nor since, was thought much of a genius—
All these, and more, around Phosteros raged.
So time passed on, till more than eighteen moons
Had caused Poseidon's tides to ebb and flow;
And then there rose a clamour in the land,
For many mortals digging in the earth
And raising gold into the light of day,
Pestered had been by various popinjays
Beyond endurance. And they all declared
For this Phosteros was alone to blame;
And much to blame for that and many things
Beyond all doubt he was. He plundered funds,
For special purposes long set aside—
Two meanings had he for each word he spoke,
And justified each act with oly tongue—
And special pleading, and his ready speech.

Now on all hands a clamor there arose—
"Resign thy place Phosteros, abdicate
The powers thou hast abused, and thank the gods,
Thou goest forth with life." Phosteros gazed
About him in vain search for sympathy.
O'Shanassy, Haines, Stawell, Grimes himself,
Cried "Get thee gone to some remote retreat:
Repent thee there of all thy wicked ways,
And pray for pardon and obscurity."
The wily chieftain saw that nought remained,
But of a bargain bad to make the best.
Dissembling all his pain he wandered forth.
Phosteros, as the tumult ended, moved
From place to place, over the earth's wide breast,—
Here crushing lumps of quartz in his despair;
There plunging into half-formed companies,
But never finding ease or piece of mind.

* * * * *

At last Phosteros found a landing place—
He blindly staggered up the shingly beach.
Th' amphibious dwellers, among rope and tar,
Gave him rough welcome, and the wily chief,
Who, for a purpose, could much insult brook,
To questioning marine.store-dealers gave
An answer true or false to all they asked.
He from their simple salt-sea souls drew out,
Without their knowledge, what they most desired
That he should say, and that he promptly said.
Mason and Verdon led the boisterous crew;
And cheers and laughter echoed through the hall.

The wily man took comfort at these sounds,
And vowed unto himself to be revenged
On Stawell, Paisley, Clark, and all the rest.
Much had he seen in olden times of power,
(When he and they like brothers sinned together),
Of their short-comings and their weaknesses,
And strengthened now by those amphibious cheers,
He sallied forth against his former friends.



FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—NO IX.

THE ABDICATION OF FOSTER THE FIRST.

MELBOURNE PUNCH TO DOCTOR CAIRNS.

My Dear Doctor,

That you fell asleep during the protectorate of Cromwell;—that you have been restored to consciousness—like another Rip van Winkle—in the reign and province of Victoria; and that you are engaged in the fruitless experiment of fitting the rigidly-cut garments of the gloom-loving puritans of another hemisphere and another century, to the gloom-hating. cant-abhorring men and women of our own clime and time, I do most unfeignedly believe. Pause and consider, my dear Doctor, the folly of the attempt, and the absolute certainty of its failure. The words which have been attributed to you by a newspaper reporter, are surely the words of the Rev. Habbakuk Howl, assistant chaplain to the first company of Cromwell's Ironsides.

"He strongly urged," (this is the language you are alleged to have made use of.) "young men to beware of theatres, although. perhaps. the theatre might be so altered as to be made an engine of great moral improvement. It never had been yet, however. Its effects had hitherto been most deleterious The vivid pourtraying of the wildest and most amorous passions, the sly look, the equivoque, all stimulated the sensual appetites. Here resorted the women disowned by society. and here was the maiden enticed as the first step towards depriving her of all sense of virtue. Brothels flourished most in the immediate vicinity of theatres; and he had but little hopes of a young man in the habit of spending his evenings at the theatre. These haunts of the vicious, these engines of the Deceiver, must be abolished; and will any one say that our felicity would be diminished if theatres were done away with."

Fie! Doctor Cairns. What a prurient imagination you must possess! for of course you "speak by the card." You accept no hearsay evidence; and simply record what you have seen and felt. And if so, your abstinence from attending at the theatre does honor to your strength of moral purpose. The subjects you touch upon with so much unction and with such a fulness of knowledge, are such as *Punch* refuses to pollute his page by discussing. Nevertheless, you do not scruple to drag them into filthy prominence, in the lecture you delivered on Thursday last, to the members of the Early Closing Association. Pardon me, Doctor, if I refuse to admit that the theatre is accessory to seduction, or responsible for the character of the houses which surround it, any more than Westminster Abbey was the nucleus of the stews in Tothill-fields.

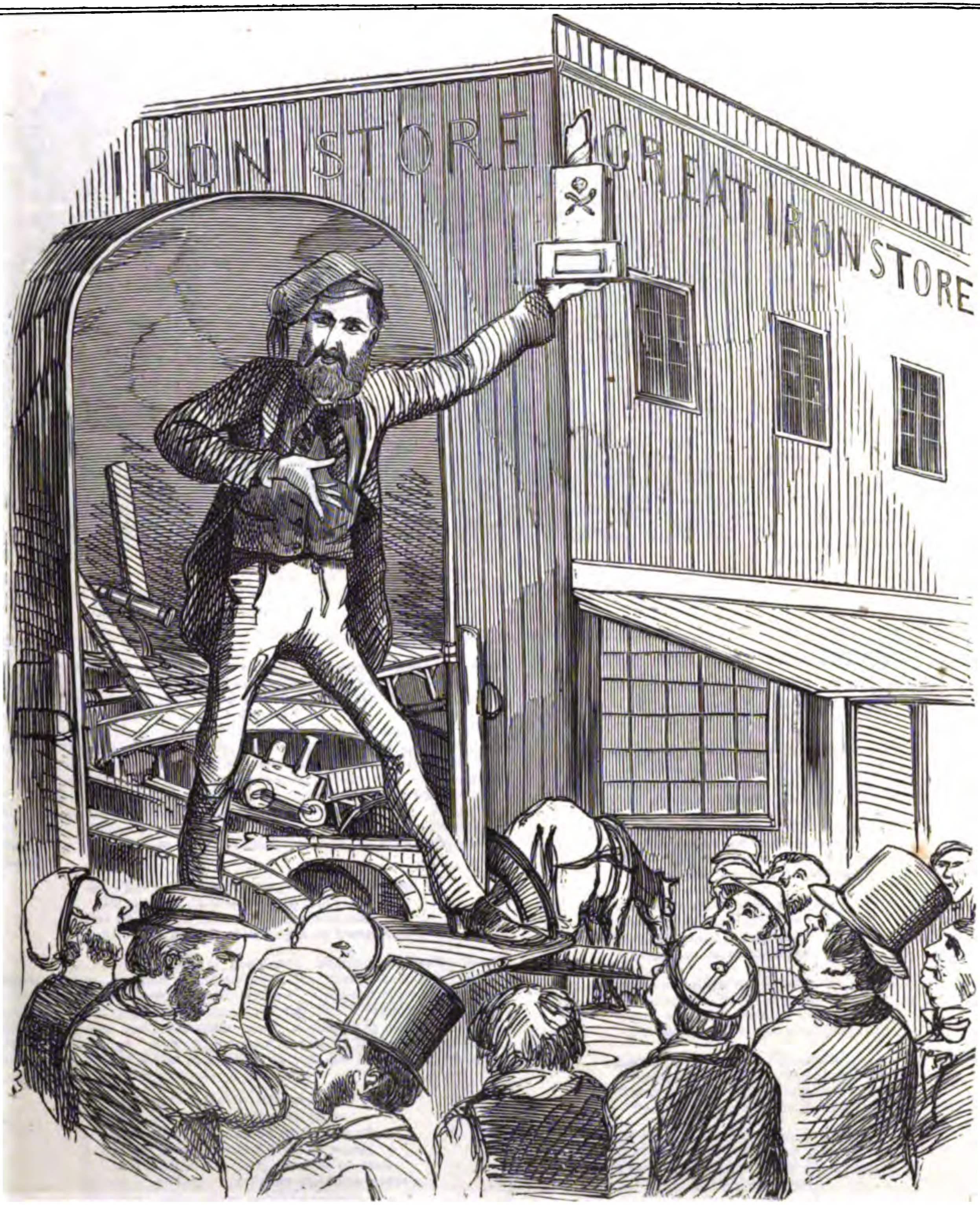
You have "little hope," you observe, "of a young man in the habit of spending his evenings at the theatre." Oh! Doctor, strictures like these are surely written in the spirit of—

"——— Those self-constituted saints,
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls,
Censors who sniff out moral taints,
And call the d——l over his own coals—
Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,
Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nibb'd
Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,
Condemning sinners, not to ice thick ribb'd
But endless flames to scorch them up like flax—
Yet sure of heav'n themselves, as if they'd cribb'd
The impression of St. Peter's keys in wax."

What a multitude of hopeless outcasts there must be writhing in torment, somewhere, now; or doomed to "endless flames" hereafter. I resign to reprobation—though under protest—our Monarch and her Lord, and half the Bench of Bishops, patrons of the lyric Drama and the ballet more especially: but there are a few thousands of the wisest and best members of the human family, divines, poets, philosophers, statesmen, and philanthropists,—the very salt of the earth,—men who have loved the Drama, "not wisely" you will say "but too well," whom I cannot sacrifice without a sigh. Is it possible that they are all hopeless reprobates? "What, all? Did you say all my little ones." Reconsider the sentence, Doctor, for

"If their" offence be rank, "should yours be *rancour*?"

You go on to say that "these haunts of the vicious; these engines



CHEAP JOHN, AT EMERALD HILL.

CHEAP JOHN *(The S—rvey—r G—ne—l)*: Now, then, gentlemen, what shall we say for the tombstone—make it an election, gentlemen—make it an election? You wont—dear! dear! what a sacrifice. Well, then, I'll throw you in a whole cemetry. Now, who bids? You wont say an election! Well, then, I'll give you a railroad in! There now, never say you don't get a good bargain out of Cheap John. Holloa, boys *(cheers)*.

THE ELECTORAL LISTS.

OLD GENTLEMAN: What in the name of goodness have you got there, Mary?

MARY: 's morning's paper, Sir.

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

To Mister Punch, Esq.

Sur,—Me and Tummus—my yung man, sur, he is—witch no dowt your well awair of the green groacers shop, Little Collings-street, whareby he keeps it—has been aving a differinks, witch fustways we kwarulled hover hand arfterwards agread, as we would eply to u to setle hit.

If a mare—I doant meen a horse but a youmin mare— as it might be Jhon Thomus—is made into a *night*, dose he, being hees a mare, becum a *night mare*, or being hees a man becum a *night man*.

Mi yung man and me coodnt hit it off at all. Then he ses, ses he, hall of a sudding, Julier, he ses, ses he, may differinks of opinyon he ses never halter friendships, ses he, let aloan luv he ses. Rite to *Punch*. Wareby I rote, witch hoping Youl excuse the liberty I ham

Ewer hobedjunt survint, with me respex to u,

Sir Julier.

---

of the Deceiver must be abolished; and will any one say that our felicity would be diminished if theatres were done away with?"

Yes, Doctor, a million of voices would chorus forth their indignant repudiation of the doctrine you lay down.

The stage has its abuses as well as the pulpit. There are mountebanks in the one as on the other; and I cannot heartily approve of all I hear uttered from both. I have seen theatrical exhibitions in the pulpit; dramatic displays within the sacred precincts of the temple; "impersonations" of character in the "stern coercive kirk:" and a fair sprinkling of "the vicious" in every congregation. Shall we "abolish" churches and chapels, then? Or shall we adjust and rectify our judgment of the pulpit and the stage, by the divine law of charity?

"Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan
To cure the dark and erring mind;
But who would rush at a benighted man
And give him two black eyes for being blind."

If, as was held by a man of piety and learning—a distinguished writer and an eminent moralist, even the death of a great actor "eclipses the harmless gaiety of nations"; depend upon it you cannot abolish the theatre without abridging the "felicity" of more thousands than you have made units miserable by your brimstone-tinctured theology. And oh, my dear Doctor, suffer me to offer you a word of invaluable advice at parting; though the language in which it is enveloped, is not my own—

"Shun pride, O Cairns!—whatever sort beside
You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,
A pride of learning and a pride of purse,
A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse;
But of all prides since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected saint."

Thine to command,

MELBOURNE PUNCH.

THE LIBERAL POLITICIAN.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

LATELY SUNG AT WILLIAMSTOWN.

Gents! my views are philanthropic—
Good to all I wish to do;
Of my creed each weighty topic
I'll discuss in brief with you.

Once when I was Prime Minister,
I was sacked and laid on shelf,
'Cause I did the same things Mister
Haines now goes and does himself.

Williamstown I'd like to sit for;
And accepted your kind call,
That the benefits I get for
You, may be of use to all.

If you're willing me to send to
Parliament, be't understood
Wonders, such as there's no end to,
I'll perform there for your good.

Listen, all you men of progress,
Soon you'll hear the railway scream,
Water, pure, to mix your grog is
Promised from the famed Yan Yean.

Ev'ry other local blessing
Will your Civic Council give,
These there's no need for discussing,
I'm for all on the *qui vive*.

Members shouldn't be confined to
Premises and all such rot;
They should act as they've a mind to
'Cording to what's to be got.

I'm not like those shabby fellows,
From the Diggings or Geelong ;
Clam'rous, discontented, jealous,
Grumbling all the session long.

I'm no squatter, for my station
Seven years ago I sold ;
So I don't want compensation,
Now the ruling interest's gold.

With regard to Education,
I the National prefer ;
But to th' other, if the nation
Seems to wish it, I'll defer.

Balloting is shabby, sneaking--
Openly we ought to vote ;
Yet if secrecy you're seeking
I'll be one to man your boat.

After all it is no matter,
There's no principle involved ;
Next election's bills for "gatter,"
Soon will see the problem solved.

I approve the voluntary
System, for I think—in short—
People never should be chary
Their religion to support.

But the State aid being needed
On the gold-fields and elsewhere,
Unto either shall be ceded
My support, as I think fair.

As a rule, a railway's better
Carried out by enterprise,
But since debts and losses fetter
Us, to sell the work we're wise.

Our new-made Constitution,
Is as liberal as could be,
Better than the French or Rooshun ;
Much of that is due to me.

Land is in the market, plenty;
Buy it all, you plainly couldn't ;
There's one of the goods I sent ye,
Tho' I says it which I should'nt.

Squatters' claims for compensation
Are no more than in good leases
Landlords give improving tenants ;
Yield but this, the clamor ceases.

Let's now understand each other,
Deal as fairly as we can ;
Tell me, as a friend and brother,
Think you *I'm an honest man?*

I can't say I am, and many
Call me plainly, "Artful Dodger ;"
While the papers, each and any,
Mark me as a Knowing Codger.

Now my hearers, great and little
Out of any word I say :
Rake up, if you can, one tittle
Which I can't explain away.

Men of Williamstown ! support me,
Rush in thousands to the poll ;
Never mind what folks report me,
I'm the right-sort, 'pon my soul.

"THE MANAGER AMONG THE TYPES."

Who would have thought of the inventor of Geelongese finding imitators and admirers among people connected with the Melbourne press ? It is, nevertheless, perfectly true ; and nearly three columns of diluted small talk, written in the Geelongese dialect, were published in the *Herald* of Monday last. The subject of this remarkably inane composition, which appears all the more drearily stupid by contrast with a really sparkling article which immediately precedes it, is the advertising of the Electoral Lists, concerning which "The Manager among the Types" thus expresses himself :—

> At the present moment, when a clap-trap epidemic is raging to prove a sort of Devil and Dr. Faustus connection between the Herald and "Mr. Stawell," and when so many new-fledged expectant M.L.C.'s would be glad to pick up "a job," —to say nothing of bran new heaven-born statesmen who are about to put us all to rights in "a brace of shakes,"—it does seem a pity to stick a pin into the wind bag of the "monster job." How conveniently would it otherwise have served as a "swimming-belt" during their short floundering in the "sea of politics," to some who will now probably be left timidly shivering on the shore, and have to put on their clothes again without taking a plunge. But sorry as you may be to end it, we ought not longer to allow of the sport ; and while you may rejoice to see our young friends thriving, and developing their little legs, though it be by kicking their parents, you will think it right now at least to shew them the rod, while, as a lesson, I do a little sum for them—which I hope next time they will be able to do for themselves. As a specimen of the row they have been kicking up in the nursery, let me quote the following from that young rogue up at the "Mines." &c., &c.

Now, perhaps, it is expecting too much from a man who makes use of Geelongese, to ask him to explain what he means ; inasmuch as he may be ignorant of his own meaning, as well as incompetent to write lucidly ; but if the "Manager" can throw the smallest glimmer of light upon the above dark and shadowy extract, *Punch* would feel profoundly grateful. To facilitate this explanation or elucidation, *Punch* will address himself to the "Manager" interrogatively :—

1. What is the meaning of a "clap-trap epidemic" ?
2. How can you reconcile the "short floundering" of "some" people in the "sea of politics," with the subsequent statement of their being "left timidly shivering on the shore, and having to put on their clothes again without taking a plunge" ?
3. To whom do you allude by "our young friends" who "develope their little legs by kicking their parents" ? And who is appealed to, "to shew them the rod," while the "Manager" (amiable preceptor,) "does a little sum for them," and mends (no doubt) their pens and their puns ?
4. Are the "mines" and "the nursery" convertible terms, or do "our young friends" possess the ubiquitous power of Sir Boyle Roche's bird ?
5. Would it not be advisable for the "Manager" to stick to his "types," and eschew ink-shed ?

HORSETAILS AND PATRIOTISM.

Lady : Indeed, I thought your new helmets looked very well at the ball, the other night.

Morning Visitor : Y-as, they look very well on those who can carry them off. But they don't understand military matters in the colony. Would you believe it now, I was walking in undress the other day when a fire broke out. They positively took me for one of the fire brigade, and wanted me to take charge of the hose-pipe !

NO HALF MEASURES.

Nay Bowden ! spare the Councillor to-day,
Nor lay your choking hands on Hayward pray :
Unless, indeed, you choke the others too,
And end, by getting some one to choke you.

HE MONSTER NUGGET.

Part VII.

It was moved, seconded, and carried *nem con*,—for I was not held qualified to vote—that the horse which had come down with me—or which, according to Martin, I had "throwed down"—for whatever were his other merits his logic was so far defective as to make him think apparently that I had made that somersault, which landed me among those I fled from on purpose, and out of pure villany—it was carried *nem con* I say that the horse was not in a state to carry me, and that walking would do me no harm. So a spare bridle-rein was buckled to the handcuffs, and I was led along in triumph. It is needless that I should enlarge on what I endured during that long weary and ignominious trudge. When late in the afternoon, we reached Glenetwas, I could scarcely stand, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, so that I with difficulty begged for a drink of water—and perhaps might have begged in vain if the huge Irish orphan I once before alluded to had not heard me. In the mean time, all the inmates of the "Stockhorse," permanent and casual, crowded round to stare at me, with anything but sympathetic looks. The landlord was the first to recognise me as the traveller who had some nights previously been so suspiciously inquisitive about poor Jones deceased. Everything went against me. It was evident that I had already got the "bad name," which seemed to render less improbable the hanging which Martin had promised himself so much pleasure in witnessing.

"I thought he was a bad one," said the landlord, "from the first moment I clapped eyes on him. Well, to be sure!"

"How plainly you can tell these old Van Diemonian lags, can't you?" asked another of a friend, who nodded once in assent, and a second time in acknowledgement of the speaker's penetration.

"He certainly has got the cut of a ruffian," said a good-looking, well-dressed man, with a cigar in his mouth.

I listened to all these remarks in a kind of stupor, I can well fancy, however, that my appearance was not prepossessing. I had not had my clothes off since I left the "Stockhorse" before; and I had only once had a very partial wash. As for combs, I had seen nothing to make me believe that bushrangers ever used such instruments, and I had been compelled to "do at Rome," &c. My clothes had been torn and soiled in my fall, and anger together with the fatigue, dust, and perspiration of my long walk as a prisoner, had no doubt not tended to magnify the charms of my countenance. Fancy such a figure brought in, in handcuffs, and liable to that foregone conclusion of a prisoner's guilt which bystanders on such occasions always arrive at in opposition to the spirit of the judicial charge to juries to deem a man innocent till he is proved to be guilty; and perhaps the reader (though a better-looking man than myself no doubt), might, under similar circumstances, be similarly thought to have "Just the cut of a ruffian."

Little time was given to me for reflection, however, and no opportunity for explanation; for I was hurried off in a few minutes to the lock-up—an edifice that I described briefly in an earlier part of my narrative. Little had I thought when I first looked at that horrible den, and languidly pitied any poor devils who might ever be confined there, that I was so soon to be one of those poor devils myself.

A policeman, with a carbine in his hand, was already keeping guard outside the door, which he unlocked to admit me. As the door was opened, and I was thrust in, the first objects that caught my eyes were Bill and Fitz chained to the wall. "What, you here!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

"Ay, ay," said the constable, "you're among your friends again, aint you?"

I took no notice of the remark, but vehemently called on the bushrangers to explain, that I was not one of them. "What good can it do you now," I said, "to have me suspected and imprisoned—wronging me can't help you—speak the truth, Fitz, for Heaven's sake!"

Bill looked up, rattling his chains, but with a sullen scowl, recomposed himself and said nothing.

"You're caught, too, mate, are you?" said Fitz, staring at me, but without answering my question.

"What's the good of play-acting like that?" said the constable, as he fastened me to the chain. "There, my beauty, you're safe and snug at last," and, after a satisfied survey of a moment or two, he turned on his heel and closed the door upon us.

"Why didn't you speak, Fitz," said I. "Haven't you done me harm enough already? What earthly good can my being here do you?"

"I'm —— glad you are here," growled Bill.

"No doubt," said I. "But you, Fitz, I really believe, are not such a black-hearted brute as that is—why couldn't you speak."

"Look here, mate," replied Fitz, in a low tone, "I'm sorry for you, but every man for himself in the first place. If I was to let out how you and I come to know one another, I might as well plead guilty at once. I don't much think as they can prove anything else against me. Leastways, they mayn't be able to. So you must take your chance."

I saw at once how the case lay, and without attempting to argue farther with a man evidently wise in his generation, I flung myself down, and assuming as easy a position as my fetters permitted, prepared to "weather out" the horrible night. After a time, the constable entered with three lumps of bread and three pannikins of water. Then hour after hour crept on, and it seemed as though the night was interminable. The merit of all things is comparative, and I actually wished that I were again a prisoner of my fellow prisoners. While with them, though chained to a gum tree, I had a good 'possum rug and free air. Fitz had, at least, been more humane than the officials, who left us shivering through the night in that filthy and noisome hole, cramped in chains, and at the mercy of the rats and of all manner of creeping things.

At about eight o'clock in the morning, we were regaled once more upon bread and water, and were then permitted to take exercise for an hour in front of the lock-up. The fresh air was certainly an immense relief, but there is something very unexhilarating in walking up and down in handcuffs with a couple of cut throats, under the surveillance of a carbine-carrying constable. Moreover, as there was a general paucity of causes of public excitement at Glenetwas, we became lions for the time being, (although caged ones), and all the inhabitants of the place, while smoking their morning pipes, strolled down to see "the bushrangers." I may have been too sensitive—I suppose that comfortable moralists would say a consciousness of innocence ought to have sustained me, but it was only when momentary resentment came to my aid, as some remark more than ordinarily offensive reached my ears, that I could bear to look up into those stupid satisfied faces. I was almost glad at the end of the hour to crawl into my den again, as I have seen wild beasts at a menagerie crawl, as soon as the sliding door behind the bars has been opened, and the sullen misanthropes have been able to creep out of sight of the impertinent sight seers collected to enjoy the spectacle of their captivity and affliction. As in physical pain, however, the relief of a fainting fit comes to the overstrained nerves, so in such cases as mine, a sense of dreaminess and unreality dulls one's feeling, and several times during that never-forgotten morning I asked myself whether I was awake, and answered in the affirmative much more doubtfully than I have many a time done when struggling with the horrors of some actual dream of the night.

When we were once more in the lock-up, I learned that a magistrate would be at Glenetwas the following day, and that our cases would then be heard. So another twenty-four hours of the Glenetwas lock-up had to be endured with as much philosophy as I could muster. Even these passed at length, and the time of examination came. That morning I managed to obtain—(the constable seemed to think the request curious and compliance weakness)—a bucket of water and a piece of soap--the wind serving me for a towel. My fellow prisoners however, postponed washing themselves till better days.

PROJECTED ADDRESSES.

It would be a breach of confidence to mention the mode, in which the following addresses came into our possession. They were offered to the manager of a certain theatre (prior to its re-opening), but were respectfully declined, on the plea of his having what is technically called, "a bad study." In assigning each composition to its presumed author, *Punch* has been merely guided by the character of the handwriting, and by certain internal evidences of style and language. If he has made an erroneous guess, in either case, he will be happy to rectify the error in a future number, upon receipt of a properly authenticated disclaimer, from either of the suppositious writers of these Projected Addresses :—

MR. JUSTICE PARRY.

LADIES and gentlemen, *Jacta est alea*, and
As suitor for your favor here I stand;
I've passed the play-house Rubicon, and now
Am here to make my managerial bow;
Am here to represent myself and spouse,
And do the honors of my big new house;
And if I fail, in just poetic phrase,
To sketch an outline of my future ways.
Remember some sagacious Roman wit,
Declared *Poeta nascitur non fit*.
'Tis with regret I own that I was not
Very successful in the "Iron Pot;"
But still, a man of my *mens conscia recti*,
Is never *frangi* though he may be *flecti*;
And now my great ambition, grand endeavour
Is better to conduct the thing than ever;
At any rate I mean to do my best,
Tot homines, of course you know the rest.
The operative artisan hath toiled,
Restoring what the summer flies had soiled;
And where, on close inspection, it appeared
Some rude mechanic's dirty hand had smeared,
In fresh fulgidity the painting shews.
In aureate glitter now the gas-light glows:
Behold my theatre, arena fit
For any actor's talent, author's wit;
The field is open here, *hic patet campus*,
No fear shall daunt, no difficulties cramp us
Ours is the art that truthfully pourtrays
The motley world, in every varied phase:
The joys and sorrows, love, ambition, strife—
And all the sweet solicitudes of life;
'Tis ours to paint the follies of our kind,
'Tis ours to photograph the human mind;
And if, when awful tragedy appears
Your softened eye grows guttulous with tears;
Convulsive cachinnation is your fate
When for the after comedy you wait,
And then to fill the interval or chasm,
Delicious music stirs you like a spasm.
Fortes fortuna juvat, and my aim
Is still your favor worthily to claim.
Apollo's children, Thespis' sons, and Momus,
I'll rally round me in this *magna domus*,
And spare no trouble, toil, or task that tends,
To make my public patrons, also friends.
Till in one word, sententious critics lump—
Their praise, and say—George Coppin is a trump.

MR. C. G. FLUFFY.

I'm glad to see you here, my friends, I'm proud
To see around me such a comely crowd;
My bosom throbs—yes, I, George Coppin am
Most justly vain of such a genial cram.
I see, where ranged in rows compactly sit
My kind supporters, smiling in the pit;
I look above, I raise my eye on high,
Ye jovial gods, ye greet me with a cry;
I hear your gratulation hoarsely voiced,
My tones get husky, and my eye grows moist,
I gaze on boxes bright with Beauty's daughters,
My eye grows moister still, and fairly waters;
As sunrise streaks the opal-tinted sky,
So, like the solar luminary, I
Rise on your darkness, and at last you face
The proper man and in the proper place;
The dull benighted folk who once had sway
In these fair premises, have had their day,
In me a bright phenomenon you view,
I'm going to shew you what I mean to do;
I'm going a-head, in fact, I am—but steady,
Suppose I tell you what I've done already.
Look at my orchestra, I've scoured the city,
To get together these first-rate banditti,
Observe the gas—you find no smoke or smell,
I guess I've done it wonderfully well.
Remark the paint, the gilding, and I hope
You'll see the vast expenditure of soap,
What money went in brushes, brooms, and mops,
What lavish outlay, too, for flats and drops;
What company I keep, and 'tis no joke
To have to pay such monstrous clever folk;
But all the great improvements I have wrought,
To what I mean to do are really nought;
I mean refreshments not to be so dear,
I mean to halve the price of British beer,
Serve ardent spirits out in handsome nobblers,
And charge but sixpence for my sherry cobblers;
Send apples roasted, nuts already cracked,
On silver waiters, round between each act;
Distribute *Melbourne Punch* in every seat,
'Till I, George Coppin, make reform complete;
And who has worked each wondrous change you view?
Who means such mighty marvels yet to do?
I look aroud—the echoing walls reply,
'Tis I! George Coppin, I! I! I! I! I.

DOCTOR BAIRNS.

My friends, this is a horrid place,
A temple of iniquity,
It's wicked character we trace,
Down from remote antiquity.

Jack Sheppard, that misguided gent,
Did early sin exhibit,
For to the theatre he went,
And finished at the gibbet.

In Newgate chronicles of sin,
Are cases multiplied,
Of play-house-going folk who in
An awkward fashion died.

And oh! it leads to love of beer,
And every bad excess,
And many a thoughtless youth, I fear,
Beguiles into a mess.

All ye, by Satan hither led,
In crime but young beginners,
Go penitently home to bed,
Ye miserable sinners.

And you young people I advise
Turn over a new leaf;
For, if you don't, why, bless my eyes,
You'll surely come to grief.

And now you'll all go home I hope,
Or some day you'll be frightened,
By feeling a small piece of rope,
About your thorax tightened.

And when the gallows claims its own,
And on the drop you're dropping,
You'll say, with retrospective groan,
This comes of that George Coppin.

DOMESTIC DIALOGUES.

Scene: Punch's Sanctum. *Time:* Friday Evening.
Interlocutors: Punch and Toby.

Punch : What will they say of us in England, Toby ! The family of the chief magistrate of the chief city of the chief colony of the Australian group, implicated in a transaction so pitiful in act, so repulsive and unnatural in circumstance ! Pardon the interruption, Toby, and proceed.

Toby : (Reads.) "I recollect the day of Walker Barber's death. About eleven o'clock next morning Mrs. and Miss Smith came. They said they had come for Mrs. Barber's clothes and jewellery. They went into Mr. Barber's front room. At that time the corpse was lying in the shop. I mean they went into his bedroom. I gave them Mrs. Barber's clothes. They consisted of chemises, night dresses, and underclothing, which were tied up in a table cloth. When I gave them all Mrs. Barber's clothes, they asked me where were the keys? I told them Tommy Barber had them. There was a large trunk under Mr. Barber's bed. The trunk was unlocked. The trunk contained silk and other dresses made up. The contents of this box were also packed up in a table cloth. Miss Smith assisted me to tie them up. The box was left after the contents had been taken. The bundle was given to Mr. Smith's man. The jewellery was in the bundle. Miss Smith placed the jewellery in the bundle, and Mrs. Smith was standing by at the time. A silk velvet dress, which was on the sofa, was also put into the bundle. The value of the silk velvet dress was £20. It had only been worn twice. I know this, as Mrs. Barber told me so, and I knew the day she got it. I saw some silk dresses which were in the drawers, and they were also put into the bundle. Two silk dresses from a drawer, made up, and one satin one, not made up, were put into the bundle. Three shawls were also put into the bundle. The value of one was thirty shillings. There were also two black silk cloaks. I and Miss Smith tied up the bundle. Mrs. Smith was standing by, and Mr. Smith's man took it away. It was tied up in the room over where the dead man was lying. Miss Smith asked me to tie up the bundle, and carry it down to the man, who was waiting at the door. I carried it down and gave it to him. Miss Smith asked for the jewellery. I told her Tommy had the keys. She went to Tommy Barber and got the keys. On her return she shewed the keys, and said 'Tommy Barber was not for giving them to me.' Mrs. Smith said 'Why not? I have as much right to them as he has.' Miss Smith then went and unlocked the drawers where the jewellery was. There was only one drawer of jewellery. There were about five gold rings, three plain ones, and two set with diamonds in them ; there were two pairs of bracelets, one was of hair, and the other gold and stones. There were three brooches. Also a silver watch, which she left for Tommy. There was also a gold watch. Miss Smith turned out the contents of the drawer, and tied them in a bundle. There were also some gold studs and a gold chain. All the gold went in the bundle, and the silver watch was left for Tommy."

Punch : Stay, Toby. The horror of the incidents is absolutely appalling. Think of the scene and all its accessories ;—the cold and rigid corpse, lying in the darkened shop, with all the awfulness and solemnities that surround the dead,—the silence, the mystery, the creeping fear, the irrevocableness which now belongs to the past of the defunct, the impenetrable obscurity which shrouds his future ; and two women,—women, Toby, who should—in virtue of their higher and better nature—manifest some tender reverence for the dead, some delicate sense of the sanctities attaching to the cast off environments of a human soul,—women, I say, Toby, ransacking the dead man's house, huddling together the garments of his wife (not many months deceased), clamoring for possession of his keys, emptying his drawers, clutching at his glittering baubles, and appropriating articles of finery, with the hard, greedy, grasping, sordid callous, covetous rapacity of a couple of —

Toby : Hist, hist, Sir. Remember they are women.

Punch : I *do* remember they are women, Toby ; and that deepens the horror of the transaction : for is it not the province, the privilege, and the blessed office of woman to smooth the pillow of the dying man, to close with light and loving hands, the eyes which have been glazed by death ; and not to outrage the common decencies of humanity,—not to dishonor, and as it were, defile the dead—by telling out his household spoils upon his very coffin-lid ? Put by the paper, Toby, and thank God that you are not a christian, but a dog, with such brute instincts as are capable of impelling you to pine at the grave of a dead master, and not to pillage the substance which he leaves behind him.

SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

The following paragraph, extracted from the *Argus* of this day week, seems to call for transfer to the columns of *Punch*:—

"Master and Servant.—The Very Rev. the Dean of Melbourne. appeared in the City Court, on Wednesday, to prefer a complaint against one of his female servants for misconduct, and for neglecting to obey orders. The Dean stated that that the defendant had disobeyed his own orders, and two female servants in the house were called to prove that the defendant refused to cook dinner on a certain day. They alleged other delinquences, one of which was, that the water did not boil for breakfast one morning. The defendant denied the charge of misconduct *in toto*, and stated that she had not been in the Dean's house upwards of a fortnight, for having seen that the place would not suit her, she gave notice to leave, since which time the present charge had been brought, simply, as she believed, on account of her having given notice. Her further observations were to the effect that the other servants were in the habit of meddling with her duties in a dictatorial sort of manner, so that she found it difficult to do her work. With regard to the tea-kettle question. she said that one morning another servant came into the kitchen, and on finding that the water did not quite boil, took off the kettle, with the intention of putting it over another fire; defendant then said that if she let it alone it would boil quicker where it was. Nevertheless, the kettle was carried away. The charges of neglect of duty she denied altogether, and a respectable female in Court gave the girl a first-rate character. The bench thought she had neglected to cook the dinner, and ordered her agreement to be cancelled."

According to another account. published on the same day, the very contemptible attitude of the very reverend prosecutor appears yet more strikingly, but we are contented with the above version. Suggestions have beeh made to Mr. Punch, for a song begining—

Polly put the kettle on
The Dean wants tea;—

and other modes of dealing with the matter jocosely naturally present themsnlves to the mind. But Mr. Punch thinks it no laughing matter that a dignitary of Mother Church's should be so helpless as to need to call in the police, to settle a quarrel with his servant about boiling his kettle—a difference which any ordinary old woman, not of the male sex, would be able to adjust for herself. Dragging up one's household before the police court, on trivial occasions, is discreditable and contemptible in any one—but in a Dean ——!

VERY NATURAL.

It cannot be wondered at that the City Council is such a stickler for respectful treatment from its petitioners, seeing that it receives no respect from the public at large, and has lost the little it ever had for itself.

ON AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE *AGE*.

The philosophic Journalist would fain
Get "runners" now to help him in his need ;
Contingent readers p'raps he hopes to gain,
For there's a chance that "he who runs *may* read."

FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—NO X.

THE DEFENCE OF MELBOURNE AGAINST THE BALLARAT INSURGENTS.

AUSTRALIAN DOUBLES.

STICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF MELBOURNE.

BY LUSHINGTON ERVING.

CHAPTER 57.

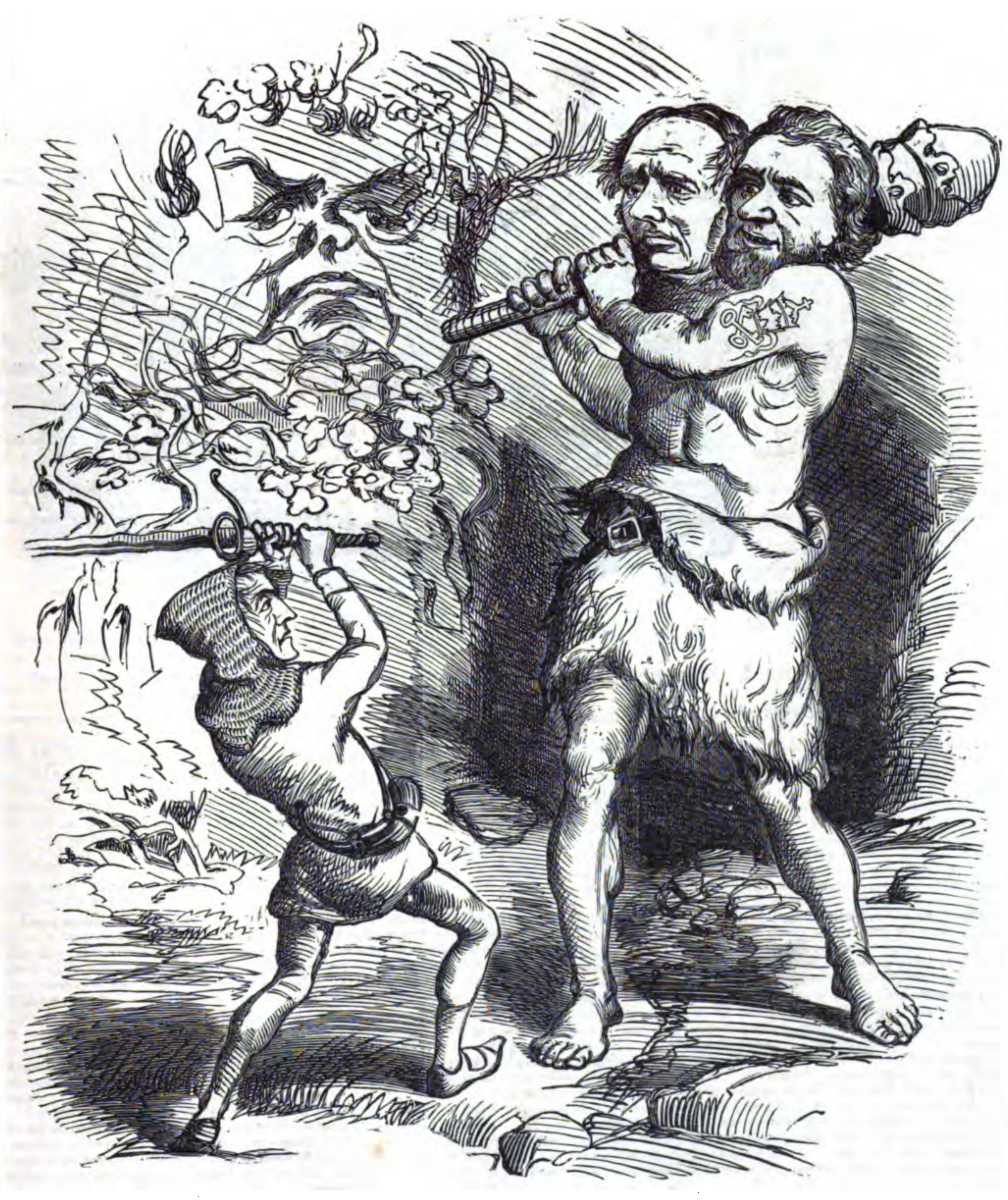
(Shewing how the good people of Melbourne were mightily disturbed with the apprehension of a siege, and made preparations accordingly.)

JOHN FOSTER, or "Vesey, the Artful," as he was more commonly called, having thus proved himself a true patriot, and having done such signal service to his country by retiring from her councils, some inconsiderate persons began to think that all danger was over, and that they would have nothing to do but to go on meney-grubbing as before. But a number of more sagacious folks, who knew a good deal better than that, proved incontestably that a prodigious army of diggers had been got together at Ballaarat, for the purpose of making a descent upon Melbourne, robbing the banks and the churches, burning the city, killing the men and running off with the women. This mighty force, it was alleged, consisted chiefly of foreigners, Irishmen, and other evil-disposed persons, armed with all kinds of strange weapons, and possessing no mercy, and an unlimited supply of powder and ball. It was farthermore ascertained that the insurgent army was led on by one Colonel Vern, though how he came to be a colonel was never clearly understood, till it turned out that he had been in America—had there been naturalised, and so became—like everybody else in the place who was not a judge—a colonel, as a matter of right and course. But however he got his colonelcy, it was universally conceded that he was a man of enormous stature and ferocity, and capable of eating a Victorian rifleman of average size for breakfast, without either difficulty or compunction.

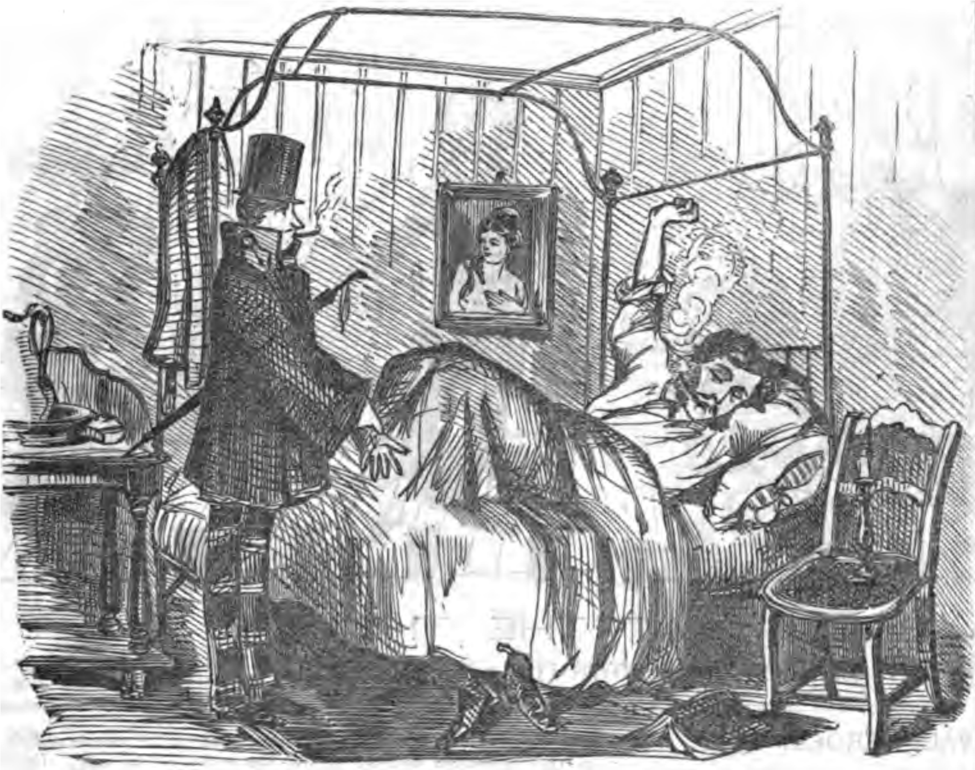
As the rumour of these facts reached the city, it was unanimously carried that something must be done. So much being admitted however, all unanimity ceased, and William the Bluff, or "Billy, from Barrabool," as he was officially called at the time, was at his wit's end before he had got well warm in his official chair, in consequence of the vast number of excellent and patriotic suggestions which poured in upon him. And as it has been shrewdly remarked that a knowledge of the individual is indispensable to a knowledge of the species, and that he who cannot take care of one is not fit to take care of many, all of those who so obligingly offered their aid and advice to William the Bluff, took care before hazarding their opinions, to test the soundness of their understandings, by considering how their suggestions, if carried out, would affect themselves individually. Having thus ascertained their capacity for taking care of the individual, they no longer hesitated to enlarge the sphere of their operations, and boldly to begin benefitting society.

Thus one good citizen strongly recommended arming all the clerks in the Government service, with a new and curious description of pistol, whereof it turned out he had received a large consignment in the very nick of time. Another gentleman recommended fencing-in the Gevernment offices with a close fence of double three inch planking, and as good luck would have it, he was just in a position to prove himself a man of deeds as well as a man of words, inasmuch, as he could supply the State with any quantity of blue gum sawn stuff of the precise scantling suitable to that kind of fortification. Overwhelmed with scores of such noble and disinterested proposals, Billy the Bluff at length happily hit upon the scheme of publicly announcing that all such suggestions would be "immediately taken into consideration in the proper quarter"- after which nobody thought of troubling him with any more projects, and he was left at peaoc to make preparations for war.

These the redoubtable William soon made. Unhappily the regular troops were all away at the time, but the valour and patriotism of the populace quickly supplied the places of the scarlet-coated defenders of the British throne. True, the Volunteer Rifle Corps did not then occupy that matchless position, and number in it's ranks those countless myriads, which it now boasts since the green uniforms have been converted by the gallant fellows into gardening and stable jackets, and those gallant fellows themselves, have with a word, been converted



JACK THE GIANT KILLER.



SATISFACTORY.

FIRST POST-OFFICE CLERK : Hulloa ! old fellow ; not up yet ? Why, it's nearly ten o'clock, and there's an English mail in.

SECOND POST-OFFICE CLERK : Ah, is there ! Well, never mind, eleven 'll do for me ; I'm in the private box department.

THE NEW DIALECT.

The inventor of Geelongese is so proud of the proficiency of his one pupil, that he (the preceptoraforesaid,) has caused the following documents to be framed, glazed, and exhibited in a conspicuous position, in one of the leading thoroughfares of Geelong:—

Specimen of my (primitive and perspicuous) style of composition before taking lessons in Geelongese :—

GENTLEMEN'S Dress Coats, Talmas, Vests, &c.—A small consignment of the best-made superfine goods by a first-class London house, on sale by F. B. Franklyn and Co., 57 Flinders-street west.

Specimen of my (incoherent and unintelligable) style of composition, after taking only three lessons in Geelongese :—

I told you in my last, Sir, that in his next flounder our Journalist would touch at Goodwin Sands and Tenterden Steeple —and if this be not that famous old problem I am no judge of such journalists ! What my name has to do with the others, I cannot see—had it been EBENEZER, JEREMIAH might have claimed some nasal connexion—as it did, in fact, till the late awkward FAUX PAS.

F. B. FRANKLYN.

into excellent artillery men. True, Melbourne did not then possess the gorgeous mounted yeomanry, horse-tail invincibles, fire-brigades, and other military resources, which have since so startled Russia, and contributed not a little to the restoration of peace in Europe ; nevertheless the riflemen presented a truly gallant appearance as, headed by the veteran Hodgson, they entered the field in omnibusses, in gigs, on foot, and on horseback, and the majority of them smoking cigars. As they drew up in line, and, as responding to the word of command "attention," each warrior listened to the remarks of his neighbour, with redoubled care, they presented a truly martial appearance, and justified the praises lavished upon the Victorian Irregulars.

Their height ranged from four feet six to six feet four, and as they stood in their little caps winking in the strong sunlight, it was remarked that those stiff harsh lines, which characterise the fighting machines of the British army, when drawn out in battle array, in no way disfigured the ranks of the gallant corps. Each man stood boldly for himself, without merging his individuality or sacrificing his independence.

The police, armed to the teeth with truncheons, and handcuffs, and clad in capes of the most shining and waterproof quality, looked as if they could have taken up all the armies in the Crimea, as readily as an old applewoman, and evinced by their appearance that if called upon to charge the insurgents, the case would not be one of common assault.

But the most numerous force, and that which my muse is pledged to celebrate with her most potent strains. was that of the special constables. They poured down from the shady retreat, where the great Grimes lisped his numbers—they honoured in the breach the customs of the Custom-house, and went forth rejoicing to fight the battles of their country in office hours—they were relieved from a post under the gallant M'Crae to occupy a post of honour in the loyal army of Victoria, and instead of stamping passing letters, prepared to stamp themselves with everlasting fame.

But stupendous as the preparations were, my readers do not need to be told that the great arm of modern warfare is artillery, and that therefore FORTIFICATION to resist it was more impertant than all. It was accordingly resolved to fortify the jail, and in this selection a fresh illustration is afforded of the skill and foresight of the Victorian commanders. They perceived at once that so renowned a general as Colonel Vern would be studious to cover his retreat, and that while the jail stood he could never feel comfortable on this score. It was also apparent that the natural antipathies of his forces would go with him in an attack upon that barbarous institution, and therefore that nothing was more to be expected than such an opeasation. After matured deliberation, it was resolved that the jail should be fortified with bags of sand, and the work of fortification went on with unexampled rapidity. One untoward accident, however, nearly sufficed to spread confusion in the camp of the besieged. for a party of volunteers, who were out after sand, coming upon a dray load of bags that seemingly contained what they wanted, took violent possession of the same, and converted them to the purposes of defence. It came to light, however, that the bags seized were the property of an eminent grocer, who was so indignant, that he declared that not a single special constable of them should ever get "tick" from him again, in consequence of the slight which had been passed upon him. This spread such confusion, that the army would probably have been decimated, had not the prompt assurance that nis property would be restored, presently pacified the wrathful sugar-dealer. But lo ! another difficulty arose, for when conducted to to the ramparts, he was unable to distinguish his bags from the rest, and was therefore compelled to be satisfied with an equal number taken from the fortification at random.

Finally, all preparations were completed, and the gallant defenders awaited the approach of the enemy.

A SKETCH AT THE THEATRE.

THE GARRICK CLUB SOWS IT'S "WILD OATS."

THE RIVAL HEROES.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ANCIENT CHRONICLE.

"At this juncture of affairs, when the inhabitants were full of the forthcoming contest, and the candidates for the purple were laboring everywhere to ingratiate themselves with the populace, the veteran warrior Duphes betook himself to travel. He had proclaimed his intention to take his place, at least in the senate, if not in the Curule chair, and he caused it to be given out that his own modesty was the sole reason why he had not been Dictator the previous year. He at one time thought to gain the affections of the freedmen of the city, of whose prejudices against the patricians he sought to avail himself: but, uncertain as the popular voice had always proved itself, it early became apparent that he would gain little by unfurling his banners in the city. He then journeyed to the distant out-posts, and finally pitched his camp at a remote settlement, called Belphasta, where he found many men who had once served in the same army with him, and thence became his partisans, He collected the people together in the forum, and harangued them at length on his own achievements. He shewed them his wounds, and detailed with artless ingenousness the events of his whole life. He frankly confessed that to him, and him alone, the empire owed its stability; his protestations in the Senate had given the nation internal freedom, prosperity, and happiness; and his gallant exploits, by land and sea, had filled its armies with terror, and had caused his name to be venerated wherever language was spoken, or civilization known. Thrice had he been enclosed alone within the enemy's gates, through the treachery of his forty-nine companions in arms, who had basely sold themselves and betrayed him, and with him the national honor, to the dastardly Saxoni. Thrice had he safely steered the galley of state in a storm which terrified the craven hearts of all else; and he had defended the Temple of Liberty, single handed, for three days and three nights against the assaults of a horde of barbarians, bribed by the patricians to insult and overthrow the shrine. And now so far from tiring of his toils in the people's cause, he would himself enter the Senate Hall, and put to the rout the pampered and bloated minions of pomp who there, secretly and in defiance of the laws, plotted against the welfare of the nation. He would, if only the subsidies he asked were raised, if the voices of the freedmen were given to him, assume the supreme power of Dictator, and would elevate to posts of dignity and profit all who took arms under his banner.

"Whilst Duphes was thus laboring to stir up the people of Belphasta a rival presented himself under the guise of an ally. Dunmures Langus, a man of seditious and suspected character, who had formerly been one of the tribunes ol the people, but had been banished for insulting the standard in the Capitol, and for an assault upon the person of the High Priest of Jupiter, now suddenly appeared upon the scene. This man sent messages to Duphes, proposing that they should unite their forces to overthrow the patrician army and take possession of the city; and that they should immediately lay all the provinces under contribution for the means to carry on the war. There were those, however, among the partisans of Duphes. who knew the previous history of Langus, and revealed to their chief the character of his would-be ally. They explained how, in time past, Langus had openly conspired against the State, and had, perhaps happily for it's welfare, failed in his attempts to subvert the government. It was, moreover, apparent that he now only sought the aid of Duphes for the purpose of exalting himself, and that although he proposed a joint effort, it was only design to be subservient to his own advancement. Duphes, therefore, indignantly spurned the offer. His bold spirit disdained to fight under any other standard than his own, and he feared a colleague whom he could not trust. Resting for a time from his great enterprise, he addressed himself to a new contest, and turned his arms upon his rival conspirator. The forces of the two generals were thus turned upon each other, and the State was saved.'

* * * *

TAKE HIS NUMBER.

Somebody recommends the Corporation to see about numbering the houses in the city, as that operation has been very inefficiently performed. Whether or not the houses are duly ticketed, one thing seems plain, viz.: that the days of the august body referred to are already numbered.

Signs of Improvement.—The summaries published by the daily papers speak of trade having recovered its healthy condition. We are glad to hear it. Healthy trade needs healthy people to carry it on, as is evidenced by an advertisement in the *Argus*, now before us, for a shoemaker "a good strong workman." This recovery is a singular instance of the miraculous effect of judicious medical treatment. Trade was absolutely dead from a stoppage of the circulation, but the application of an abundant supply of "shin plaisters," has restored its wonted activity,

THE MONSTER NUGGET.

Part VIII.

The parlor of the Stockhorse was the court. The magistrate was a squatting J.P., who came once a week to Glenetwas to hear cases when there were any to hear—that is to say about once in two months. The clerk of the court was a young gentleman, who supposed himself to have been, at one period of his life, connected with the law, though the precise nature of that connection was never divulged. At any-rate I fancy that his legal knowledge was quite commensurate with the salary he drew for attending some half-dozen semi-imaginary courts over a wide expanse of country. Both the arrangement of the room, and the demeanour of the justice and his clerk, reminded me very much of certain courts in which I had figured sometimes as judge, sometimes as constable, sometimes as council, and sometimes as prisoner, when "charade acting" in England. The only businesslike-looking man in the collection was the constable who had apprehended me.

Bill, Fitz, and myself were all three examined together; but I shall pass over the evidence adduced against them. It seemed to me abundantly clear, even apart from my own conclusive knowledge of them. The only thing that struck me much in the course of their examination, was the evidence of one of the constables. His *forte* evidently lay in a convenient elastic and cultivated memory, which enabled him to give every prisoner a bad character on demand.

As to my case, Mr. Sterling's evidence was first taken. He had been out looking for lost horses with a black-fellow; and coming upon tracks, had run them down to the bushrangers' camp. When he reached it, he saw the prisoner playing at cards with another man.

The other man rose and came up. He was armed, and witness was not, and had no confidence in the black-fellow. Presumed that the prisoner was armed too. Was glad enough to get away; but observed enough to leave no doubt on his mind as to the character of the encampment. Rode back to Glenetwas, and reached that place by two o'clock in the morning, and immediately gave information to the police. Started off before daybreak with three constables and several volunteers, including his stockman Martin. On the way fell in with the two other prisoners, and a third man who escaped. Two constables, and three or four volunteers, escorted the other prisoners back to Glenetwas, while witness, the constable, Martin, and two others pushed on to the bushrangers' camp. Found no one there, but found some arms, and other property, much of which had already been identified. Witness, Martin, and the constable then returned—the other two volunteers going off home. On the way came upon the third prisoner, who fled at once, and was only caught in consequence of his horse falling. The horse was the property of witness, and had been stolen from his paddock about a month previously. Prisoner at first protested his innocence, but subsequently offered to show where the other bushrangers were if set at liberty. Could not recollect the precise words he used, but was sure they were to that effect. Certainly he used the word 'bushrangers.'

The constable, who apprehended me, began his evidence with the regular formula—"From information I received, I accompanied the last witness," etc., and then he gave a straightforward account of facts, with which the reader is already acquainted. But his phraseology was evidently affected by an absolute conviction of my guilt, and indeed judge, witnesses, spectators, and all seemed to regard the examination as a mere matter of form. Martin's corroborative testimony, and the evidence as to some of the property found at the bushrangers' camp, were very rapidly taken.

I made one or two attempts at cross-examination—for the magistrate asked me whether I had any questions to put, as each witness concluded his evidence—but besides that. I had no skill in that art, the permission to cross-examine was as mere a matter of form as the rest of the ceremony seemed to be considered. Every question I put being abruptly baulked with "you are not bound to answer that," or "that only makes your case a devilish deal worse"—for the justice affected the rough and ready style.

"Now then," said the magistrate, turning to the policeman with the serviceable memory with the air of a man who conceives his picture nearly complete, but is resolved to give it a few finishing touches, "Now then constable, have you have anything to say—did you ever see the prisoner before."

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, your washup," said the constable, with ostentatious care, not to be guilty of rash swearing, "I have."

"Where was that?"

"In Van Diemen's Land, your washup, in the year 1851, or it might be in the beginning of 1852"——

"Or it might be in your own lying imagination, you infamous scoundrel," said I, unable to controul myself any longer. "I never was in Van Diemen's Land in my life."

The magistrate was purple with rage—the witness looked meekly up for protection.

"What! what! what! what! Do you think a respectable witness is to be bullied and insulted in my court by a notorious bushranger and an old lag like you—I'll commit you for contempt—no d—— it, for you'll be committed at any rate. I know the cut of the jib of fellows like you. Old lag written in every fibre of your face. Turn him round, constable, let me look at the back of his head. I thought as much—I can see what you are—you're known, fellow, you're known. A runaway lifer, I'll be bound—go on constable—when you saw the prisoner in Van Diemen's Land, what was he doing."

"Well, your washup, if so be as he's the man I mean—which it ain't very often I'm mistaken in a face, and I'd know him among a thousand—he were in a chain gang at Hobart Town ——"

"Ha, I thought as much—I told you you were known—you wont bluster yourself out of my clutches—go on, constable—what was it for?"

"It were for burglary, your washup—a particular bad case, and the prisoner were perspicuous for misconduct in the gang."

"That'll do—that'll do. You stand committed to take your trial. Make out his committal, Mr. Smith. Now then, while he's doing that, what have you to say in your defence. I suppose an old lag, and a burglar, and a bushranger, like you, is sure to have something to say. Now then, say it, and be quick, for I'm sick and tired of the sight of such a ruffian."

"I've only to say," I replied, "that I'm no more a bushranger than you are. I was robbed by these men standing here with me, and their companions, and they kept me a prisoner chained by the leg ——"

"At all events you will be a prisoner, chained by the leg for a good many years to come, I hope and trust before heaven," said the magistrate, interjectionally.

"You're a disgrace to the bench," said I.

"I've a great mind to gag your foul mouth," roared the magistrate.

"Do, if you dare," said I.

"I dare do anything," said the magistrate, unconsciously quoting Macbeth.

"You're villain enough for anything, I don't doubt," said I, "but I'll make you remember it if there's justice in the land, and if it costs me every penny I'm worth." And I mentally resolved that the expenses of an action against this iniquitous justice should be a first charge upon the monster nugget—when I found it.

The magistrate seemed inclined to jump forward and merge the judicial in the executive by throttling me upon the spot, but by this time the committal was made out, and he contented himself with signing it venomously.

"Now then, take him away—take him away," he said. "Take away the bushranging old lag, and, constable, see you chain him up well. I know him—he's the worst of the gang: a regular Van Diemonian Jack Sheppard, I'll be bound—take him away—take him away." And I was hurried from the room.

Back into the horrible lockup, there to remain in chains and filth for many days, till a suitable escort was procured to conduct myself and my fellow prisoners to Melbourne.

"By Jove," thought I, as I set out on the dismal journey, "the nugget must be bigger than I thought to repay me for all this."

THE MONGOLIANS IN VICTORIA.

(FROM THE *Argus* OF JUNE 18TH, A.D. 2000.)

HE centenary anniversary of the establishment of a Mongolian dynasty in Victoria, was celebrated yesterday with great pomp and splendour. The rule which prescribes, that all the inhabitants of the British quarter, should return to their homes, and close the gates of Little Bourke-street at 7 o'clock, p.m., was relaxed upon this occasion, and by special grace of His Imperial Majesty Tow Row Tiddi Iddi Hi Gee Woe, our fellow countrymen were permitted to mingle in the crowd, and were almost placed upon a footing of equality with the Celestials. Indeed, throughout the whole of the day, we only heard of one incident that was calculated to remind us that we belonged to a conquered race. We allude to the circumstance of three Englishmen having been beaten to death, for casually upsetting a dish containing a trussed puppy-dog, garnished with grubs. on its way to the bakehouse. Nor is it believed that the sufferers would have paid the extreme penalty of their carelessness in this instance, had it not been that the baking-dish and its contents were the property of a mandarin of the highest rank, who was also a gourmand.

The whole of the city from the Boorandara suburb to Flemington, and from Lyndhurst to Brighton, was beautifully illuminated with paper lanthorns; and the villas and hanging gardens of the mandarins on the sides of the Dandenongs, were a-blaze with light, and had a most magical effect. The sound of gongs, bells, and cymbals was heard from one extremity of the city to the other, and the quantity of gunpowder consumed in the manufacture of the crackers discharged, during these rejoicings, is estimated to have been of the value of 350,000 dollars.

The gold brought down to the Imperial Treasury within the last ten days, has reached the large figure of 1,000,000 ounces. Great dissatisfaction appears to have been occasioned among the British chain-gangs working at the mines, in consequence of an alteration in the table of diet. Formerly, as the readers are aware, the miners were allowed three ounces of wild-cat, in addition to their daily rations of rice and castor-oil, but owing to the scarcity of wild-cats, an Imperial edict has been issued, restricting all European slaves in the service of the Government to a fare of rice and castor oil only. The rebellious symptoms which at first manifested themselves have been promptly repressed by the Tseang-keun, who ordered twenty five of the ringleaders to be decapitated, and the rest of the malcontents to be either flagellated or placed in the wooden pillory.

The *Government Gazette* publishes the census of the population, taken on the 1st of April last, from which we compile the following figures:—

Chinese - - - - -	75,364,852
Malays - - - - -	712,619
Slaves of British origin - -	631,795
Slaves (not otherwise specified)	17,402
Aborigines . - - -	17
Total - - -	76,726,685

The Yarra Yarra has lately overflowed its banks, and inflicted great damage on the houses and pagodas in the low-lying districts, in the eastern part of the metropolis. These inundations, we regret to say, have become continuous, and they are attributed to the circumstance of the bed of the river having become choked with the dead bodies of infants. There are no less than seventeen thousand junks moored between the Falls and Yarra Bend; and as each junk contains on an average thirteen families, and as a female infant is pitched overboard from each family, on the average every other year, independently of the large number brought down to the river by persons residing on or near its banks, it may be inferred that the accumulation of babies in bed of the Yarra Yarra, must be something considerable.

The new pagoda on Batman's Hill (Yang Sing Tschi Wong, as it is called by the predominating race) is to be opened on Monday next.

Price of gold, seven dollars per ounce.

A DIALOGUE.

(FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF OUR CLAIRVOYANT REPORTER.)

SCENE.—THE MELBOURNE CLUB.

Present—Mr. Stawell and Mr. Sturt.

Sturt: I say, Stawell, I'm in a bit of a fix.

Stawell: Well, what new mess have you been getting into? Upon my word you seem destined to be more of a trouble to me than Grimes himself was.

Sturt: Now, don't be cross, Stawell, there's a good fellow. We've been old chums and squatters together so long, you ought to give one a lift now and again.

Stawell: Well, well, what is it now?

Sturt: Why, it's about that confounded revision court. There's been a case raised—don't you call it—about how fellows stand that have moved within six months of the—what's the name of it—registration—eh? I've said they're not qualified. I suppose it's all right; but I dare say you've seen what a deuce of a row there's been about it. There's been the *Argus* abusing me like fun; and Johny Fawkner writing letters and that, and I do wish you'd coach me up a bit in the matter, that I may have something to say in reply.

Stawell: Oh! well, I'm glad it's no worse; you're correct enough for once. Householders must have been possessed of the qualification by right of which they vote for six months at least prior to the date of registration. The *Argus* and Fawkner indeed! What do they know about law.

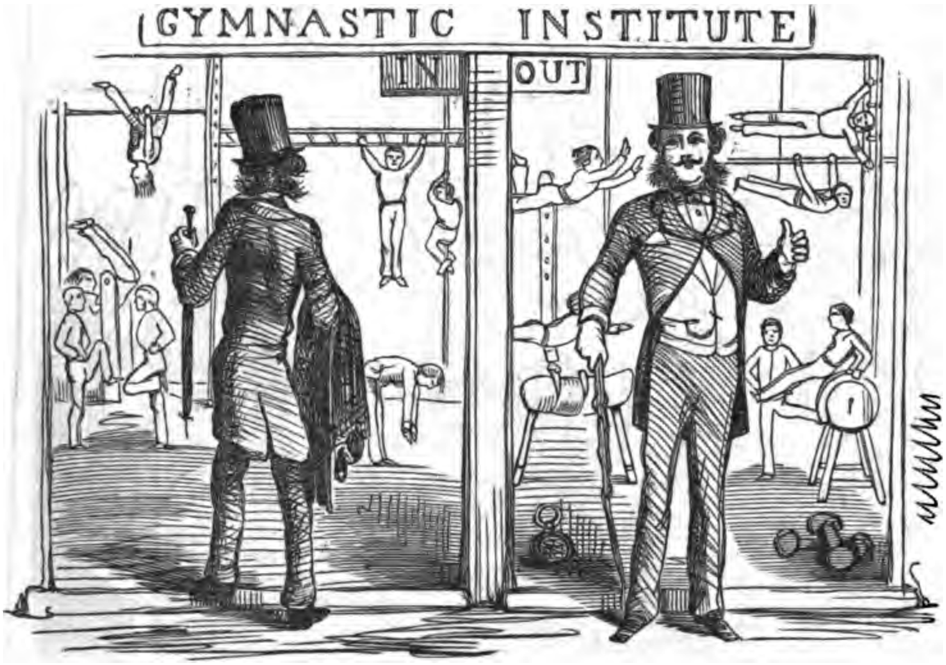
Sturt: I'm deuced glad to hear you say so. I was getting quite in a funk about it—but now I've got the opinion of the law officers of the crown—eh, old cock?—to back me, I don't care a —— .

Stawell: Eh, what? Law officers of the crown? Before you say that perhaps I'd better look into it.——

Sturt: Oh, but hang it, you've said I was right, and I know you're a man of your word, Stawell, No no: you can't go back now you know.

Stawell: I never want to go back. I've said you were right, and you are right. If you choose to quote my opinion, I shall not contradict you. The point's clear enough, and I should only look into it for my own satisfaction, and in confirmation of my opinion.

Sturt: I felt sure I was right all along—at least so far as I could make out what the point was. Besides, you know, trying to give these fellows votes is just a democratic dodge. I'm sure the franchise is low enough in all conscience. There are too many snobs with votes already, without my deciding in favor of any more of 'em.



WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF "SCIENTIFICALLY REGULATED EXERCISES."

Shewing the Appearance of Mr. TRAINWELL, before and after taking a course of easy lessons at the Victoria Gymnastic Institute.

ONLY FAIR.

As a Committee of the City Council has lately decided that an omnibus driver is punishable for demanding his fare before starting, it seems only right for the citizens to apply the doctrine, and to decline paying taxes until the public improvements for which they are demanded have been effected.

CONS.

Why should not a ship take in coals at the bow port ? - Because it it dangerous to get coaled in the head.

What Electoral List at the diggings most resembles Madame Anna Bishop ?—Avoca List, (a vocalist).

CAIRNS, ON THE OPERA.

Let Cairns preach what he please
  A funny Frenchman says,
"Quoiqu 'il revere L' Eglise
  Il aime aussi *La glaise.*"

Stawell: Oh yes, we gave way too readily upon that point, and made the franchise much too low. I suppose we shall be beaten in the end, but we must make a fight for it, and only yield an inch at a time.

Sturt: That's just my idea better expressed. But I say, Stawell, couldn't you give a poor devil like me, that knows nothing of law, a precedent you know, or something of that sort to quote. That would have a devilish knowing look, and people would swear I must know more about law than I get credit for.

Stawell: Yes, I can. I came upon a case the other day. I only had time just to glance at it, but I saw it was in point and bore the right way.

Sturt: That'll be just the thing. What's it in—Chitty on Pleading—Byles on Bills, or what ? Oh, you needn't look surprised. Bless your soul, I've read more law than you think. I know the names of half the books in your chambers. I tell you what it is—I'm getting to be a second Chapman.

Stawell: Lord, preserve us!—one's plenty. The decision is one of Denman's, and he gave judgment against an elector's claim on this very ground of removal.

Sturt: Denman, Denman ? let me see was'n't he Lord Chancellor or something in Henry the Eighth's reign, succeeded Bacon or somebody didn't he.

Stawell: Take my advice and just quote the case and put your own foot in it as little as you can. Above all eschew chronology. If you'll come with me; I'll lend you the book.

Sturt: That's all right, but in the mean time, this discussing points of law is desperately dry work. What's it to be?

Stawell: Nothing for me now, thank you.

Sturt: Well I see you're in a hurry so I wont keep you. I'm going to meet old Wright here presently. We're to look at a horse together; a regular beauty, I'm told with nothing against him but just the suspicion of a curb on the near hock. I'll postpone wetting my whistle till then. Come along. [*Exeunt.*]

A SUICIDAL MEMORIAL.

AT a meeting of the householders of the Richmond Municipality, on Thursday last, a Mr. Hadley, in reference to some document under discussion, is reported to have expressed himself as follows:—

"The memorial bore with it the sword which would cut its own throat, as was always the case with a movement got up by a faction."

Having enlightened the meeting so far, why did not Mr. Hadley proceed to elucidate the meaning of this enigmatical sentence, and to explain to his auditors how the memorial became possessed of a throat, how it contrived to carry the sword with which it committed suicide, and whether he intended to assert that factious movements always wore swords, or that they invariably cut their own throats,—always assuming that such movements like the memorials, were possessed of throats to be cut.

LAYS OF THE LEGISLATORS.

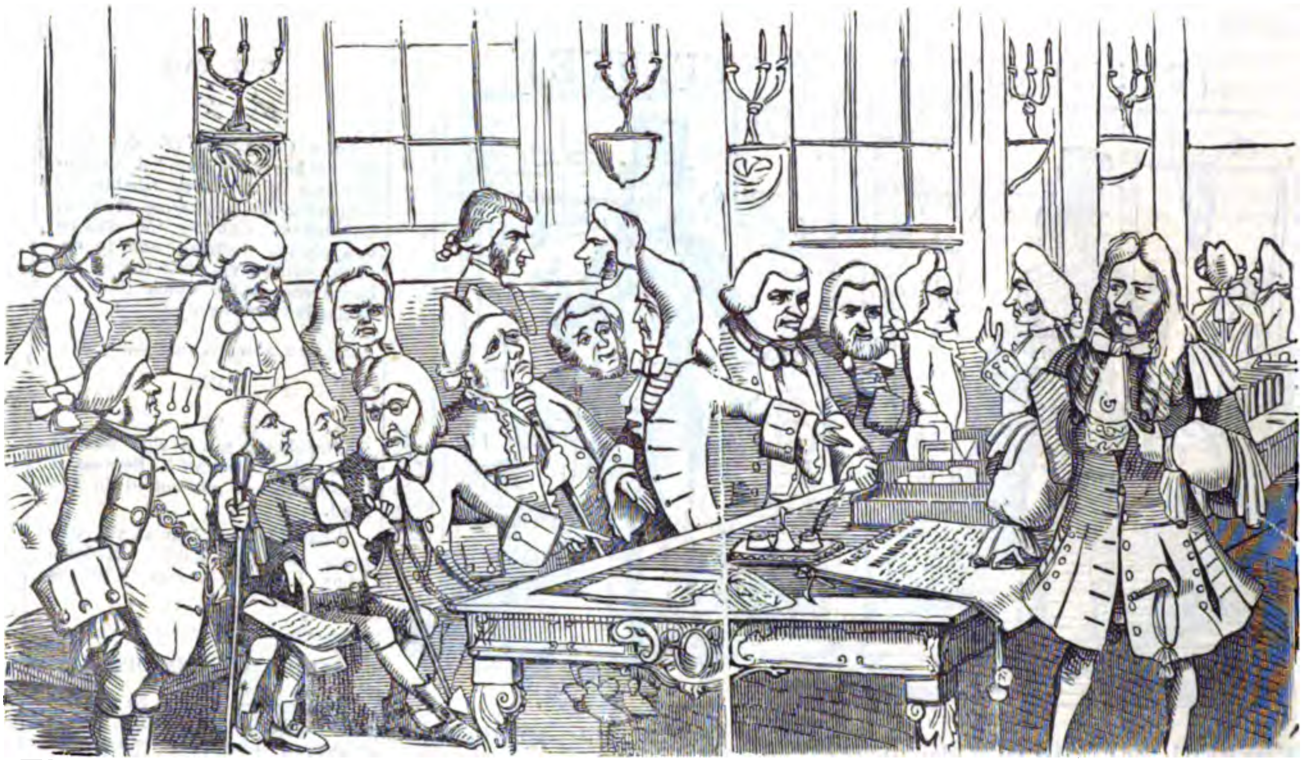
WHO IS CHILDERS?

(*Air*—"WHO IS SILVIA.")

Who is Childers—what is he,
  That fortune should befriend him !
Artful, sleek, and wise is he,
  The fates such grace did lend him
That he might successful be.

Is he kind as he is sleek—
  For that should go with sleekness.
No one ever had the cheek
  To charge him with such weakness.
His own advantage doth he seek.

Then to Childers let us sing,
  That he was first Inspector,
Then he took to auditing,
  And then became Collector.
To him let us duties bring.



FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—NO. XI.

THE FIRST MINISTERIAL CRISIS IN VICTORIA.

MORAL TALE FOR JUVENILES.

IN WORDS OF ONE AND TWO SYLLABLES.

ONCE up-on a time there liv-ed, in a place call-ed Mel-bourne, a man na-med John Fos-ter. He was a very cle-ver man, and his neigh-bours thought he was an hon-est one, so they gave him their mon-ey to take care of, and trust-ed him to man-age their af-fairs. But once when he had got eight hun-dred thou-sand pounds to pay the pass-age mon-ey for a great man-y poor peo-ple, he us-ed it to pay his debts with, for he had been a sad spend-thrift. Then he play-ed a great man-y other naugh-ty tricks; and at last the neigh-bours said they would not trust him with their mon-ey, or to man-age their af-fairs any more. When John Fos-ter heard peo-ple say he was a cle-ver man, but not to be trust-ed, he made be-lieve to be ver-y an-gry, and said he was not at all clev-er, but as hon-est as the day. What a naugh-ty man he must have been to tell such fibs! But he did not care; and, when the neigh-bours said "What then made you do such and such a naugh-ty thing?" he would name some one who was not by to ans-wer for him-self, and say "he did that;" but, as to any good act, he al-ways said "that was my do-ing."

But the neigh-bours were not to be blind-ed that way, and they all laugh-ed at him, and said "Go a-way, you naugh-ty man," so that at last he had to sneak off to a nas-ty dir-ty place called Will-iam's Town, and there he set up a small mar-ine store. Was not that a fall for John Fos-ter, who once had so much pow-er? But it all serv-ed him right; for a great grown up man, like that, should have known that it is of no use to be clev-er with-out be-ing good.

I hope when you grow up you will be clev-er and good too, and then you will nev-er suf-fer like John Fos-ter.

INVESTIGATION AND VINDICATION.

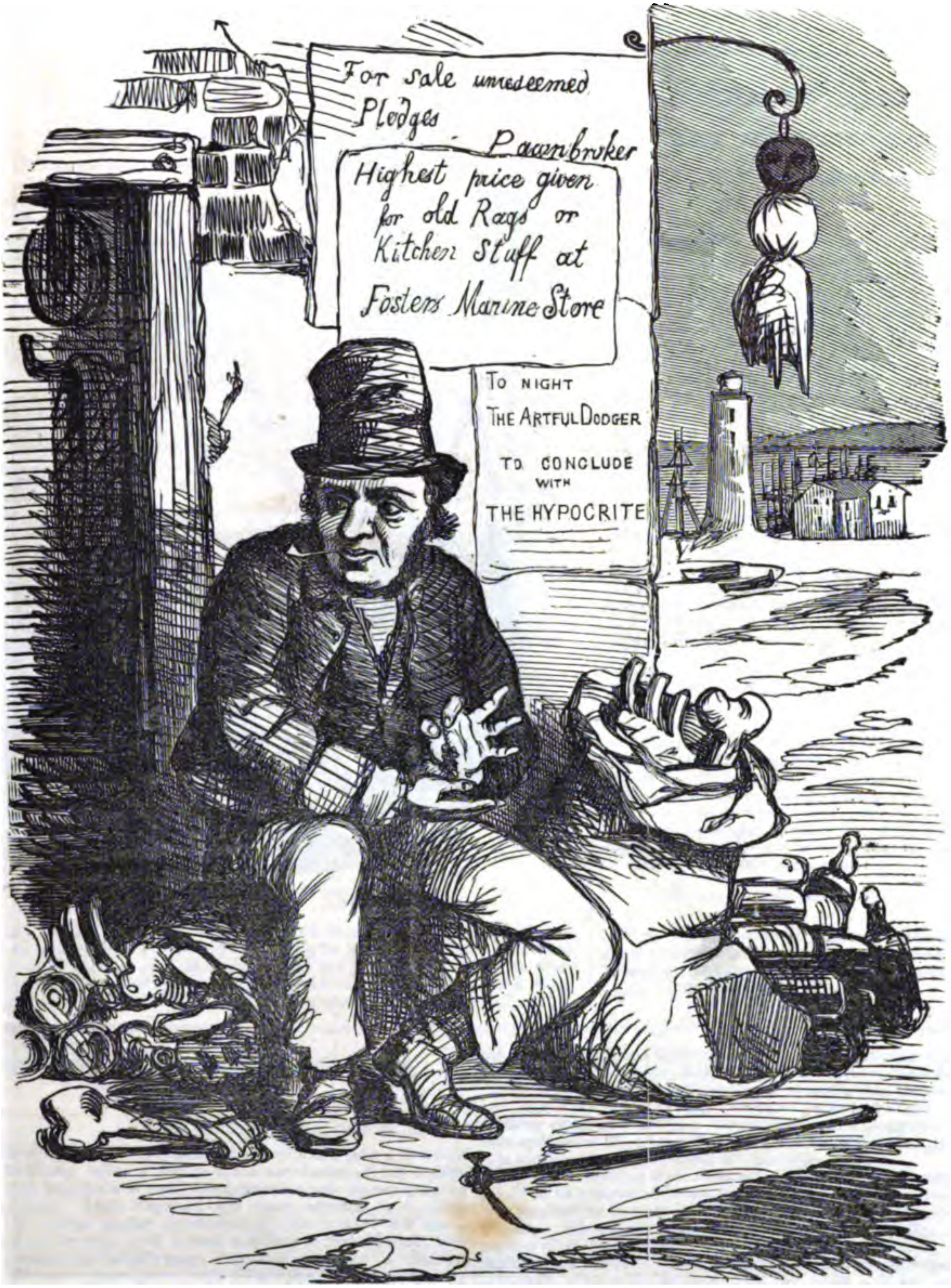
IN accordance with the precedent lately set by the Committe of the Benovolent Asylum, several important and maligned sections of the community have determined on vindicating their character, by holding an investigation on their own conduct. It is unnecessary to observe that the results were, in every case, highly satisfactory; and the parties left the court "without a stain." We are enabled to present our readers with an abstract of the results of enquiry in some of the more important cases.

The Melbourne Corporation has decided, after a laborious self-examination, that the charges made against it of corruption, imbecility, and obstructiveness are totally devoid of foundation, and that it is a highly intelligent and immaculate body.

The Gas Company has arrived at the conclusion that there have after all been no irregularities in its management, and that the complaints which lately occupied the public attention have merely arisen from a few discontented spirits, who must have something to grumble at.

The inhabitants of Little Bourke and Stephen streets have voted, in committee, that the popular opinion of a low tone of morality existing in those localities is a vile aspersion upon a section of the community which might set an example to all the rest of Melbourne.

The lodgers at Wintle's Hotel have passed a series of recriminatory resolutions, setting forth that society labours under a grievous error in its estimate of crime, which is after all only an eccentric deviation from arbitrary and injudicious code of morals, calculated to repress ingenuity and enterprise.


For sale unredeemed Pledges - Pawnbroker
Highest price given for old Rags or Kitchen Stuff at Fosters Marine Store
TO NIGHT THE ARTFUL DODGER TO CONCLUDE WITH THE HYPOCRITE

REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES;
OR, "WHAT A PRIME MINISTER MAY SUFFER IN VICTORIA."

THE VICTORIAN CLUB.

Doubler of his Bliss and Sharer of his Sorrows: No, Sir, I do *not* think such an institution much wanted! It may be all very well for bachelors, but married men ought to stop at home, to love and cherish their wives as they vowed at the altar, instead of gluttonising, and drinking, and gambling, and what not at nasty clubs. Clubs indeed! I wonder you aint ashamed of yourself.

AUSTRALIAN DOUBLES.

A LEAF FROM TUMMUS'S DIARY.

By W. M. Thwackaway.

November 26. Went into the Kownsill: Not as a member—I no myself better—but as a Spectator. An igstronry blank on the Treshewry benches; none of the Eggseckutiff present, exsept the Coloanyal Enginehere. Sumthink tolled me from the very fust moment I hentered the galry, that the country was to be attact with a chrisalis, wich sure enuff it was. It wasnt for nothing that I dremt three nites running of fallen stars, and here's the *denoomong*. We ave no roolers! The Coloanyal Enginehere ennounced the paneful fact to the Kownsill in a speach of piguliar brevty. His collegs had been releest from office on politkle grounds, and this kitastrafy to the country was the hoparation of the Noo Konstitooshn. But, said the hon. gent, the kwestion of penshuns is no way mixt up with the retirement of the Eggseckutiff. A laff of derishn suckilated on the other side of the House, and Mr. Fawkner said "Oh! oh!" which is his yewshal stile of oratry. The Reprysentatives aplide for futher eggsplanashuns, but they mite as well have tride to pick peeches off a gum-tree. Captin Paysly was assijuously silent and diskrete, though betwyst Meshrs Fawkner and O'Shanassy he was teribly malld.

Nov. 27. The mischef is out, and *oter non*; I always thort so. Its a kwestion of wages and penshuns after all. The Eggseckutiff went out to git penshuns and came back for wages. The korrispondins as been publisht in the paypers, and all the suckmstanzas of the Ministeryal Chrisalis fully eggsplaned. Releest from office on politikle grounds meens ishuin from the pantry as footman, and hentering the awl as butler, with a cottage *ornay* at the Park gates to retire 2 when u are tired of service. But y the Coloanyal Enginehere sed the kwestion of penshuns was in no way mixt up with the retirement of the Eggseckutiff, I cannot pawsbly eggsplane.

Wet Nurse.—Wanted a wet nurse for a nInfant Municipality.—Salary (nothing a year and to find herself,) the same as the Medical Health Officer. Apply to the Town Clerk, Prahran.

FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

Rue de la Paix, 24th March.

The birth of a little Emperor has plunged all Paris into a fever of delight. De Morny tells me that he is the very image of his father, possessing that amplitude of nasal development which we recognise in the imperial beak. Louis Napoleon was much affected, and called repeatedly for a clean pocket handkerchief. He created his son a field-marshal on the spot, took several nobblers of dark Martell, and playfully pinching the infant's nose, suggested the title of Marshal *Nez*. The Emperor's tears have been telegraphed all over France, and will have a wonderful effect in irrigating the loyalty of the provinces. The great feat, however, of the politic ruler of the Grande Nation, was the announcement in the *Moniteur*, that all the lawful babies who made their first appearance on the 16th March should consider the imperial couple their godfather and godmother, and that the Emperor will confer the customary silver spoon, with the privilege of bearing arms, *une cuilliere d' argent dans la bouche ouverte*, in commemoration of their fortunate nativity. The marvellous devotion of the French nation has displayed itself in such numerous presents for the illustrious youngster, that the imperial nursery it stacked to the cieling with pap-spoons, baby-jumpers, penny rattles, wooden soldiers and sugar-plums; and the Dalby's carminative and American soothing syrup give the place the appearance of a druggist's shop. A bold speculator offered ten thousand francs for the baby-napkins alone; it is supposed he wanted them for Australia.

The next absorbing topic here, is the projected new bonnet, which is said to be a daring innovation on the present fashion, inasmuch as it is intended to be worn on the head, and not swung between the shoulders like a gipsy baby. It is to be fixed vertically, after the manner of an extinguisher, with a spring blind in front, from the skilful management of which surprising effects are anticipated. An autograph letter on the subject, from the court milliner at Vienna, was expressed by mistake to the Foreign Affairs, and being very unintelligible and sealed with a thimble, it puzzled the Ministers wonderfully. However, Count Boul, who has been in England, explained the thimble-mark as a design for a plum pudding, and considered it to possess much political significance. I tried to pump Buol about the peace. He says that Russia is to be fined forty millions, one fourth cash down, or taken out in tallow, and the remainder at three, six, and nine months, depositing the title deeds of Siberia as collateral security. The Crimea is to be made over to the French, in trust, for the benefit of the creditors; Sebastopol to be let on a building lease of ninety-nine years; and the Polish property submitted to the public competition of European powers, commencing at the upset price of sixpence a square mile, in consideration of a bad title.

I can make nothing of old Brunow. I tried to bribe him with a pickled kangaroo, but he returned it, carriage paid, saying that he had done the same with a pot of bear's grease from Alexander, and a box of sardines from Victor Emanuel.

Further particulars in my next,

The Emperor's subscription to *Melbourne Punch* accompanies this letter.

THE SONG OF THE POST OFFICE CLERK.

The following effusion is believed by Mr. Punch to have been written by a post-office clerk, while he went into a back office, to look for a letter for an elderly gentleman, who remained waiting outside with exemplary patience, and was finally told there was none for him. With Mr. Punch's customary generosity, he permits the poet to vindicate himself and his comrades, who stand much in need of vindication, as far as he can :—

Oh Punch, Punch, Punch,
It's little you dream of our woe ;
If you only knew how hard we work,
You wouldn't abuse us so.
We write, and sort, and write—
From early morn till dark ;
Still nobody seems to sympathise
With the poor Post-office Clerk.

In the "Song of the Lobby," on June the fifth,
You speak of a "frowsy crowd"—
"Venting their wrath in murmurs low
Or imprecations loud."
But of course you mean *that* for old McCrae,
That stern post-office Turk,
Who should engage a dozen more
To help to do the work.

Whenever the English mail arrives,
Ir's no wonder there is a fuss ;
There are six divisions in the place
And only ten of us.
Aye, only ten of us, dear Punch,
To toil the whole day long,
And through the little "pigeon holes,"
Deliver to the throng.

Whilst we poor "dapper and dainty men,"
"Boxed up" in that place of tin,
Are forced to list, from morn to night,
To that crowd's incessant din.
There's Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson,
Who stamp, and rave, and swear,
And vow that though we give them not,
Their letters must be there.

And so say half the folks in town;
From the old maid to the child,
Until, upon my soul, dear *Punch*,
We are almost driven wild.
There are letters for every place on the earth,
To be sorted and sent away,
And mails for the inland towns beside,
That go out every day.

Still, no matter what "urgent private affairs"
Of our own may call us away,
Tho' the banks are closed, or a levee is held,
We have never a holiday.
The patience of Job himself would be tried,
I know, were he back on the earth;
He never could bear half the ills that he did,
If he held a Post-office berth.

ANOTHER DEMOSTHENES.

The City Council is absorbing into itself all the eloquence of the metropolis. The last orator who obtained admission into the august and dignified assembly was a Mr. Nehemiah Guthridge, who, after conveying to his fellow citizens the consolatory assurance that wisdom might be expected to survive his own decease, went on to say :—

> "Though Melbourne may be internally dead men's bones and rottenness, still the Corporation had whitewashed the sepulchre and added to the appearance; and the great plans by which such had been effected were in incubation whilst he (Mr. G.) occupied a seat at the Council board."

Punch is afraid that the eloquent speaker in his anxiety to compliment the Corporatien, overlooked the curse which is attached to those who engage in the whitewashing operation referred to ; and also overlooked the obvious association of ideas suggested by the collocation of the wards setting and incubation. To which class of domestic poultry did the eloquent Councillor wish to liken himself ! *Anser*, Mr. Guthridge.

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

The inventor of Geelongese has made a great discovery, and he is proclaiming it from the house tops of the Pivot with all the strength of his lungs, and all the force of his rhetoric. There is a subtle something—essence, fluid, call it what you will—universally diffused,—omnipotent as the principle of attraction, penetrative as electricity, ubiquitous as the "casing air." This all pervading fluid, essence, or property, which is perhaps—who knows !—the *anima mundi* of the old schoolmen, its discoverer variously designates as protection, and custom dues. He has detected its presence in an immense variety of atoms, solid as well as aeriform ; and the following instances are a few only of the numerous successful results of his investigations and experiments. The subtle essence enters into the composition of our wearing apparel :—

> "When the man goes forth, he pulls on protection with his boots, with his gloves—ties a protection knot in his neckerchief, and claps protection on his head."

It "involves" and "pervades" the fair persons of the ladies :—

> "We fear to recapitulate how deeply the lady is involved in the protective interest. From the sole of her foot to the uppermost tress of her hair protection pervades her."

"Recapitulate" *Punch* takes occasion to remark, means, in Geelongese, to relate primarily, and not, as in English, to "go over the principal things mentioned in a preceding discourse."

The essence has been discovered in a mess of tapioca, occupies a defensive relation towards conserves, is masticated with our cheese, peeps out of a ruptured roll, lusciously lubricates the mouth of a child sucking sweetmeats, is imbibed in beer, and swallowed by pigs. Here is the warrant for our assertion :—

> "Not even a mess of tapioca can be mixed without custom duty entering the composition, nor a conserve be placed on the table of native manufacture, that is not defended by some impost or another, if not in its whole, in its component parts. Not a mouthful of cheese can be taken, without masticating protection, nor a piece of bread be broken without its presence. The child sucks protection with confectionery, the parent drinks it in his ale, and feeds his stock with a commodity sheltered by custom dues."

The "mustard-pot, the vinegar-cruet, the spice-box, the store-room, the pantry, the wine-cellar, and the beaufet," prate of its whereabouts. It betrays its presence by the rustling of linen, and is visible to the eye in a wreath of tobacco smoke.

> "A reasonable man cannot draw on a clean shirt without a rustling noise that distinctly says protection for starch, nor take, if unwell, a basin of gruel well compounded, without swallowing taxation by the mouthful, or stretch his weary form in bed without lying down on linen protected sheets, and resting on feathers which have paid duty, or smoke a cigar without puffing revenue at the rate of nine shillings per pound on tobacco."

It is difficult to imagine the sensation which this discovery will excite among men of science in the other hemisphere. Whatever may be the rewards and honors lavished on the discoverer, *Punch* trusts that he will bear in grateful remembrance, the fact that he *(Punch)* was the first to do him honor as the inventor of Geelongese, and the first to make known the existence of the *Advertiser* beyond the limits of the Pivot.

HE MONSTER NUGGET.

—

PART IX.

—

IT would only be reviving a painful scene of hardship of humiliation, and of injustice to recal wretched details of my journey as a prisoner to Melbourne. The two bushrangers and myself were handcuffed together, and placed in a spring cart, driven by one policeman, while two others rode alongside as an escort. At night we lay in chains in some out-house, and each morning men, women, and children crowded round to gaze at the "three notorious bushrangers," as we were once more thrust into the cart.

It was cold, wet, and dark when we reached Melbourne, and the public-house lamps—not gas ones in those days—threw faint gleams across seas of mud and rivers of water. The rain had descended in a torrent that had drenched my fellow prisoners and myself to the skin, and deposited some inches of water in the cart to splash about our ankles as we jolted over the uneven roads. We passed by the house in which we had lived for many months before starting upon my ill-omened journey. A bright light shone through the window blinds, and the sounds of talk and laughter struck upon my ear as we rattled by. I could hardly restrain myself from calling out "Stop, driver, this is where I want to get out,"—but I said nothing, as became a bale of animated goods, having no will of it's own, and merely carted about the country from one place of security to another.

Presently we reached the jail, and the gates of my new and sullen home opened wide to receive me. For how long, thought I, is this to be my dwelling? Is it possible that the circumstantial evidence, that seemed so clear to the impetuous magistrate at Glenetwas, can suffice to convince a judge and jury? And if so, what will my fate be? Perhaps before I am once more free, my hair may have grown grey under years of disgraceful punishment. Perhaps a quarter of man's ordinary life is, in my case, doomed to be thus spent—that period of life, too, in which the realisation of those schemes of happiness which young men build up for themselves can alone be hoped for. It seemed far to look back some few years, to a day of tearful parting upon the English shore, when I had seen for the last time, except in dreams, the faces of those whom I had trusted ere now to have greeted once again. Many too ardent hopes had been shattered and many blows had my life received since then, and though the hour of realization had never seemed to advance nearer, still energy and confidence had up to this time only become more disciplined—never less strong. I had always held myself ready to do battle with difficulty, and to mould circumstances—and in the end I felt confident that I should conquer.

But to think that for a long term of years all hope was to be cut off from me—that during a period, perhaps twice as long as that which had elapsed since the distant day which my memory now so wistfully recalled, I was merely to grow older and older in painful bondage—that as the seasons changed I could no longer hope to repair in the next the errors of the past, but could only wait and endure, with the final prospect of beginning the world again in advanced life and with a stained name—I could hardly nerve myself to regard my future steadily.

Yet above all other considerations seemed to rise this, which presses upon many hearts in Australia, sometimes strengthening to exertion, and sometimes driving to despair—"What will they think at home." And even if they thought the truth, which I could scarcely doubt still—what would they not suffer? Not through my evil deed but through my evil fortune might grey hairs be hurried down in sorrow to the grave. Not only would my hopes be crushed and my life broken, but I saw a vivid picture of distant grief. I saw sensitive and loving natures that had courted intercourse with all from whom tidings of me could be gained, or with whom converse about me could be held, gradually breaking off their commerce with the world, because honest pride would revolt from the touch of even concealed pity for a family disgrace. Would my friends deny me for my misfortune? I knew them too well, but I saw that to keep my memory alive in their thoughts and words, would be to cherish a belief that only a few would share. I saw how my sharp individual grief would extend itself to many hearts at the other side of the world—that many lives would wither in consequence of the blight that had fallen upon my own.

It was a minor pang, but no slight one, with which another reflection came over my mind. Those for whose opinions I cared less, but to whom I was still very far from indifferent, would lament less my punishment, than my supposed guilt. But even this regret I saw would be shortlived. At first my image would cross their minds with regret, and gradually these regrets would weaken, till finally if a thought of me should touch them at all, it would take the shape of an earnest hope never to see me again.

I had reason to know—and the thought struck me now with a kind of reproach—how speedily one comes thus to regard friends who have fallen, as I should be supposed to have done.

In the house that I formerly lived in, and from which the laughter and the light had poured out upon me as the cart drove by, there had been among our inmates a young man well born, well educated, clever, accomplished, and kind—a favourite with us all. One day his friends were startled to hear that he was arrested for a disgraceful crime. He confessed his guilt at the trial, and was sentenced to the roads where he now is. For a day or two we were more or less shocked and saddened according to our several natures. Then we gradually grew as merry as usual again, and when some chance word recalled him to our recollection—an occasional allusion to "that poor unhappy devil ——" only interrupted the mirth for a moment " and so his knell was knolled." That will be my requiem, too, thought I.

Of course these reflections did not occur to me in regular sequence as I have here recorded them, but for hours after I had been "shaken down" for the night and made comfortable according to the prison standard of comfort, which was indeed far higher than that to which I had latterly been accustomed—they came upon me sometimes singly—sometimes in a feverish rush. Then I fell into a troubled sleep—and then in the middle of the night I remember I rose upon my feet with incoherent noisy observations about the journey and the bushrangers, and the magistrate, and then the jailor came in and there was some disturbance, and then I remember I fancied I was going to be hanged, and was taking leave of my mother upon the English beach.

Then I seemed to pass a whole life time in troubled and feverish dreams, and then all was a blank.

* * * * *

My slowly returning senses discerned that I was lying in a clean white bed, and my eyes rested upon the pattern of a flower upon the papered wall. For a long time I looked quietly upon the flower, and then I fancied I recognised it, but I felt no desire even to move my head to see where I was. Slowly, but steadily and clearly, the recollection of my adventures in search of the monster nugget came over my mind, and I wondered what had been the end of them, but it was a passive wonder that would make no exertion to satisfy itself. After a time the idea occurred to me that I would look round me and see where I was, and having considered the matter calmly for several minutes, I accomplished that energetic purpose. I had thought as much while I was looking at the flower, and I found myself in my old room, in Mrs. ——'s boarding house. It was all right, and there was no reason to disturb myself, so I left my head as I had turned it, and then my eyes fell upon another familiar object and stared thereat placidly for some time. Then my eyelids closed, and I dozed off.

When I awoke the object was still there, and my curiosity being a very little sharper this time, I thought it worth while, after a few minutes reflection to say softly—"Bob."

The object—Bob, in fact—laid down his book with a slight start, and then an expression of pleasure shone all over his honest face as he came up to the bed-side.

"All right again, now, eh, old boy?" he say, kindly.

"All right," I said mechanically, and then dreamily casting about for some comprehensive form of question in few words, I hazarded "Tell us all about it, Bob," and felt a faint pleasure in thinking that I had nothing more to do but to lie still and listen.

"It's all right now, old boy," said Bob, who was never remarkable for versatility in conversation, "Take a drop o' this, it'll do you good."

He handed me something uncommonly nasty, and I drank it without a murmur, but it was with a faintly flickering sense of the comic that I considered how unusually low Bob's voice was, and that the liquor provided was not at all like what Bob was accustomed to "shout."

"Now, you'd better have another coil, old boy," said Bob, "and keep quiet."

I looked steadily at him, and thought he was right, so I shut my eyes again, and went to sleep.

When I woke next, there were candles in the room, and a very manifest doctor was feeling my pulse.

"Who are you?" I said; "I wish somebody would tell me all about it," for I began to find it more easy to speak and move, and less easy to satisfy my curiosity.

"Never mind about that now, my dear sir," said the doctor; "we're getting on very nicely indeed. You've been a little indisposed, but you'll be quite strong again in a day or two, and then we'll tell you all about it."

I felt that he was lying, both as to the littleness of my indisposition and the proximity of complete recovery, and I felt grateful to him for his professional attention.

"Now, just take a little drink of that," said the doctor, handing me a glass of something nastier if possible than that which Bob had administered.

"You'd better have a nobbler of it yourself, doctor," said I with a wry face.

"Ha, ha! very good. But don't excite yourself," said the doctor. "Now, try and go to sleep again."

"If it isn't contrary to Cocker, doctor, I think I should like something to eat first."

"I'm very glad to hear it—so you shall. Mr. S——, I think I may allow our patient a small cup full of the food."

It was with pleasure that I recognised in S another friend who had taken Bob's place. The doctor presently went away, and S——, who said a few kind words of congratulation at my recovery, but was not to be betrayed into conversation, brought me a small cup full of some semi-liquid; but it was quite as good as one can expect anything to be that a doctor calls "the food."

Thenceforth my recovery was rapid; and as the abominable gruelly compounds were gradually suffered to give place to honest meat and drink, so the words of meaningless soothing were changed for full and robust explanation. On the night of my incarceration in the jail, I had been attacked by a fever that for many days left me delirious, and on the verge of the grave. Upon me was found a pocket-book, which was first supposed to be stolen, but which contained papers that induced a reference to some of my friends; and on their explanations and protestations, it began to be surmised that I might be no bushranger after all. It was ascertained that at the time Mr. Sterling's horse was stolen, I was in Melbourne. Finally, the two bushrangers were tried and convicted, and then Fitz told the whole story. I was discharged, and my friends and fellow-lodgers got me carefully removed back to the old home, and there no less carefully tended me through my sickness. Bob—he was one of those men who would be called Bob to the end bought a bargain of the most immoral French novels he could procure, and used to read them through the night watches as he sat by the bedside carefully nursing me, and never heeding that he had to be at his office by nine o'clock the next morning. The others took their turn in the nursing, and at the risk of offending the few fair readers I may have, I am bound gratefully to own that bachelors can upon occasion nurse one of their own imperfect fraternity in a way not generally believed. Fortunate is it for most of us in Australia that such is the case.

In short, I got well, and once more plied my knife and fork in the dining-room below. Mr. Sterling, who was deeply remorseful for the part he had played in my capture, was constant in his enquiries for me while I still lay on the sick bed, and earnest in his expressions of sorrow for his mistake as I recovered. Even Martin, at his own special request, was admitted to make his apologies, and took occasion to assure me (lest I should secretly suffer on that score) that he was convinced the grey had come down of his own fault, and that to all appearance there would not in the end be so much as a scar upon his knees.

Sterling dined with me on the first Sunday after I had resumed my regular place at the dinner table, I gave a full account of the various mishaps that had befallen me on my trip.

"Well," said he "if you mean to start after the Monster Nugget again, I hope you'll come and stay a few weeks with me by the way,—if only to show that you forgive me."

"Thank you," I replied, "but if my present purpose holds, any body else may find it for me. After the rebuffs I have received, I don't mean to have anything more to do with The Monster Nugget.

OMETHING REALLY NEW.

As a consumptive cough appears to be the most prominent—not to say the most important and dramatic incident—in the thing called *Camillé*, which has been played at Coppin's Olympic, it has occurred to *Punch* that play wrights might go prospecting for subjects, with advantage, in Buchan's Domestic Medicine. The Newgate Calendar has been dramatized, and why not the whole science of therapeutics? Is there nothing melo-dramatic in the measles, for example? No scope for husky declamation in a tragedy founded upon the sore-throat, quinsies, or other bronchial affections? No pathetic suggestions in the blight? No justification of highly colored language in the jaundice? No domestic sorrows, capable of dramatic illustration in the ring-worm? Here is a mine of unworked treasure, which *Punch* surrenders to his brethren of the quill, without the reservation of the slightest royalty.

POETRY FOR THE MILLION.

By One of Themselves.

SONNET TO ST. KILDA.

How beautiful St. Kilda do appear,
The air just gives a appetite for vittles,
Prime place to get a oyster and some beer,
And pass a afternoon a-playing skittles;
Nice place to come and get a briny soak,
Which costs, including towels, just a bob,
And when one's had a nobbler and a smoke,
What pleasant fancies fills a fellow's nob.
Here, on the beach you see the ladies stroll,
So softly basking in the morning sun;
There is a black-eyed beauty (bless her soul,)
As agitates my bosom—she's the one,
The loveliest face outside the littlest bonnet,
To her I dedicate my humble sonnet.

CURLING EXTRAORDINARY.

CHARLOTTE: What tiresome things these kiss curls are to be sure, love. What do you use for them?

MATILDA: Oh, my dear, I've nearly broken my heart over them. I've tried all sorts of things. Sugar—paste—gum—diamond cement—everything. CHARLES recommends marine glue, or hydraulic mortar.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

"Hair teaser for sale" is an announcement in late numbers of the *Argus*. Does the advertiser mean a small-tooth comb? We have an apparatus for torturing the human whisker, but it's name has the ordinary derivation from two Greek words. We also possess a hair brush, that would almost grate a nutmeg, and a razor that keeps our chin in a state of continual capillary torment, but are at a loss to know which of these contrivances is specially referred to as a "hair teaser."

NEW TOOLS.

AN article under the above heading, in yesterday's *Argus*, has directed our attention to the condition of the National Toolchest, the Legislative Council. We find on taking stock that there is on hand an extensive assortment of tools of all kinds and of varied degrees of usefulness, ready to be employed by any of the skilful cabinetmakers who may be engaged to carry out the contemplated improvements.

The measures will of course require to be reformed altogether; Mr. Stawell, the man of rules, *nisi* and otherwise, and Captain Clarke as the representative of the line and compasses interest may look to this. Mr. Chapman will keep us supplied with old saws. There are already plenty of queer files, of *rat*-tailed and other patterns. Old screws are abundant, and their whipper in for the time being may be looked upon as a screw-driver. Mr. Miller is a very fair specimen of a nail; has a good head, and is always ready to clinch a bargain. Mr. Greeves and Dr. Palmer, can supply oil when needed. We have had some difficulty in finding a straightedge. Several members are plane in speech, even trying plane, but they need moulding. Chiselling is to be exploded, so there is no need of that useful and abundant instrument so extensively employed on former occasions.

So our toolchest is pretty nearly full. The drill will of course be needed to fit many of them for use. And, while we have a Punch to mark them, no mistake need arise as to their indentity or their uses.

DOMESTIC DIALOGUES.

INTERLOCUTORS: PUNCH AND TOBY.

PUNCH. Toby, you have been drinking!

TOBY. Water, sir, pure and simple. The strongest beverage of which I ever partake.

PUNCH. Either it was "craftily qualified," or else your brain is disordered.

TOBY. Begging your pardon, sir, no! As Hamlet says—

> "It is not madness,
> That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
> And I THE MATTER WILL RE-WORD, which madness
> Would gambol from."

PUNCH. Very well, Toby "re-word" it.

TOBY (Reads): "Mr. Valentine Nott Mogg stated in the course of his examination (in the NISI PRIUS Court, on Thursday last,) 'that 5000 of the sheep to which reference had been made were burnt' His Honor Mr. Justice Williams startled at the ex-pression, asked whether he meant to say that the sheep were burnt alive. The witness answered that they were burnt alive at Cobham, on the Murray, by order of the police magistrate."

PUNCH. Five thousand harmless, helpless animals burnt alive! Is such an act of fiendish atrocity ——

TOBY. Excuse the interruption, sir, but I really must object to your libelling fiends in this way. "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," and I am perfectly certain that the meanest stoker in his employment, would blush through his nigritude to be suspected capable of a crime so infamous as that of burning five thousand sheep alive.

PUNCH. Right, Toby, right. I should be sorry to do those sable imps so flagrant an injustice. Even a dog ——

TOBY. "Might worry a sheep," you were about to observe, sir; but we should recoil from burning one alive. Canine nature at the very worst, is not so depraved as that.

PUNCH. Right again, Toby. The ferocious instincts of the most savage brute would require to be supplemented by the malignant cunning of a human intellect, to qualify them to devise and carry out a deed so monstrous and so horrible. The mind sickens at the revolting spectacle which the imagination presents to it of these five thousand sheep, hemmed in by a wall of fire, bleating forth piteous cries of agony, struggling frantically and fruitlessly to escape from the clinging torture, turning their mute beseeching looks upon the stockmen (stocks not men) outside the fold; and perishing by fire, thirst, suffocation, —by the processes of a slow and lingering torture; and by the more fortunate stupor of the voluminous smoke.—What are you howling for, Toby?

TOBY. Indignation, sir,—nothing more. The "Lords of creation" demonstrate their pre-eminence after a sorry fashion when they perpetrate such deeds as these. If I were a man, sir,——. If I were a man.

PUNCH. No hesitation: speak your mind, Toby. I respect your candour, though I may decline to endorse your opinions.

TOBY. Well, if I were a man, sir; after reading that paragraph, I should feel inclined, as Shakspere says, "to change my humanity with a baboon."

(Toby retires from the office, stealthily eyeing his master; and Mr. Punch observes a mournful silence.)

FRESCOES FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—NO XII.

MR. PUNCH HOLDS HIS FIRST LEVEE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PER "JAMES BAINES,"

London, April, 1856.

I send you complete files of the *Times* and *Post*; among the files are some rough articles, and a regular rasper about the Chinese, which the Humane Society declares, are imported merely to exterminate the rats, and speaks of the subject as a ratified rumour. The *Times* says, that. with the "five points," conceded, the peace is not an honorable one, but Lord Clarendon replies in the *Post*, that with five points won, he does not want to score honors, and between you and I and the *Post*, it was not a bad joke. I have been repeatedly to the Horse Guards, about the war medal for the Victorian Rifle Corps, and am in a position to state that they will not get it. Those who have assisted at fires and funerals, will be honorably mentioned, and the commanding officer will have a niche reserved for him in the National Gallery in Baker-street, conducted by Madame Tussaud.

It is understood here, that an ex-member of Parliament is about to start a new paper in Victoria, to be called the *Melbourne Cyclops*, with the motto, *Mens meus ego*, and some scarifying articles on Saxon slavery. What is done with all the old clothes continually advertised as wanted for Australia? We have read of old boots being converted into soup. Do the Chinese consume any coats and waistcoats in this way, or confine themselves to rats and rice? It is a subject of great speculation here, in a double sense There is a general idea that this extensive adoption of cast-off clothing, must give the colonists a very second-hand appearance The King of Sardinia's moustache took immensely at first; it was a foot long, framed with wire, and curled like a corkscrew, but its popularity declined from the time he poked it into a lady's eye at a court ball His Majesty took it off on the spot and placed it over the door, where it still remains, and is generally taken for a polished rams' horn.

You will see in the *Times*, that another remarkable cure has been effected by Holloway's Ointment, that the black and tan spaniel, that is always losing itself, is still advertised, and the young gentleman entreated to return to the bosom of his family; and so the world wags on much as usual.

I have written a flimsy gossiping letter, the consequence of reading Sam. Rogers' Table twaddle, which has quite flimsyfied my style.

CON. BY A CONVICTED COCKNEY.

Why is a squatter looking out for a first-rate station, like the *James Baines*, just arrived in the Bay?

Because he is hankering (anchoring) after a good run.

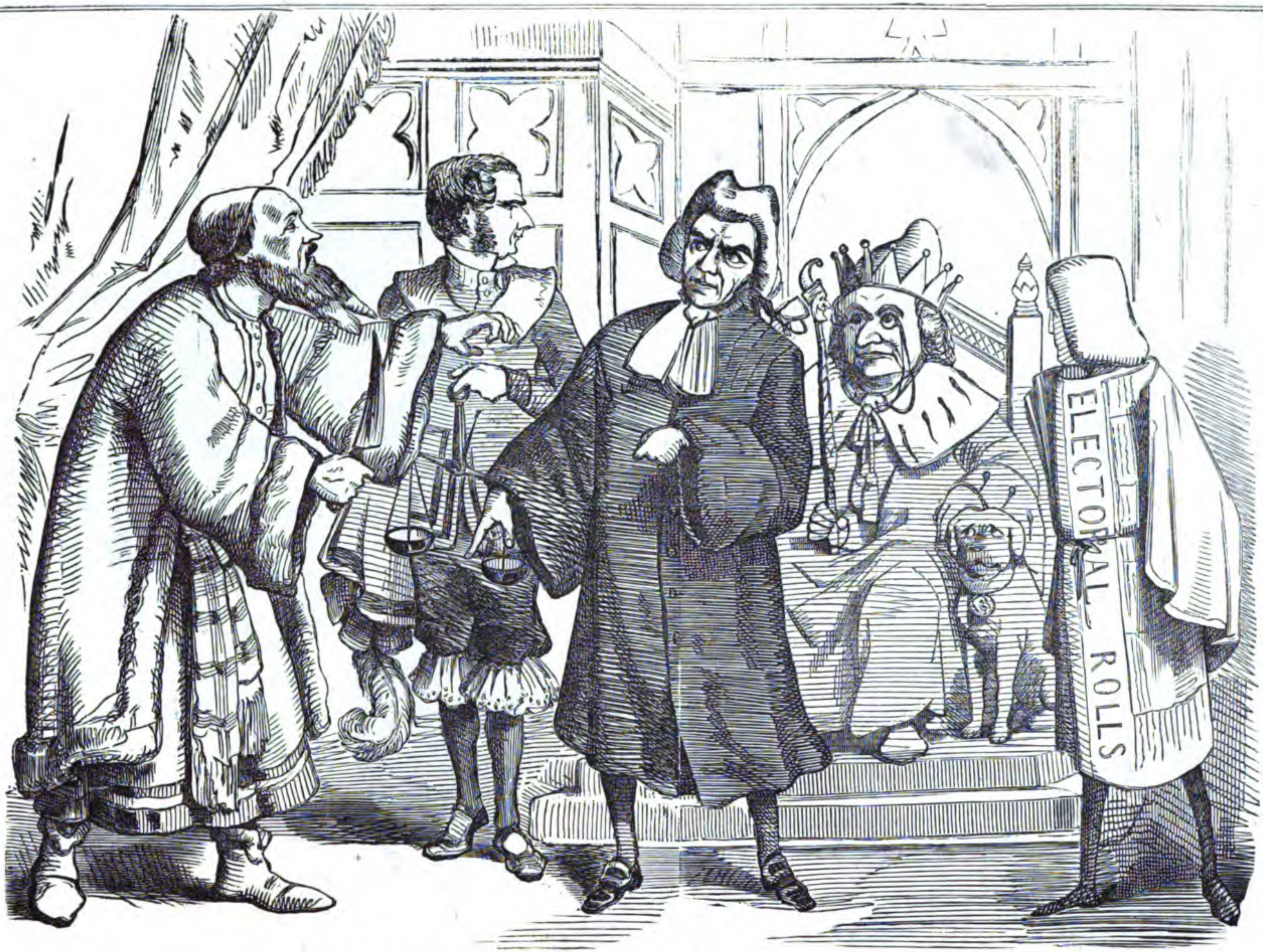
IN RE TOMMY BARBER.

Mr. Insolvency Commissioner Wilkinson, whose nerves were little affected by what (in Mayors) is politely called a *devastavit*, and who complimented John Thomas upon his readiness to compound the said *devastavit*, has been wonderfully irritated at an act of contempt of court, committed by the said John Thomas. Mr. Wilkinson declared that if he could be sure he possessed the power, he would at once send John Thomas to jail. The spirit was willing, but the act was weak. We do not for a moment dispute that if Mr. Wilkinson had acted upon Mr. Wright's suggestion, a fresh illustration would have been afforded of "The Right Man in the Right Place."

In the mean time Mr. Punch has submitted the legal difficulty to Counsel, and has been favored with the following

Opinion:—

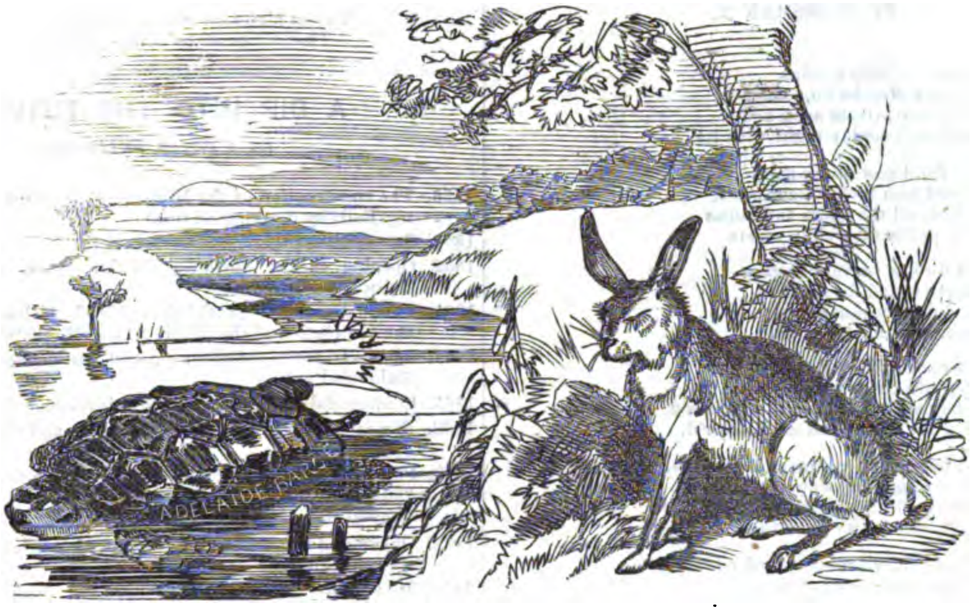
The question is as to the power of the Insolvent Court to commit the Mayor for contempt. Now the court of higher jurisdiction can certainly effect what is permitted to the court of lower jurisdiction. The Insolvent Court is of higher jurisdiction than the Police Court; and as in the latter court the Mayor has often committed himself, there can be no legal objection to his being committed by the Chief Commissioner of Insolvency. As to the question of contempt, the Mayor has long been held in universal contempt; and, as the whole includes the part, the Mayor was clearly in contempt in the Insolvent Court.



A SECOND DANIEL. (SCENE---THE PRAHRAN REVISION COURT).

SHYLOCK *(Mr. Snodgrass)*: Is that the law?

PORTIA *(Mr. Sargood)*:
Thy self shalt see the act,
For as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice more than thou desirest.



THE HARE & THE TORTOISE.

The story has been told in rhyme
   Time after time,
How the slow tortoise and the rapid hare
Raced one another once all the way there
And back again; and how the swift hare slept while
The course was crawled o'er by the plodding reptile.

A second match has recently been made
   Between these two—the tortoise and the hare.
The plucky tortoise sung out " who 's afraid?
   "I'm game to run again, ma'am, if you dare.
"You start from Melbourne, I from Adelaide:
"We'll race to Bendigo—who first gets there
"Shall be entitled to the victor's place,
"Shall be the winner of the second race."

"Well," said the laughing hare, "I like your pluck;
"But don't a second time expect such luck.
"Go catch a sleeping weasel if you can,
"And then catch me asleep—still—I'm your man."

Done, said the tortoise, and the two then parted.
The tortoise on his journey forthwith started;
Through Osmond's glen his steady march he makes;
At Barker's Mount some slight refreshment takes.
The ranges crossed, the scrub appears in sight—
The tortoise looking neither left nor right,
Plods slowly on upon the level land,
And drags his heavy shell along the sand :
At Wellington he reached the Murray wide,
Launched himself on the stream and stoutly stemmed the [tide.

Meanwhile the hare, to pass the time away,
Went to the top of Collins-street, and there
Constructed for himself a " form " they say -
Oh fatal FORM to man as well as hare.

Thenceforth she never moved towards Bendigo
Above at most a hundred yards or so.
Through heat and cold—through fair-weather and storm,
She lived in short entirely—on form.

She still declared that she would win the race,
Though never stirring from her chosen place;
And always swore there was no sort of hurry,
Although the tortoise was half up the Murray.
So goes the race at present —how t'will end
Even to guess at's more than I pretend.

"KERR AS HE IS."

A TENNYSONIAN ECHO.

It little profits that an idle king
Dethroned upon a question of mere *flags*
O'ermatched in civic strife, I use my pen,
To vanquish my aspersers through the Press,
That prints, and growls, and sneers, and will not see.
I cannot part from office ; I will fight
On my last legs. All times I have replied
Wildly: have suffered mildly ; both from those
Who knew me well, or knew me not at all.
I heed them not, I have become a name ;
For always wrangling with an angry heart
Much have I seen : I knew this city when
Its newspaper, its Council, Government,
Centred in me, and I was all in all.
I took delight in battling for the chair,
Even with him of the Adelphi shrine ;
I would have triumphed—but the hostile crew
(New chums, a "pinchbeck aristocracy,")
Met me by counterplot at every move.
But it were folly in me to despair ;
Have I not friends and sympathisers still ?
Do not Tom Rae and Alban Thomas Best
Meet daily and consult what steps to take ?
Th' Elections are at hand, then come my friends,
My Orangemen who've thought and fought with me,
You ever yet excelled the *Greeks* in war ;
'Tis not too late to seek a wider field,
Come on, and banding all together fight,
At polling-booths again another Boyne !
My purpose holds to take the Thousand Pounds—
To stand for Melbourne, for the Upper House—
To wage incessant war till I AM king !

Is the Chief Justice the author of the following conundrum ?—Why is a mail ship like a kangaroo's tail ? Because it is always behind ! Is not his Honor indictable for uttering this as a good thing well knowing it to be counterfeit.

MARTHA.

BY PLEESMAN X.

Bein ast, by Billy Collins,
 Flotow's *Martha* for to see,
I put on my private soot, and
 Went on Toosday night with he.

In the front row of the galry
 Me and him took up our seets,
And from all the gents and ladies
 Most polite attenshun meets.

And a dubble barreld hi-glass
 We purwided for the nite,
Wich did wery much assist our
 Otherwhys impuffick site;

And we seed too pooty ladies
 Wich did never speek a word,
But they sweetly trilled and quaver'd,
 Wich my friend and me preferr'd.

Them two ladies, young and bewchus,
 Was for havin of a spree,
And they wilfully detummind
 Richmond Statty Fare to see.

So, disgised like rustic maydens
 To the fare these ladies go;
And a fat old stoopid courtyer
 With them booties goes allsoe.

There, for fun, them bewchus ladies
 Hires themselves to servitood,
And accumpanies their masters,
 To a "cottage near a wood."

Sez their masters "Bein spinsters,
 We suppose you both can spin,
For our weal its needful you should
 Them there wheels to turn begin."

But the ladies only giggled,
 And upset the spinnin wheels,
And at midnite cums old stoopid,
 With a hescort at his eels.

Then the courtyer and them booties
 (Wich their masters arts had won)
Quite clandestine from their service
 With old stoopid cut and run.

So, one of their fond employers
 (Wich is name is Lyonnel,)
Falls into a fit of madness
 Cos he loves a village bell;

Aving heard her sing a ballad,
 Writ by Mister Tomas More,
As the peeple all applawdid
 And demanded an ongcore.

Up and down the Park of Richmond
 Wanders that pore Lyonnel;
How to get back his lost senses
 Nobody cant nohow tell.

Till he meets with bewchus Martha,
 Once more in the statty fare;
And she sings again untoe him
 That there captivatin air.

Then returns his missin reason,
 And he likewise proves to be
"Rupert" Stanley's great grandfather,
 And a noble lady she.

And, of course, they both are married,
 And she sings for evermore,
To the highborn Earl of Derby,
 That sweet air by Tommy More.

A DIP INTO THE FUTURE.

BY A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN.

1856. The construction of the Melbourne, Mount Alexander and Murray Railway determined upon.
1858. Surveys completed, and tenders invited.
1859. Opening of the Adelaide, Gawler Town, and Murray River Railway.
1861. Public dinner at the Criterion Hotel, Melbourne, to celebrate the completion of the M. M. A. and M. Railway to Flemington.
1862. Railroad communication opened up between Bendigo and Maiden's Punt.
1865. Commercial distress and general insolvency in Melbourne.
1869. Removal of the Houses of Parliament and Courts of Justice to Sandhurst.
1870. Population of Adelaide, according to the Government census, 250,000. Revenue of South Australia for the past year £5,000,000: Imports, £12,000,000: Exports, £22,000,000.
1872. Opening of the Melbourne, Mount Alexander and Murray Railway to Keilor.
1876. Inhabitants of Melbourne petition the Legislature for the dissolution of the Municipality, and the disfranchisement of the Township.
1878. Custom-house removed from Melbourne to Williamstown. Establishment reduced to Collector, one landing-waiter and a boy.
1880. Population of Melbourne 363. Imports for the past year £1615. Exports, *nil*.
1882. Arrival of a vessel in Hobson's Bay direct from England. Such an event not having occurred for 18 years, the inhabitants of Melbourne celebrate it by a bonfire on Batman's Hill.
1886. In compliance with the prayer of a petition to the Legislature, setting forth the extreme poverty of the petitioners, and their urgent desire to move inland, the Legislative Assembly vote a sum of money for the transport of the inhabitants of Melbourne (58 in number) to a block of land upon the Goulburn.
1887. Melbourne deserted.
1888. Melbourne, Mount Alexander and Murray Railway abandoned.
1890. Victoria annexed to South Australia. Government archives removed from Sandhurst to Adelaide.

ETHNOLOGICAL QUESTION (by Mr. Semple).—Can you point to any modern example of the union of surgery and jugglery, as was practised by the mountebank of the middle ages, and the medicine men of North America; (of course without reference to local professors)? *Yes:* The China cuppers and saucerers.

IT is not generally known, that the absence of footways on the St. Kilda road, is owing to a compact between the Corporation and the omnibus proprietors. The banks originally designed for footpaths have been broken away, cut through with drains, or obstructed with broken metal, 'in order to prevent people from walking to and from town, unless they choose to tramp along the road, when they may be run down with impunity by the omnibuses. The equivalent is of course found in the enhanced value of the tolls.

BIRTH.

On the 23rd instant, at the office, Bourke-street east, the *Melbourne Herald*, of a pun, after "forty years" of gestation. The infant proved to be still born. Friends at a distance will please to accept this intimation.

ELIZA MACGUIRE.

ELIZA MACGUIRE, of Bally botherum, in the County of Derrydown, being twenty-five years of age, having a pair of sturdy arms, a sound constitution, a strong will, and a stout heart, takes passage in the Caroline Middleton, for Australia, where she hopes to take service also. Eliza Macguire, of Bally botherum aforesaid lands at Hobart Town, and is engaged by a Mr. Christie, who resides in the neighbourhood of Port Esperance; whither she proceeds in the steamer Culloden. On the passage, the boiler bursts, and Eliza is put ashore. Being "free-born and of good repute," she is confined in the watch-house, where she remains for two days and nights without a bed, sharing the room in common with half-a-dozen constables. From the watch-house at Port Esperance, she is conveyed in a boat to Franklin, where the district-constable, to whose care she is confided, gets drunk, and threatens Eliza Macguire that if she does not remain with him at the public-house, and submit to his orders, she, being "free-born and of good repute," shall be severely punished. This amiable and spirit-loving peace-officer "pulls her about" at the public-house; and when his prisoner or victim makes her escape to the boat at the Ferry, she is exposed to a volley of abuse—Vandemonian abuse—from the drunken constable, who hiccoughs out his determination of compelling her to walk to town. Caliban is a man of his word. Though a convict originally, he would scorn to utter an untruth to a woman; and Eliza Macguire walks for thirty miles through the rain and mud, under the convoy of a convict constable, to Hobart Town; where, no other offence being proved against her than the above-recited crime of being "free-born and of good repute," she is discharged, without apology and without redress.

This is the substance of Eliza Macguire's story, as she tells it in a letter to the editor of the *Tasmanian Daily News*, imploring him "to look at her case, and let it go through the press."

A very bad case, *cushla machree*; and one which disentitles you to the compassionate consideration of the constituted authorities (drunken district constables included,) of Tasmania. If you had only robbed your master, or poisoned your mother, or burned down your neighbour's hayricks, or strangled your little sister, or perpetrated any act of atrocity, which could have led to your transportation to that garden-island a few years ago; the probabilities are that you would have been assigned to some wealthy "yellow jacket," who would very possibly have married you, have enabled you to ruffle it bravely in silks and satins, have made an Alderwoman of you, or even a Mayoress, and have presented you at Government House. Instead of which, Eliza Macguire, you, being a simple, honest, willing, and hard-working Irish girl, and not above "the meanest chares," come out to Tasmania of your own free will, with the foolish purpose of earning a lawful livelihood. Confess your folly, simple girl, and retract certain expressions in your letter to the *Daily News*; to wit those in which you assert that you were "*dragged as a felon*, *lodged as a felon*, detained by Walpole, the police magistrate, and then *sent as a felon* to walk thirty miles through the bush with a convict constable, in the rain and mud."

It is an error in terms. Felonry is honorable in Tasmania,—is wealthy,—is powerful,—occupies the highest stations, and is possessed of the best estates. Blameless poverty is felonious and disreputable.

"Take note, take note, Eliza,
To be direct and honest is not safe;
Thou shouldst be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for."

Why is Mr. Priestly (Secretary Gas Company) like the children of Israel. Because he has cross'd "Jordan."

CORDUROY.

(BY THE SHADE OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

At last the dreaded hour is come,
That brings me on to thee;
I see the planks transversely laid,
I mark each riven tree.

It jars my nerves—it shakes my heart,
My joints are out of gear,
Yet must we pass o'er Corduroy
Or camp for ever here.

I tremble at my awful doom,
While others hoarsely swear;
To hope to pass across alive,
Is more than I can dare.

Oh, Corduroy! Oh, Corduroy!
With such a heavy load;
What leathern springs can stand the strain,
Upon thy rugged road?

Your furrows deep and ridges high,
Like corrugated zinc,
Must be some vengeful fiend's device
To torture man, I think.

Oh! little did I once suppose
That I should feel the rack,
And writhe, while all my ligaments
And sinews snap and crack.

Another shock! oh, when shall I
A moment's respite feel?
My torments, like St. Catherine's,
Are all upon the wheel.

The driver mocks my moans and groans;
The passengers all curse;
My mouth is filled with liquid mud,
And theirs with something worse.

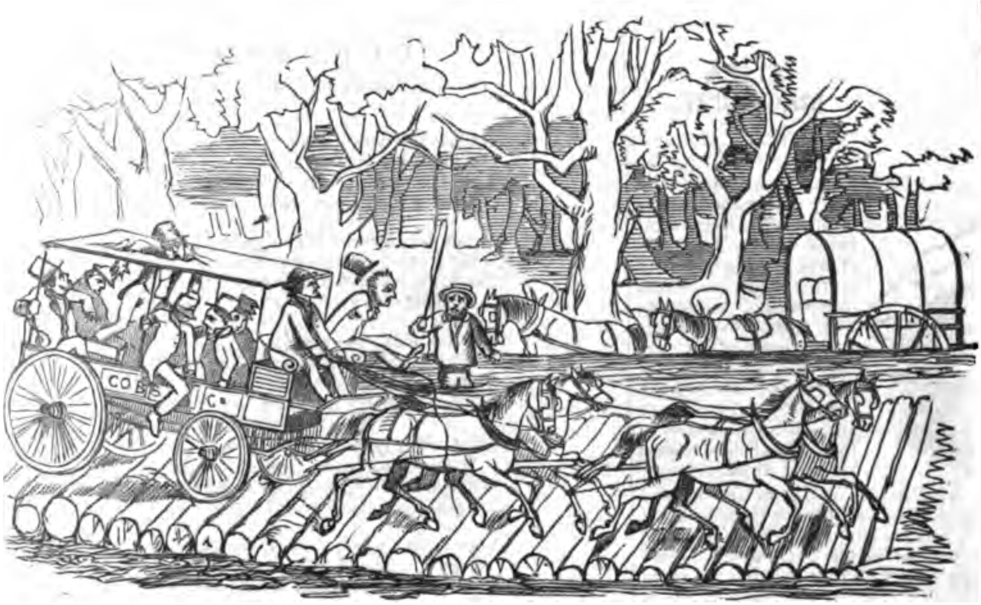
Another jolt, just like the last,
My life will quite destroy:
It comes!—My ghost shall haunt the man
Who laid this Corduroy.

CHECK UPON CHEQUE.

The *illuminati* of Melbourne are the dullest of dull dogs. They cannot either appropriate a compliment or appreciate a joke. The landlord of the "Rainbow" sends to the Secretary of the Melbourne Gas Company a cheque for £19 9s. 3d., payable to "the best and cheapest managed gas company in the world;" and the Secretary refuses to receive the cheque, on the ground of its being improperly filled up.

Punch altogether acquits Mr. Jordan of intending to perpetrate a joke. It was a delicate compliment, which Mr. Priestley declines to recognise. Is not the management of the company better and cheaper than that of any similar association in the world? Is not the manager a very model of managers,—disinterested, self-sacrificing and immaculate? Are not the directors and shareholders a seraphically happy family? Has a word of complaint ever been breathed against any individual connected with the company? Is not the sound of the word "jobbery" utterly unknown to the ears, and its import unintelligible to the unsophisticated understandings of the Manager and Directory? And have not the public entreated the Company to accept a more remunerative price for the article which they are now supplying at such a ridiculously low figure?

Can any other than an affirmative answer be returned to these questions? And knowing this—for who can know it so well?—Mr. Priestley refuses to appropriate the compliment which Mr. Jordan offers with so much grace and delicacy, in language so terse, and recorded upon a document so valuable,—to the City of Melbourne Gas and Coke Company. The modesty of the Secretary is as remarkable as the disinterestedness of the Manager, and the sterling worth and consummate administrative ability of the Directory.



SMALL CHOICE.

DRAYMAN: I say, mate, which is my best road ?

COBB'S DRIVER: I guess that depends on whether you like being smothered in the drink, or jolted to tarnal squash here, best.

RAILWAYS.

We have lately visited the works of the Melbourne, Murray, Mount Alexander, and Victoria River Railway; and have been pleased to find that the plan has advanced towards completion much more than is generally imagined. The line is already laid out as far as Sawpit Gully (on paper), and contracts have been entered into (in imagination) for the laying of the rails. A magnificent station-house, at Gisborne, is nearly complete (in design). and the roof is now being put on the Castlemaine Terminus (with Indian ink). Two very fine engines may be seen (with the mind's eye) at the Melbourne depot; and the timber of which the sleepers are to be made, has now nearly attained its full growth in the Black Forest. So that the line may reasonably be expected to be open for traffic by the 1st of January (1900).

—o—

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—That Henry Russell's new and popular song, "Strike men, Strike" is dedicated to the masses of Melbourne.

MILNER STEPHEN, LAWYER KEEN.

Milner Stephen—lawyer keen,
By us you shall not be returned.
You thought an easy conquest yours,—
But we your story now have learned.
On us you smiled, but unbeguiled,
A fuller knowledge we required.
We gained it, and we think you now
A member not to be desired.

Milner Stephen—lawyer keen,
We know you now by more than name;
And, since you asked us for our votes,
Have learned strange truths from whence you came.
Nor would we break, for your small sake,
The obligation to elect,
To represent our cause, some man
Whose character may claim respect.

Milner Stephen—lawyer keen,
Some weaker voters you must find;
For, were you twice as plausible,
We could not stoop to such a mind.
You thought address would win success,
And our disdain is our reply,—
So be advised, and strive no more,
But elsewhere seek your arts to ply.

Milner Stephen—lawyer keen,
You bring strange memories to the mind:
We know for what, in Adelaide,
A tarnished name you left behind.
Oh your soft smiles—your artful wiles,
An arch intriguer you may be;
But there were certain Law reports
You vainly hoped we should not see.

Milner Stephen—lawyer keen,
When these things met the public view,
An honest passion was aroused,
And divers truths were told of you.
These facts revealed, but few concealed,
Their scorn, but let their minds be seen;
Perhaps their manners lacked the grace
That marks your suave and polished mein.

Milner Stephen—lawyer keen,
A stigma rests upon your name;
A taint upon your life remains—
A fatal blot is on your fame.
You held your course, without remorse—
A rightful punishment descends;
And now. upon your head, recoil
The means you used to gain your ends.

Trust me, Milner Stephen, keen,
That after many years have passed,
Strict honesty most surely thrives,
And craft is ever foiled at last.
Howere it be, it seems to me
Mere cunning never prospers long;
And, even in a narrow sense,
The trickster's creed is always wrong.

I know you, Milner Stephen, well—
What bitter pangs your heart sustains,
At thought of what you might have been,
And what for you alone remains.
Your throbbing heart but acts a part,
When callous you would strive to seem;
But habit still subdues you quite,
And still you shuffle, plot, and scheme.

Milner, Milner Stephen, man,
Make one more effort and repent;
Nor let. in brazening out your faults,
Your courage be alone mis-spent.
At length, though late, retrieve your fate—
Lay ashes on your sinful crown;
Then lead, oh lead an honest life,
And hope for peace—if not renown.

REVIEW.

BOURKE-STREET TO BALLARAT. By a Bull-puncher.
Melbourne : *G. Robertson*. Ballarat : *F. Humffray*.

Punch has seldom read a more painfully exciting narrative than is contained in the volume under notice. The unflinching courage which prompted "A Bull-puncher" to undertake a journey to Ballarat in the depth of the winter, is only less admirable than the physical hardihood, the unwavering determination of purpose, and the amazing tenacity of life, displayed under trials and difficulties which might have subdued the heroism of a Lander, and taxed the strength of a Hercules. Not more than thirteen weeks were consumed in accomplishing the journey from Bourke-street to Ballarat, and when the perils and difficulties which such a journey involves, are considered, the celerity with which it was performed is little less than miraculous. Thrice did the adventurous and indomitable bull-puncher dig his dray out of a quaking bog ; and twelve times daily, on an average, did he unload its contents,—transport them to one of those narrow islands of solid earth, which here and there rise up from the vast expanse of liquid mud, and having extricated his dray and bullocks, reloaded the former, and applied to the latter all those gentle, endearing, and persuasive phrases which are so much in vogue among the courtly-spoken and mild-tempered drivers of these animals. By the end of the fifth week, some alleviation of the bull-puncher's difficulties appear to have occurred, owing to the diminution of the load upon his dray. The preserved provisions, brandy, and champagne had, by this time, disappeared, in satisfaction of the natural cravings of his appetite ; and nothing remained but some pickled gherkins, white wine vinegar, and Belmont sperm candles. Upon these he subsisted for the remaining eight weeks ; and a casual discovery of a case of castor-oil he records as having afforded him unspeakable joy, by the variety it enabled him to introduce into his diet. About once a week he sighted a tavern on the road : but he invariably found that the inhabitants had closed the lower rooms and retired to those upon the upper story, from whence they ruefully contemplated the surrounding sea of slush. Nor could our bull-puncher prevail upon them, by his entreaties or his offers of money, to supply him with any articles of food or drink. The instinct of self-preservation was stronger that the desire of gain, and as there was no prospect of a termination to their involuntary imprisonment until the end of the winter, the inmates of these wayside hostelries were deaf to the importunities of the unfortunate and gherkin-eating bull-puncher. *Punch* regrets that the limited space at his disposal forbids him to offer any extracts from this thrilling narrative; but the demand which has already sprung up for it at all the circulating libraries, indicates that the popularity of "Bourke-street to Ballarat" will be second only to that of "Cornhill to Cairo," and equal to that of "May-fair to Marathon," and "Piccadilly to Pera."

NEW MOTIVE POWER.

On Saturday, Mr. Kentish got together a numerous meeting, to hear him discourse upon his new motive power. But as he evidently had no intention of explaining what his new motive power was, it became difficult to say what was his motive for assembling such a power of people. The audience all declared themselves sold, though Mr. Kentish certainly did not get the money. Finally, at the suggestion of the Surveyor-General, Mr. Kentish announced himself willing to divulge the great secret. Two-pence more, and let the consequences be what they might, up the donkey should go. But Mr. Bowden, that hero who proposed settling a point of order by "choking" a fellow councillor during a Corporation debate, blurted out a coarse suggestion, that Mr. Kentish deserved to be ducked in the Yarra, and though the meeting with a natural sense of Mr. Bowden's indecency, cried "shame," the air polluted by such a suggestion, was not fit for the concussion of scientific sounds—so the donkey did not go up after all. Mr. Mackinnon said, he had been admitted into Mr. Kentish's confidence, and believed in his motive power, but as it seemed that there had been no time for consultation with the indefatigable and ingenious Applegarth, the announcement, though favorably received, caused no rush of pecuniary assistance to Mr. Kentish.

Mr. Punch would be the last person in the world to say a word willingly that could discourage a scientific discoverer, and he has often thought with respect to Mr. Kentish's motive power. "In spite of the extreme *a priori* improbability that the author of 'The Question of Questions' should discover anything worth knowing, it is just probable that he has done so. Great inventors have often been regarded by their contemporaries as muffs and monomaniacs, and so far it may be admitted, that Mr. Kentish's reputation bears out "the analogies." If I, Mr. Punch, should precipitately laugh at Mr. Kentish, what horrid torments of remorse shall I be laying up for myself if it should turn out that this unlikely bird is really able to fly, if I, Mr. Punch, the greatest living authority on all questions whatever, should have used my mighty influence to repress genius and keep back a great discovery. Certainly, the chances are a thousand to one against this possibility, but the consequences of a mistake, would be so serious, that the risk, however slight, ought not to be run.;

This is Mr. Punch's opinion still, and he calls upon Mr. Kentish to settle the point at once, whether he be indeed a genius or a particularly incapable gentleman as more generally assumed. Mr. Punch will be one of the first to pay homage, if Mr. Kentish can prove it to be deserved, but Mr. Punch cannot undertake to recommend any one to invest money in carrying out Mr. Kentish's scheme, merely because Mr. Kentish declares it to be—like the countenance of the veiled prophet of Khoransan—too brilliant to be exposed to the gaze of the vulgar.

MELBOURNE.

BY ROGERS,
(WARFIELD, LORD, AND CO.)

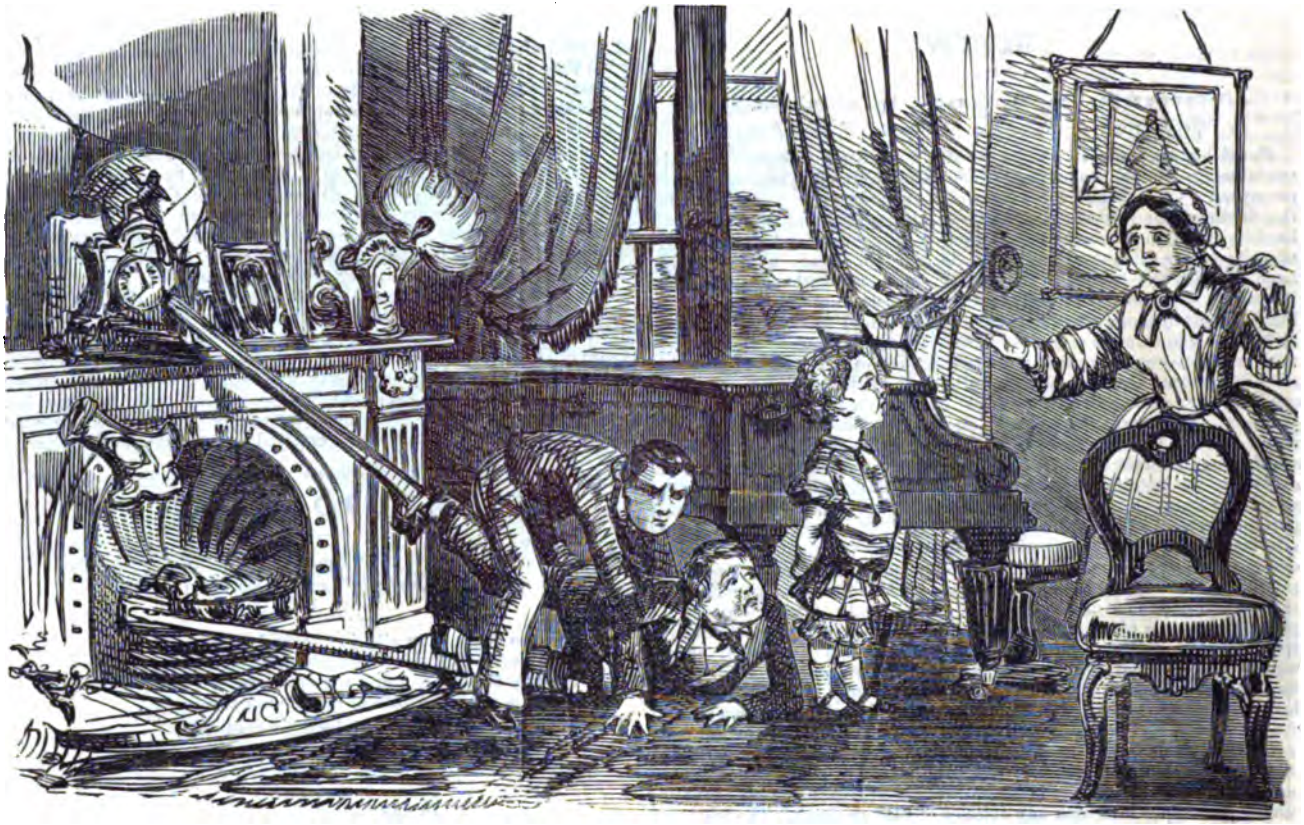
There is a golden city in the mud,
The mud is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Slimy and fluent : and the viscid paste
Clings to the surface of her paving stones.
No broom of sweep, no Lascar's supple birch
Cleanses her flags.

* * * *

In days of old
Some herdsmen shifting from a southern isle,
Gave birth to Melbourne. Bold, adventurous men
They pitch'd their tents upon the green hill-side,
And where the dust was volant, as the wind
Blew from the north or south—where they that came
Had to make clear the ground they stood upon—
Rose, like a hasty fungus from the soil,
A huge metropolis of wood and zinc,
With bonded stores and auction marts adorn'd ;
A scene of gains and losses—the resort
Of men of ev'ry clime beneath the sun.
And whence the talisman whereby she rose
Tow'ring ! 'Twas found within the teeming earth.
Gold led to enterprise, and on the sea,
Who met not produce-laden argosies
White-winged, and bending tow'rds the south their sails ?
The looms of England sent their textile webs ;
Sardinia's fishermen their finny spoils ;
France, the red blood of her most luscious vines :
Spain, the rich burden of her fruitful trees ;
The Rhine, the juices of her mountain grapes ;
India, her spices ; and the Flowery Land
Her fragrant teas. So the whole world became
The Golden City's tributary.

* * * *

Thus did Melbourne rise
Thus flourish, till the unwelcome tidings came
That in the Murray had arrived a fleet
From Adelaide,—and that a way was found
A channel opened, and the golden stream
Turned to enrich another. Then she felt
Her strength departing, yet awhile maintained
Her state, her splendour ; till beneath the rule
Of Mongols, almond-eyed, and bare of beard,
She sunk, lapsing in utter barbarism,—
A meagre, melancholy, mournful wreck,—
The ghastly shadow of her former self—
And thus she fell.



MARTHA.
(Lamentable consequences in taking Master Tom to see Richmond Fair, in the Reign of Queen Anne.)

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR JULY.

THE first operation will depend much on the condition of your garden. If it is a front garden, it may be considered to be forward; and if the ground is properly turned up, and the goats carefully turned out, the profits will certainly turn in, because one good turn deserves another, (as the elevated gentleman observed when he wound up his watch for ten minutes without stopping). Should it be a back garden, the vegetation will be naturally behind; still, though everything be in the rear, a great deal may be accomplished by careful rearing; and, if the cabbages come on sluggishly, the simple remedy is to remove the slugs.. The presence of these little animals may be detected by simply looking for them. The tail touches, and leaves a slimy memorandum,—a touching tale of devastation, which the poet has designated as the "Voice of the sluggard." Wherever there is an opening, they will make a hole among your vegetables; they create sad differences among the leaves of a lettuce, will wound the heart of a cauliflower, and bring tears to the eye of a young potatoe.

If you are commencing with uncleared land, your path is clear, if your land is not; you must stir your stumps, that is, all your stumps must be grubbed, and the best way is to stump up so much a week for a grubber who will, most likely, want his grub found. This last condition may be complied with, if your man gets to work by times; because, if the early bird deserves the worm, the early workman earns his grub. The next operation is to split-up the stumps with gunpowder; and if your man differs on the terms, why, you had better split the difference, or he will blow you up instead of the stumps. The next thing is to remove the turf. If you are a sporting man, you will understand turf operations, by which, many people live. All flesh is grass; and, of course, all turf is meat, and it is meet that a man should earn his bread, though he may not be bred to gardening. It will be necessary to fence in your land. If not accustomed to the work, you will be foiled at first; but twelve lessons in the noble art of fencing will enable you to foil anything.

STRAY LETTERS.

No 1

From Master Johnson of Allibiades Academy Richmond, to Master Wright of the Collegiate School St Kilda.

Deer bob Monday

2 xtree daze ollidy on akount of the separation of the peas, ant it golli? unkel gosef tipt a arf a suffering sondy wich i meen 2 sped toosdy and wensdy as i will rite agen and tell u how

opin u r well as it leeves your sinseer frend

HENRY JOHNSON

No 2

From the same to the same.

Deer bob wensday

everibody in Melburn maid ollidy the shops was all shut and peeple set up stares lookin at the mud and the rane and the guttres and other cheerful objexs i only enjoyd myself the fust dey wen i spent unkel's alf suffering in kranbri tarts and oysters and koodnt sleep at nite for dreemin of tumblin down pressipises

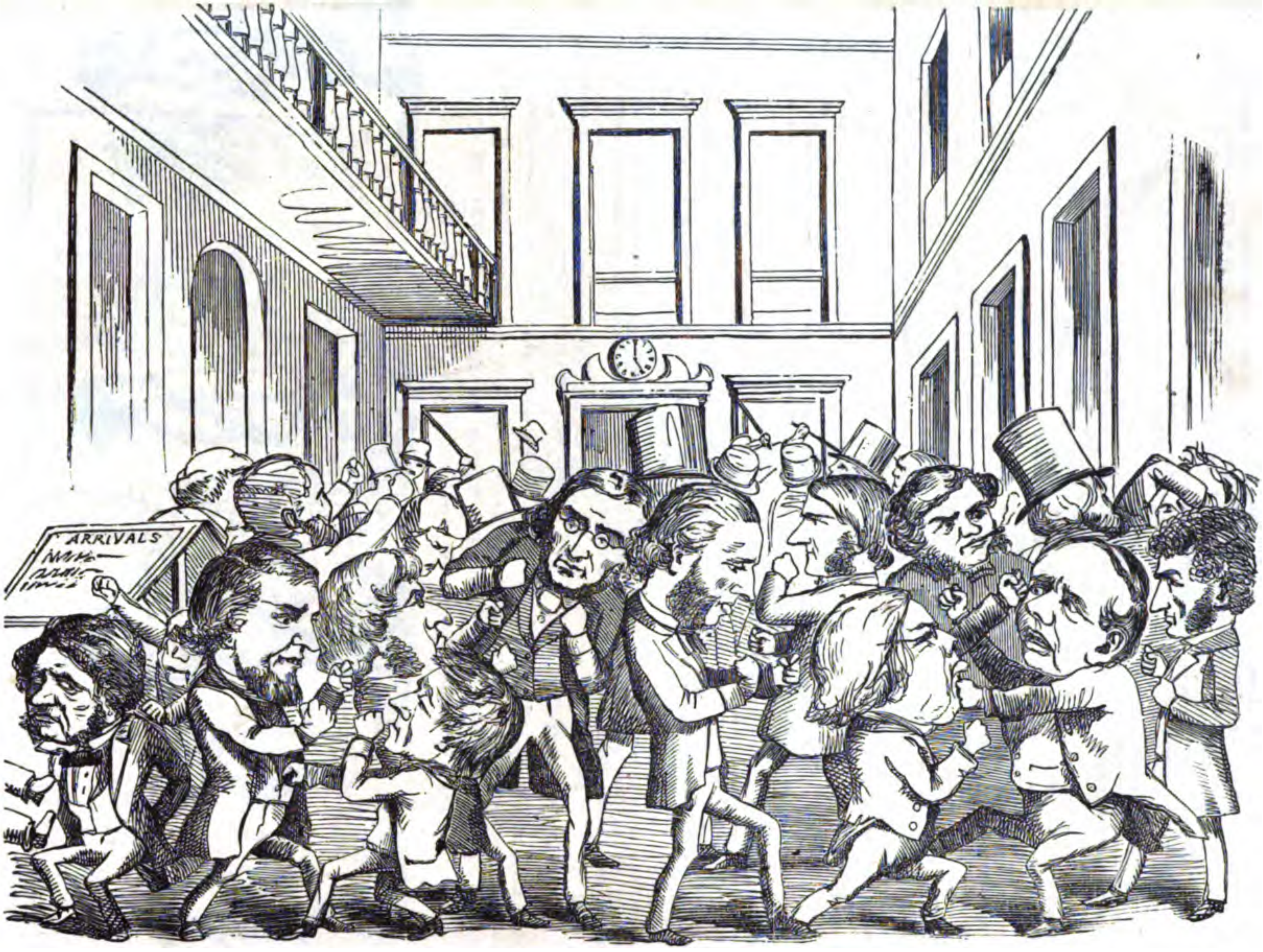
Wensdy was a revoo wich it raned nearly all dey and i lost won shoo in the mud on princes brij and the other on the grownd i got wet throo and the toothake and peeple larfd at my dirti sox but the mewsik and the firin was fust rate only i coodnt get near enuff to ear the band and sea the canon aid and was neerli run over cumming out.

all the shutters was up and i earred a man say the sitti was morning fu the Peas

i rite this in bed being lade up with a sore throte and chilbbanes and a singeing in my years if u cood send me sum puzzels and a kaleediskope and a kup and bawl and sum books of shipwrex plees doo.

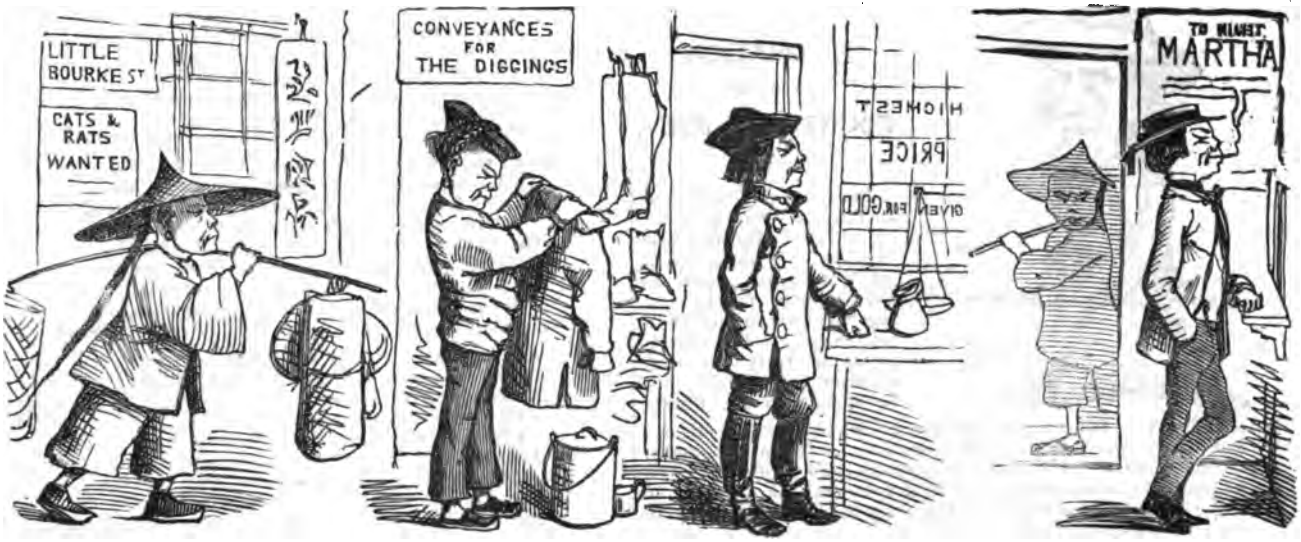
Your sinseer frend HENRY JOHNSON

p.s. our brakein up was a gate deel better than these nashnal ollidys.



UNION IS STRENGTH.

THE "NEW MOVEMENT REQUISITIONISTS," FORMING A PARTY AND ARRANGING A POLICY.



NEW ILLUSTRATION OF PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT.
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF VESTIGES OF CREATION.

THE NEW MOVEMENT.

PRELIMINARY MEETING.

MR. PUNCH'S clairvoyant reporter has furnished an account of a private meeting held by the requisitionists, at whose instance a public meeting was to have been held at the Theatre Royal, on Friday last. Mr. Westgarth was called to the chair.

The CHAIRMAN stated that he had great pleasure in presiding on that occasion. He was gratified to see around him such a number of gentlemen of various ways of thinking, and felt assured that they would unite in framing a policy, having for its object the common good. (Cheers). Union is strength. (Cheers). Hitherto there had been no union, except among the members of the Government, and it was necessary for the opposition to be equally united, and waiving minor differences to agree upon a grand comprehensive scheme of action. (Hear hear). He believed that calling together a number of persons of discrepant opinions was the surest way of arriving at unanimity. (Vociferous cheers). He should now leave the subjects to be dealt with by the meeting.

MR. FAWKNER said that hitherto the squatters—who held sixty millions of acres of the people's land for nothing, and said it wasn't worth the smallest coin in the realm per acre—had had it all their own way. But the day of retribution was come. *The day of retribution was come.* THE DAY OF RETRIBUTION WAS COME. The friends of the people was going to show that they too could be united He (Mr. Fawkner) trusted that the gentlemen present would waive small prejudices and agree with him. That was the way to arrive at the truth, and to form a strong people's party. He would first touch upon the question of state-aid to religion. It was monstrous that he, and them as thought as he did, should have to pay papists for idol worshipping (cheers); yes, papists, for idol worshipping—they might kill him, but they couldn't quiet him. He had just detected a popish plot. Mr. Archer—did they know who Mr. Archer was—he was a popish spy in the Government pay—Mr. Archer had been plotting, and contriving, and writing incendiary letters—yes, incendiary letters—to bring out more papal idolators to crush the liberties of the people. He (Mr. Fawkner) had read in history about a woman called Bloody Mary—a papist that used to burn people who didn't bow down before priests and idols. Mr. Archer and his precious friend Mr. Duffy wanted to do the same here. (Uproar). The first thing for them to agree to, was the abandonment of state-aid to religion. For his part he could pay for the maintenance of his religion, as he did for his own carriage and servants, and other people should do the same. Then there was the Squatting question. He trusted they were all agreed upon that too. He was not going to compensate the squatters for having made their fortunes by plundering the people of sixty millions of acres of land. He should content himself with these remarks for the present, and trusted that all present would have the sense to agree with him, and then they could soon form a strong, united and popular party.

MR. EBDEN also trusted that they would act together in harmony, but he could not agree with the last speaker as to the position of the pastoral tenants of the Crown. Sheep, it was well known, existed upon foliage, and unless the rights of the squatters were secured to them, foliage could not be secured to the sheep, and then what would become of the fleecy covering on which mankind was dependant for protection against the inclemency of the weather. He (Mr. Ebden) thought that one of the first principles upon which they should agree, in arranging a policy, was that of giving due support to the pastoral interest. (Oh, ho, from Mr. Fawkner, and uproar.)

MR. O'SHANASSY could not allow the bigotted and intollerant remarks of Mr. Fawkner to pass unchallenged, much as he (Mr. O'Shanassy) desired, that there should be unanimity among them. The members of the faith to which he had the happiness to belong, had been too long trampled upon and oppressed. (Cheers and hisses). He was in favor of state aid to religion, and felt that the admission of the principle must be a fundamental part of that policy which they had met to arrange. He hoped they would all agree with him. (No, no, and cheers.) He also wished to see a strong stand made against the ballot, which was a cowardly and unnecessary institution. He trusted that the meeting would at once accept his views upon these subjects, and that they would be able to present to the world, the glorious spectacle of a body of friends of the people, sinking minor differences, and uniting heart and hand in a common cause. (Cheers.)

DR. EMBLING was opposed on conscientious grounds to state aid. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* But the great thing to be done was to introduce into this colony, the one horned rhinoceros. *Rara avis in terris.* The horn of this animal was admirably adapted to be made into drinking cups, and they all knew *In vino veritas.* The introduction of the one horned rhinoceros, *et hoc genus omne* ought to be regarded as a *sine qua non.* He trusted that they would act together as one man, and not illustrate the old classical saying *vox et præteria nihil.* He was supported by the *mens conscia recti* when he called upon them to unite in introducing liberal institutions, and the one horned rhinoceros into Victoria.

Several other speakers addressed the meeting, but the process of arranging a policy proved to be so noisy, that they became more and more inaudible amid the general din. Finally, the meeting broke up in confusion, each gentleman present shreiking out a set of political principles at the top of his voice.

N ORATION
FOR THE
FOURTH OF JULY.

Punch has received fifteen applications from as many citizens of the United States "located" in various parts of Victoria, to prepare an Oration for the for the coming "Anniversary of Independence." It is notin his power to reply to each applicant individually, but he submits to the fifteen, collectively, the following model-speech, which, by a judicious transposition of words, may be made available for the whole number of intending orators. It has been prepared in close conformity with tho language, style, and sentiments of the set orations delivered in previous years, upon the Fourth of July, and is, therefore, certain to be received with a hurricane of applause :—

Fellow Country-men—

When the alti-sonant and majestically-plumed wings of the cloud-cleaving, sun-gazing, sky-piercing eagle of our beloved country, which the laurels of the immortal Washington baptized with the never fading dews of undying Liberty, and the glorious hymn of an enfranchised nation was heard by the despotic thrones of a decrepit old world reverberating from the boundless expanse of Lake Ontario to the fertile shores of the Mississipi, the hospitable soil of the Great Republic, culminating in the patriotic example of a Jefferson, unfurled the star-spangled banner of the American Federation, to be the meteor flag of human progress, and the envy and aspiration of exhausted Europe ; and our unlimited territory, in the gristle of its Goliah-like boyhood, to which the three quarters of the globe are only a circumstance, to be annexed when the down-trodden nationalities of the North, and East, and South, have thrown off the yoke of their Egyptian bondage, and have flogged their sanguinary tyrants like so many darned niggers; I say, then, my fellow countrymen, as our mill-privileges, and lakes, and mountains, and cataracts, and militia, and steamboats, and fire-engines, and clocks, are consecrated by undying recollections of Bunker's Hill and Saratoga ; I tell *you*, gentle-*men*, that the glorious sun of unquenchable Freedom, will arise in the morning of his meridian splendor, and scattering abroad the rays of our political and domestic institutions into the hollow darkness of used-up crowns, and thrones and aristocracies, will call into pristine life and harmonious opinion, a hundred millions of free and enlightened citizens of the Great Republic, as can just about chaw up creation, right away, and that's a fact now ! [Deafening and interminable cheers, will relieve the speaker, at this point, from the necessity of uttering another word.]

A FRAGMENT.
(From Childe Punch's Pilgrimage).

There was a holiday proclaimed of late,
And Melbourne's shop-shutters were mostly closed.
The school boy cast aside his book and slate;
The sluggard through unwonted hours reposed,
Or waking, only turned again and dozed.
Fair faces, smiling, passed along the street,
Although the owners certainly seemed posed
Whither in pleasure's search to turn their feet, [greet.
When hush! hark! a rising sound their listening ears doth

Did you not hear it—oh, 'twas but a drop,
Or at the most a casual shower of rain.
On with the bonnets—who would ever stop
For such a trifle—sally forth again—
To hope perpetual sunshine would be vain.
But ah, that heavy sound descends once more;
The weather will not clear—'tis all too plain,
And faster, harder, heavier than before—
Umbrellas seize! it is the tempest's opening roar.

Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And soaking petticoats and mantles wet;
And drooping "kiss-curls," that an hour ago
Against the wearers' cheeks seemed firmly set;
Say who at such reverses would not fret.
Of those that sallied forth, alas, how few,
And their thinned ranks are even lessoning yet,
Will carry o'er the bridge the ardour due,
In folks who'd witness well the volunteers' review.

And there was mounting in hot haste the steed.
The Horsetails and the yoemen mounted are,
On cob, hack, cart-horse:—every shape and breed
Is pressed to day into the ranks of war.
Great Captain Greene comes hurrying from afar,
And spurring in hot haste to reach the ground.
Cart, omnibus, cab buggy, gig, and car,
Make Prince's Bridge re-echo and resound,
While *gamins* yelling prove their interest profound.

And loud and high the rifles' gathering rose—
The war-note of Fitzgibbon, who to climb
At once the height of fame, upon the nose
Of Pitt, or rather Ebenezer Syme
(Full well the wary warrior chose his time
And caught his lengthy foeman unawares);
Not long since dealt such unexpected blows.
The Town-clerk's honors for reward he bears,
And the Town Council's sins and profits now he shares.

St. Kilda's road the Rifle Corps soon leaves
And firmly treads upon the paddock grass,
While Hodgson's self, a sigh of sadness heaves
To see the puddles that his troops must pass.
And still the rain keeps pouring down, alas—
And still the mud is oozing through their boots.
Did ever mortal see so moist a mass
Of draggled, drenched, and shivering recruits,
So wet and woe begone—so like funereal mutes.

Last noon, beheld them full of life and fun,
Last evening mostly out upon the spree ;
What devilled kidneys they devoured at one—
How jovially to bed rolled off at three.
'Tis pitiable their present plight to see.
The rain still falls upon the dripping lot,
And now the best thing for them all will be,
Foot, horse, and cannon, straight to leave the spot,
Cut home, and there imbibe a glass of something hot.

LAYS OF THE LEGISLATORS.
VESEY FOSTER.

Wary Vesey Foster,
Artful Vesey Foster ;
When he asks for compensation,
For his recent resignation
Urging all he can.
We refuse him compensation—
Disappointed man.

When our votes he seeks
And for office sighs,
He talking long unto us,
Thoroughly for to do us
Is in all he speaks.
So innocent arch, so cunning simple
Glossing oe'r each fault and wrinkle—
To deceive he tries.
Till the sneering laughter dimple
The electors cheeks,
As his virtues rise.

Prythee own my Foster
Honesty without eclipse,
Was not yours my Foster.
With no confidence it filleth
When excuses leave your lips,
No distrust of ours it stilleth.
Pray confess my Foster
Laughing all I can,
Vesey Foster
If that will not linch thee,
Like a blow-fly *Punch* will hush thee,
Vesey Foster.

MEN AND WOMEN.

(SEEN THROUGH AN OPERA-GLASS.)

THE NICE MAN.

NICE!"—just so. No other word would fit him so well—no other epithet could apply to him so happily. He is nice-looking, nicely-spoken, nicely got-up, nicely hatted, nicely clothed, nicely booted. His shirt-collar encircles his neck, after the manner of an impregnable bastion, (why does not some enterprising shirt-maker indent gentlemen's collars with battlements, and throw a portcullis across the narrow aperture in iron ?)—this collar, I say, is a miracle of rigidity : and so white, that it dazzles your eyes like sunshine on a snow-drift. He is nice—studiously nice—in the article of gloves ; but having no especial affection for his left hand, he manipulates his opera-glass therewith, gloveless ; which enables you to observe the brilliant upon his little finger, and the evidences of the care and attention he has bestowed upon the trimming of his nails; also the size and quality of the studs which connect his wristbands.

But these niceties are only visible when he visits the theatre alone. Usually he convoys a bevy of ladies, for whom he secures places with provident forethought ; and purchases bouquets and books of the libretto. with laudable liberality. He is very punctual in calling for his party, and very patient as well as faithful in his attendance upon them. He sits in the extreme back-seat of the box from which he is just enabled to obtain a view of one of the wings of the stage, and to catch a glimpse of the parting of the prima-donna's hair, when she advances to the footlights : nevertheless he protests that he can hear and see everything that passes upon the boards, that he could not be better placed, and indulges in a variety of other innocent and ingenious equivocations, peculiar to nice people. He has quite a store of pretty phrases at command, about music and vocalists; actors, the drama, and dramatists ; and mingles facetiousness with severity, in his conversational criticisms, very charmingly. He is suspected of a private attachment to the flute; is known to sing a little; and will hum the principal airs in an opera, and point out where Madame Nescovo sang a *leetle* too sharp, and where she did not hold a note so long, by two seconds, as Miss Rossignola used to do.

He never goes out, between the acts, to "have a smoke," in the vestibule; or to partake of intoxicating liquors at the bar: but amuses his fair companions with nice little narratives of the nice little parties he has been at, in the week previous; the nice people he met there; the nice parties he danced with; and the nice suppers prepared by his nice hosts and hostesses, for this nice young man, and the rest of the nice young people assembled.

As, from his position in the box, he can command a much better view of the audience, than of the stage, he points out to his companions the most notable people present; and has some nice little piquant remark, laudatory, depreciatory, genealogical, or historical, about each of the individuals whom he indicates in the charmed circle of the dress boxes; and when one of the ladies declares that he is a clever, satirical, wicked and malicious creature, he developes his teeth (nice teeth,) and laughs (a nice, subdued, prettily-modulated little laugh,) to shew that he does not mistake the compliment for a rebuke.

When the opera is ended, he waits in the lobby, while his wards are robing in the cloak-room, with a placid patience, an imperturbable serenity of countenance, and an unmurmuring submission to the will of the absent ladies, that are delightful to contemplate. If one of them has lost a frying-pan from her chatelaine, or a pebble from her bracelet, he returns to the vacant box with the utmost alacrity, and searches for the missing article with vigilant diligence.

He will heroically endure the martyrdom of plunging his nice boots into a mud-heap, in his endeavours to bring the carriage up to the kerb, and, having deposited his fair charges inside, he will mount the box, and endure the inclemency of the weather and the conversation of the driver, with equal hardihood.

When he returns to his own home, it is currently reported that he folds up every article of wearing apparel (boots and hat excepted), and deposits them in a nicely scented drawer ; after which, it is said, he folds himself up, and bestows his person in another nicely scented drawer, until his care and protection are again required for another nice little party at the opera.

SEBASTOPOL.

PEACE having been restored, *Punch* has commissioned a special correspondent to visit and report upon the state of this celebrated fortress. Subjoined is the first communication received from this gentleman:—

SHORES OF THE BLACK SEA.
July 1.

I landed from H. M. steamer *Expert* at 9.30 a.m., after having experienced the most flattering attention from the gallant commander and officers of that noble vessel, on the voyage. The fact of my being your accredited representative, sufficed to establish me at once in their favor, and to secure me instant access to the best bunk in the ship, and the best stores in the purser's cabin.

On reaching the "resounding shores of the stormy Euxine," I was astonished to find a dead calm brooding upon its waters ; and debarking at Cape Cremorne, and taking up a position favorable to the purpose, I proceeded to reconnoitre the often-bombarded city. Four ships of war, apparently abandoned by their crews, lay at the entrance of the South Bay; and I was much struck by the gigantic magnitude of the aquatic plants in this sea; these Titanic wonders of the vegetable world (*Cremornicampifolia:*, Linnæus) elevating their stupendous leaves as high as the main-yards of the stately men-of-war!

The city, I was surprised to find had suffered very little from the *feu d'enfer*, which had been rained upon it for so many consecutive evenings from the fire-breathing artillery of Brigadier General Prescott. The battery at Cape Nicholas, and that which commands the entrance of the Dock-yard, remained intact; and, although I employed a telescope, I could not detect the mark of a single ball, bullet, or shell, upon the overwhelming spire of a rural-looking church, which occupies a very conspicuous position in the city. The houses (which are built one above another, after an extremely ingenious fashion) have all likewise escaped unscathed. But no doubt the dwellings were placed under the protection of the church, and that being under the safe-guard of the Greek saints (who always fight upon the side of the Czar), their immunity from injury is easily accounted for.

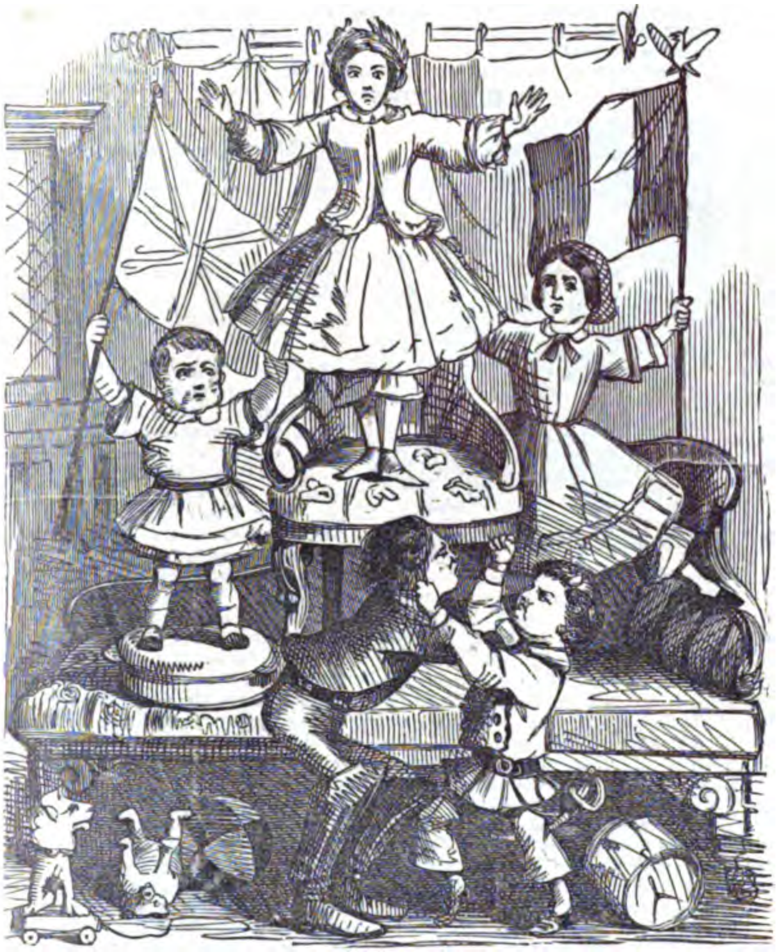
It is, perhaps, owing to the interference of the same supernatural agents, that the laws of nature are suspended in the harbor of Sebastopol ; and that waters flow and ships sail up-hill, and at a very acute angle, too. What is no less remarkable, is this—that the sea hangs in suspense, and at a very great altitude, over the habitations of the city, but abstains from inundating them.

A profound, unbroken silence appeared to reign within the town ; and the encampment upon the Eastern heights was entirely deserted. One other Englishman stood upon the same eminence with myself, speculating upon the scene. I remarked to him that the taking of Sebastopol, had involved a great expenditure of blood and treasure.

"As to blood," laconically observed the stranger, "I don't know much about that, but all I can say is, that Sebastopol has cost me a matter of ten thousand pounds."

I looked at the speaker with astonishment, which was not diminished when he went on to assure me, that he intended to convert one of the loftiest of the mountains behind Sebastopol into a volcano, and destroy the city, as Vesuvius destroyed Pompeii, by a flood of red-hot lava and scoriæ.

I do not think that this preposterous scheme can have been seriously contemplated by the plenipotentiaries who took part in the Paris Conferences, and I send you the earliest information of this impious project, that you may bring it under the notice of the Chief Secretary, who will communicate it to Mr. Labouchere, who will communicate it to the Cabinet, who will remit the matter to the Circumlocution Office, who will deal with it according to their immemorial wont.



GRAND TABLEAU

The dear children having been taken to see the *Tableaux Vivans* at the Theatre Royal, last week, have a performance at home. Bob and Jemmy have a slight difference as to how the group of "Peace" should be arranged.

SILHOUETTES OF SCIENCE.

CONCHOLOGY.

Conchology is the science that treats of the human conk, and its concomitants. It is divided into several heads, and it divides every head into several parts, which parts are also called bumps, and are variously developed in different individuals. If a part is very diminutive, it is termed a particle. If the bump is comparatively large, it is called a bumper. A great preponderance constitutes a man of parts, which phrase is here partly explained. These prominences on the head are also known as organs, and supposed to represent certain powers or propensities. The organ of Veneration disposes to religious exercises, and is aptly termed the church organ. The organ of Tune is placed between the eyes and ears. and an undue development occasions a singing in the latter ; it is known as the barrel organ. The organ of Language, or the mouth-organ (so called from its possessor having an amplitude of jaw), must not be confounded with Self-Esteem, which is recognised by an abundance of cheek. One faculty induces a strong affection for children, and large holders of this faculty, (if we may so speak), will be doatingly fond of the interesting little animals. He will, most likely, go to and fro in the Collingwood omnibusses (where babies abound), on purpose to observe their playful antics.

All men have diversities of gifts, an individual with a marked deficiency of the organ of Wit, will take a twelvemonth to make a pun of the most puny pungency, but with a superfluity of Time on his hands, or rather on his head, he may shine as a clockmaker, edit an almanack, or boil an egg to a second, from an accurate estimate of the old Scytheman's progress. An inordinate amount of Locality will dispose its possessor to eschew any vicious propensity to vagabondism. He will not be one of those rolling minerals that never accumulate cryptogamous vegetation. A man with Number has numberless advantages. Comparison confers comparative benefits. Ideality is quite an imaginative possession, and it is ordered that some should have the organ of Order, in order that these gifts should be fairly distributed. The organ of Wonder creates much astonishments, and a fulness of the faculty has a wonderful effect ; it induces a keen relish for the marvellous, and a man with this power well developed, provided he have also the organs of Ideality, Wit, Humor, Comparison, Veneration, and Benevolence, will be immensely gratified with *Melbourne Punch*.

SONGS FOR THE MILLION.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

Oft in the chilly night,
Ere slumber circumvents me,
My spirits don't seem bright,
Which is very much against me:
I think on friends
Who've met their ends,
The joys for which I've thirsted;
The wasted cash,
All gone to smash—
The cheerful heart most bursted.

When I remember all
The jovial times of yore
The friends we can't recall,
And the fun we'll see no more;
I think I'd cut
My throat if but
'Twere wise, but then I doubt it;
I mix some drink,
And seem to think
I can't get on without it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. Murphy.—"Road metal" means, railroad iron.

Chemist—Iron is converted into steel by a method called steeling, but unless a fellow steels with felonious intent, the law does not take cognizance of the process. Those beautiful lines, "Still so gently ever steeling," were written by Handel's *Harmonious Blacksmith* Should you desire to steel a hat, you would naturally operate on an iron tile.

HOW TO MAKE A CAP FIT.

THE *Age* has recently made a terrible onslaught upon a German gentleman living in Melbourne. He was accused of being a spy and a traitor, and altogether was placed in a most unamiable light. Mr. Becker and his friends have come forward and denied the truth of these accusations most manifestly levelled at him: whereupon the *Age* says (or words to that effect) "Hulloa! You recognise the portrait, do you? Then the cap fits, does it?" etc., etc. There is an easy way of making a cap fit, with sufficient nicety, to convince the man intended to wear it that it was made for him, at the same time that as to most of it's tags and fringes it is a most diabolical misfit and disfigurement. For instance, MR. PUNCH, with great ease, manufactures the following cap:—

A VILLAIN.

"We have our eyes upon a certain tall Scotchman in this city, and though for the present, we forbear to expose him, we warn him, that if he does not mend his ways, we shall be down upon him presently with an unusually strong clap of double X Olympian thunder. "Letters four do form his name,"' and the first of them is an S, while there is a Y in the middle and an E at the end. Not long since, he had his spectacles nearly smashed on his face by a citizen-soldier recently appointed to a high place under the Melbourne Corporation. You may often see him in Elizabeth-street, at the office of a certain daily journal which shall be nameless, and which he recently bought a bargain at auction.

"This man, at the early age of five years, commenced his criminal career by throwing a handful of sand into the face of an Aberdeen apple-woman, and then running off with her fruit. He was expelled from school for gouging out the eye of the schoolmaster's son with a stick of sealing-wax, and immediately took to bad company and dissolute courses—the consequences of which, were, that when fourteen years old, he had been three times imprisoned for as many larcenies, and was then sentenced to seven years transportation. In consideration of his youth, however, he was forwarded to Parkhurst instead, and there served out his time and received the rudiments of his education. In his case, however, learning only served to increase the power of his evil genius, and the use he made of the knowledge he had acquired, was to perfect himself in the art of forgery, which for some time he practised with the greatest skill and success. On returning to his native land, he discovered that an old sweetheart had married a rival, and in the impetuous fury of a criminal and jealous nature he followed the poor woman into a lonely place, and having beaten out her brains with a hockey stick, cut out her heart and barbarously devoured it upon the spot.

"Compelled to fly the country for this deed, he passed many years in obscurity and under a feigned name. He subsequently ventured home again, and was convicted of arson, and transported to Van Diemen's Land, where he narrowly escaped with his life, for attempting to poison a constable, and where he was publicly flogged upon seven different occasions.

"We can readily lengthen out this catalogue of his crimes, but for the present we refrain from doing so, trusting that this gentle hint may be sufficient, and that we need not divulge the name of the individual to whom we allude."

Now, though Mr. Punch does not know that there is any particular reason to doubt the truth of the above narrative, he cannot undertake to vouch for the accuracy of all the charges, inasmuch as he has just invented them for the purposes of illustration. But if (from one or two masterly touches at portrait painting in the first paragraph) any one should recognise an allusion to himself, Mr. Punch presumes that the *Age* would applaud him for saying "Hulloa, the cap fits, does it? You recognised your portrait, did you, in that of the man who gouged his schoolmaster's son, murdered his former love, devoured her heart, etc." By all means wear the cap if it fits you. It is certainly rather injudicious in you and your friends to admit the accuracy of the likeness, but that is your affair, not mine. You have put the cap on your own head.

> "Nay, never shake thy gory locks at me;
> Thou canst not say I did it."

CON.

Why is the Rev. A. Morison like a ship running into another amidships?—Because he has run his head against the Davitts.

HOME TOPICS.

No. I.

A disgusting war is now concluded by a degrading peace. As the part we took, so is the peace we get, and I term the terms of the termination, both basely humiliating and BRUTALLY ABSURD. The pease is in everybody's mouth, and that dirty mouth-piece, The *Times*. That base public organ peals through its pipes the praises of the peace, and is deservedly sneered at as the piping *Times* of peace. I do not intend a pun, (I hate a pun) a pun originated the Punic war, and overthrew the Carthaginian empire. A man who makes a pun, should have his head shaved, the barbarous crime deserves a barberous punishment. That SANGUINIVOROUS REPTILE Louis Napoleon, who dragged England into a war with Russia, from motives, whose foundation was base at the bottom, has now dragged us out again to answer his ends, without any question. The fault lies in the British monarchical system, which is rotten to the core, and the diplomatic corps is the rottenest portion. The English people are a nation of shopkeepers, and you must have a gross system for a grocer. Look at glorious America, you see no grovelling servility there; but a people of soul, and the sole system, (except the solar), that deserves to be tolerated. Our institutions are gross, our rulers are gross; I do not mean fat, but fatuous; I do not intend a joke, a joke makes me choke, and anything jocular affects my jugular. I detest fun, all fun is mere fungosity of mind, and fundamentally abominable. I never read your would-be-funny productions without the same feelings of disgust that a Greenlander may be supposed to experience on taking a glass of champagne. A man with a rightly regulated mind in the massive simplicity of the unsophisticated integrity of his nature, recoils instinctively from such meretricious merriment.

That unconstitutional old rookery, called the house of peers, will be speedily abolished. We do not mean to crow over the rooks, but they have been a great bar to the country's advancement, and, could they be called crows, the upper house might be termed a crowbar. The double-distilled humbug, the UNMITIGATED IDIOTISM of our rulers is without a parallel, and no parallel ruler can be found wherewith a line of comparison can be drawn. Look at Oxford and Cambridge, our seats of learning; every seat includes so many professor's chairs, and how are these chairs fitted? How are they stuffed, in fact? In general estimation, these seats are down, and the public have a "down" upon these seats. Again, look at our heads of departments. I could tell you tales about these heads that would have no termination; but a story of heads and tails would resolve itself into a toss-up, and that would be a species of gaming, and render one amenable to the game laws. In conclusion, I beg to observe that, if anything in my letter bears an unfortunate resemblance to a pun, it must be charitably considered as one of those accidents of writing which result from insufficient acquaintance with the accidence of grammar.

SPARTACUS.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Among the forthcoming publications advertised in the circulars of Messrs. Robertson, and Blundell, it gives us sincere satisfaction to observe the following:—

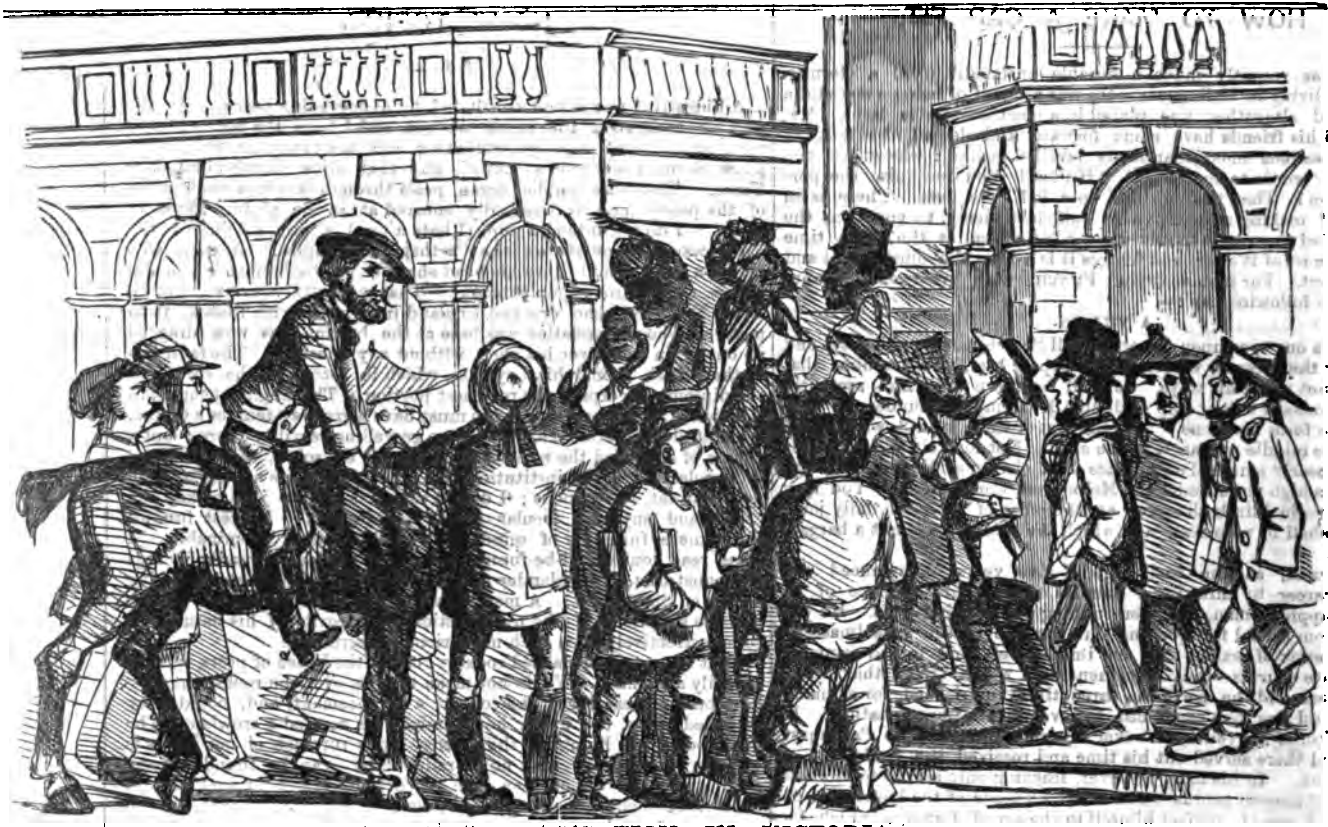
Beauties of the *Government Gazette* in 3 vols., post 8vo., illustrated by woodcuts.

Contributions to the *Auction Mart*, by a Quarterly Reviewer, 1 vol., small 4to.

Recreations in verse, by the Commercial Editor of the *Argus*. 2 vols., 12mo.

A New Theory of Language, by the Inventor of Geelongese. 1 vol. Imp. 8vo., 1020 p.p.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.—We are informed, that in consequence of the unparallelled success of Dr. Embling's lecture, "An Hour with Ghosts;" that gentleman intends to produce an entirely new entertainment, entitled, "Anticipations of the future; or, a quarter of an hour with the ——."



ADULT EDUCATION IN VICTORIA.
THE ALUMNI PROCEEDING TO THEIR CLASS-ROOM.

THE NEW GUY FAUX.

An Unpublished Drama.

Act 5. Scene 1.

[*A Vaulted Passage leading to a Cellar Door.*]

Enter Detective in Costume of the Period.

Detective: They call me ferret, do they? They shall find
That I have ferreted their secrets out,
Unravelled all their hidden mysteries,
And higher than they think to blow this place,
Will I blow them and their malignant plots.
I long have marked the villain at his work,
His long arrays of figures and of names,
And did suspect his purpose. While he seemed
But registering numbers, facts, and dates,
He was, in truth, preparing lists of friends,
Who might be instruments in his vile hands,
To blow the Council Chamber to the skies,
Hoping that the confusion following thence
Might yield a fitting opportunity
To grasp at power—establish papacy,
And place the country at his wicked feet.
The monstrous letter that I dragged to light
Was bad enough, and to my searching eye—
My ferret's eyes! revealed the hidden plot,
But to the purblind and the sloth-dimmed sight
Of denser mortals, this most gross offence
Seemed innocent and simple. Foolish men!
'Tis well for you that I yet live and watch
Over your welfare. I am not deceived,
And now, to end all doubt in certainty,
Have gathered fresh and sure intelligence.
What should this fact-and-figure-piling man—
This simple-seeming registrar of names
Do with such shipments of enormous bales.
I nosed the farther plot, and have secured
Sure knowledge of what those huge bales contained.
Some are filled up with relics and with charms,
With Papal crosses, dispensations, Bulls;
Others with gunpowder and vitriol.
He thought to gull me with a tale of hams.
Now let him "save his bacon" if he can—
A phrase once held unparliamentary,
But full of meaning, as the knave shall find.
Behind that door, he and his precious friend
Now carry on their diabolic arts.
They little think a ferret is outside
Watching their burrowing. I hear them speak;—
I'll listen to their words. From their own mouths
I soon shall hear proof of their matchless guilt.

[*Approaches the keyhole and listens.*]

Scene 2.

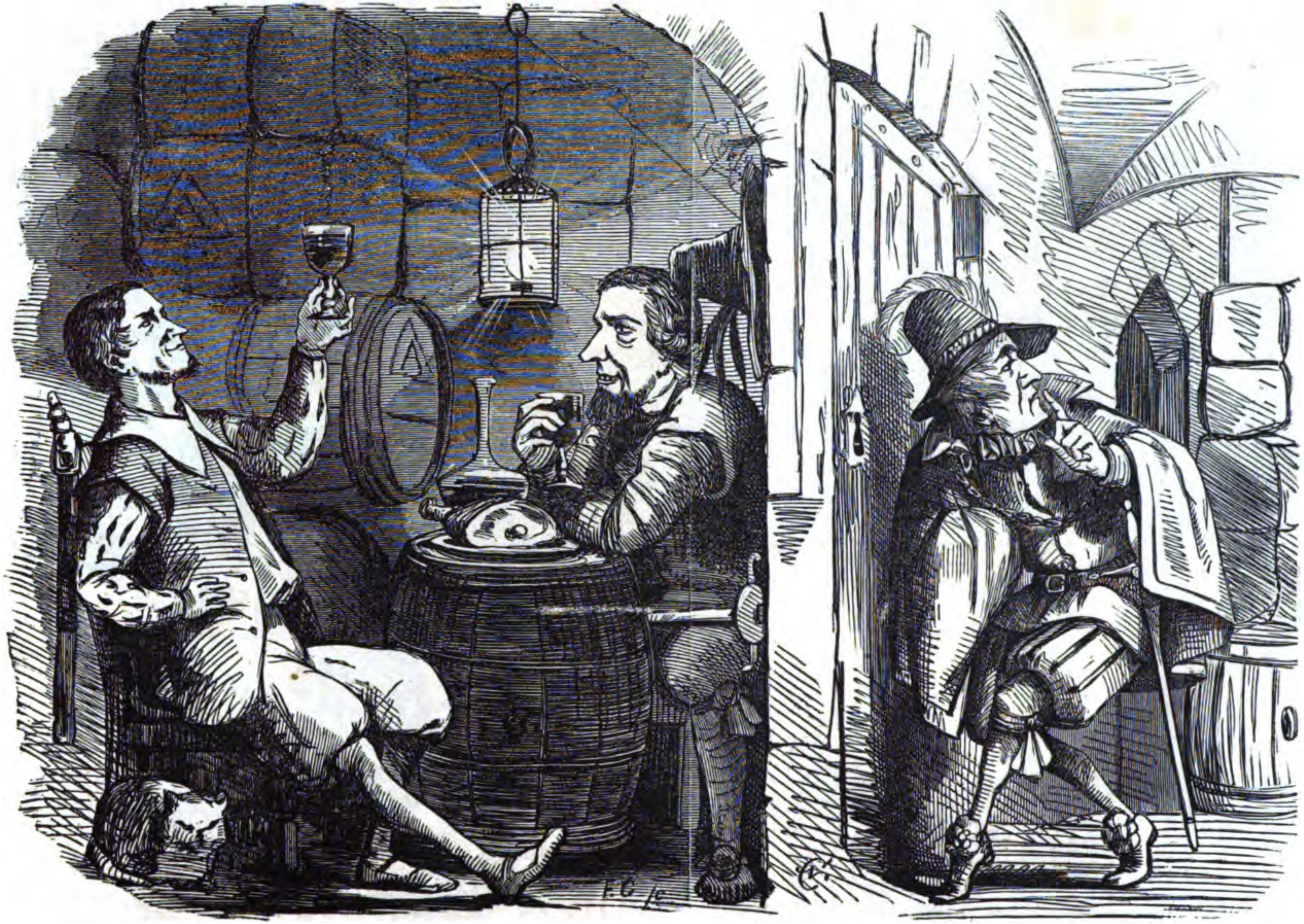
Interior of a Wine Cellar.

The New Guy Faux and accomplice discovered eating ham sandwiches, and drinking sherry.

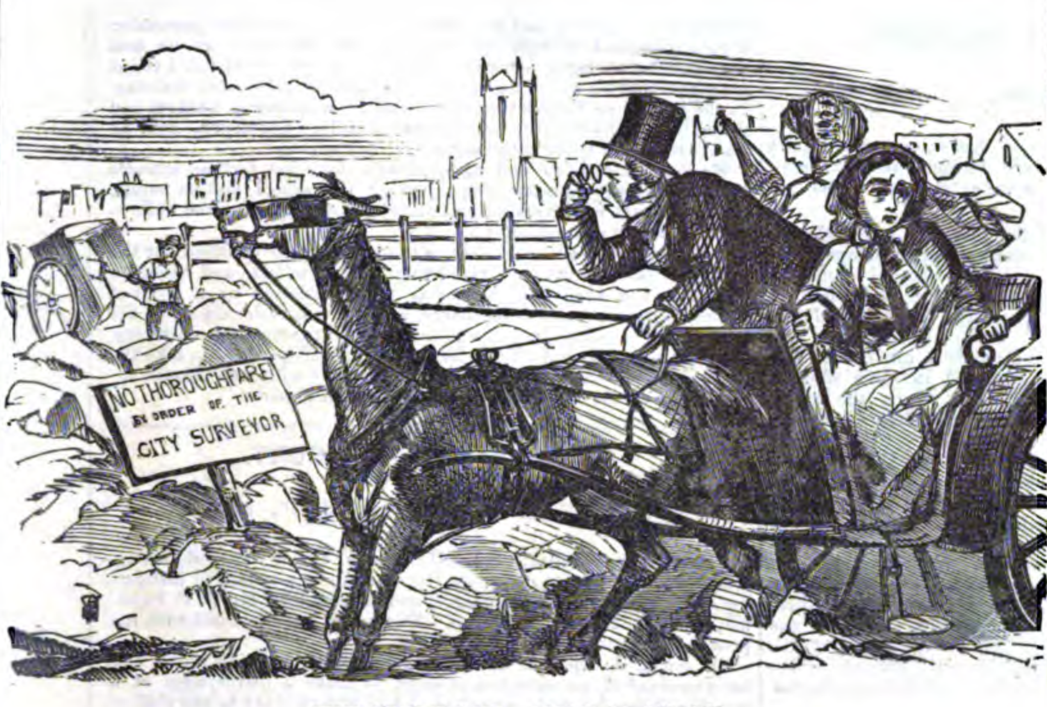
Guy Faux. Try another slice. They've come out in prime condition—haven't they?

Accomplice: Capital! I suppose you'll make a good thing out of this spec. Now, then, one more glass, and then we'll unpack the rest.

Guy Faux. You shall have half-a-dozen at prime cost, if you like.



THE NEW GUY FAUX; OR, THE CONSPIRATORS DETECTED.



SUPERFLUOUS INFORMATION;

OR,

SERMONS AMONG STONES, BY MUNGO PARK SMITH.

A NEW FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—In consequence of the recent discovery, in two places at once, of gold in the gizzard of ducks, Mr. Blandowski has prosecuted a course of experiments in a new department of Natural History, and has examined with unparalleled success, the internal economy of other animals. The liver of a golden pheasant yielded a no less quantity than three ounces of the precious metal; while upwards of a pound and a half was obtained from the crest of the golden eagle. Two specimens of the Brazilian diamond beetle are now under examination, and it is expected that stones of the first water may be extracted from their wing cases. After the completion of the present operations, it is intended to analyse the golden pippin and the bark of the silver wattle. One sanguine naturalist talks of opening a trade with the copper colored islanders of the Pacific, and so shutting up the Burra Burra mines, by way of retaliating upon Adelaide for taking away our trade.

A CHARACTER.

DEDICATED TO C. G. DUFFY, ESQ. BY A. TENNYSON.

He half-glanced at the colony,
And then he said "my wandering
To this part of the universe,
Will a new era for you bring.
To governing I was averse;
But to instruct you here am I."

Our Constitution, though the dull
Thought it abortive or a farce,
He praised as liberal and fair,
And representing every class.
So, with a patronizing air,
He told us it was beautiful.

He spoke at dinner, at Belfast,
The rude inhabitants to charm.
Rutledge and Brown, were sitting by,
As with a flourish of the arm,
And a champagne illumined eye,
The pearls of eloquence he cast.

Though his admirers, hour by hour,
Had canvassed his constituencies,
He seemed half blinded by the winds
That blew his praises in his eyes,
And stood aloof from worthy minds
In impotence of fancied power.

Yet being anything but meek,
Himself he very nearly sold.
With his own merits did he feed
The western voters, till they told
Him plainly that they were agreed
Not to put up with so much cheek.

SOMETHING LIKE AN ANNIVERSARY.

As the promoters of the public dinner, which was held at the Criterion on the 4th of July, to celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, are suitably impressed with an humiliating conviction that the length of the speeches delivered upon that occasion, and the period of time occupied by the whole proceeding, were by no means commensurate with the magnitude and importance of the event commemorated; arrangements are already in progress for remedying these defects at the next anniversary; when it is proposed that the *sederunt* shall commence on Monday morning, and terminate on Saturday night,—that every guest shall be called upon to speak (or to read from proof slips) a speech, and to provide a fresh Chairman, and a relay of fresh waiters, at the end of every four and twenty hours.

One orator has intimated his intention of committing to memory, (or, failing that, of reading) the first fifteen chapters of Bancroft's "History of the United States." Another is busily engaged in the composition of a beautiful piece of rhetorical mosaic-work, for which he has obtained the materials from De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," Montesquieu's "*Esprit des Lois*;" Spark's "Life of Washington," "Cooper's Pilot," Audubon's "Wanderings of a Naturalist," and Longfellow's "Building of a Ship," while a third is taking lessons in elocution of Mr. Richard Younge, in order to give the utmost effect to some pathetic allusions, which are calculated, like Launcelot Gobbo's narrative of his own death, "to raise the waters," and to eclipse the effect produced by the moving story of the "worn out bible" and the "sister's portrait," narrated by one of the speakers at the dinner on Friday last.

Orders, it is said, have been transmitted to England, by the proprietors of the three daily journals, for an ample supply of paper, upon which to print the treble supplements, it will be necessary to issue daily, during the protracted *sederunt* of these words and magniloquent commemorators.

ST. PATRICK'S HALL ACADEMY.

Inspector's Report.

Mr. Punch—Inspector of Political Schools—has submitted a report on the proficiency of the pupils of the late St. Patrick's Hall Academy to the proper quarter. From this report some extracts have been selected for publication :—

"My attention was first directed to the premises, and although Major Campbell declared to me that this was a minor consideration, I was led to the conclusion that the old school-house was quite unfitted for its purpose. The accommodation for Dr. Palmer, the national school-master was of a most insufficient character, consisting of only one small room opening on to a gallery. The pupils all sat in one hall, no arrangements being possible for their division into classes, and inasmuch as some of the boys were far advanced in their studies, while others were still in a state of deplorable ignorance, the latter were constantly interfering with the former, until the whole business of the school was often nearly brought to a stand-still. Some of the more ignorant lads were also so constantly disturbing the establishment with unseemly shouts and noises, which the schoolmaster seemed unable to check, that I feel it necessary to recommend some place of confinement for unruly and insubordinate pupils. At present, the school-master seems to possess no means of punishment or coercion, and it frequently occurred during the period of my observation, that well behaved boys, while endeavouring to say with propriety, the lessons they had acquired with diligence, were almost unable to hear themselves speak in consequence of the conversation, laughter, and wrangling going on around them. On calling the attention of the master to this circumstance, he declared himself annoyed by the nuisance as much as I was, but said that under existing circumstances, he was powerless to prevent it.

"Attached to this school was a better library than I could have expected to find, but the majority of the boys were not sufficiently far advanced in their studies to appreciate or use it properly.

"I examined a great many of the boys personally and separately.

"The head boy, William Haines, a very respectable looking lad, seemed to have obtained his position in the school, rather by general good conduct than by any striking intelligence or extensive acquirements. He seemed indeed to be generally very well behaved, although he occasionally displayed a censurable petulance and irritability in answering questions. Dr. Palmer assured me, that this kind of ill-temper never displayed itself in the lad till he had been placed at the head of the school, and that he (the Doctor) sometimes thought Haines would have got on better if he had not been pushed forward so much.

Next to Raines, and on the same form, sat William F. Stawell, a remarkably keen and intelligent lad, but liable to ungovernable bursts of temper, and somewhat given to quibbling and prevarication. His domineering character caused him to be much disliked by a great many of his fellow pupils, and I was informed that before Haines took the place of John Foster (who had been expelled for misconduct) Stawell was regularly the tyrant of the school. He was in so many respects however, a pattern to his school fellows, that he had been allowed to have very much his own way, particularly as his instincts and principles seemed good, and as his influence was generally beneficially exercised.

"Andrew Clarke had not been very long in the school, but had risen rapidly, owing to his industry and talents. His conduct had however upon several occasions given rise to the suspicion that he was guilty of underhanded dealings, and was a boy requiring to be narrowly watched. He had been given charge of the playgrounds and was generally suspected of having taken bribes from various persons for being permitted to turn portions of the grounds to improper uses. He was a very artful lad, however, and had hitherto escaped detection. Indeed Dr. Palmer said, he was averse to say much against the boy from fear of wronging him, but that he required to be carefully looked after. Andrew Clarke had made considerable progress in arithmetic and geography, and had brought with him from another school, a small pocket compass which he had gained as a prize, and which he was fond of exhibiting in token of his proficiency in these studies.

"My attention was particularly called to a large stout boy, looking older than his years, named Hugh Childers. He was a hard working intelligent lad and got on rapidly, though addicted to some bad Customs. I was informed that he had a strong sense of Duty, although as I learned that he had been in disgrace for some misappropriations of tobacco and spirits, and had even on one occasion, taken possession of gold specimens belonging to other boys, and moreover as he had the character of being somewhat treacherous and deceitful, I could not admit that he was altogether an example of successful training. At the same time he was very proficient in arithmetic, history, and chronology. His memory was well and usefully developed, and he read, wrote, and spoke with very tolerable accuracy.

We shall endeaver to find room shortly for some farther extracts from the Inspector's interesting report of this school and its pupils, but shall in the meantime content ourselves with quoting the following brief sketch of the master :—

"Dr. Palmer is a man who seems to me very well qualified for the post he fills. Though not possessing great intellect, and though a man of strong prejudices, he seems to be actuated by a spirit of justice to the boys under his charge, and has won their respect by his fairness and impartiality. His naturally violent temper is under very tolerable controul, and I think he shows himself qualified to take the charge of a school larger and better furnished with educational appliances than the one over which he at present presides."

PUNCH'S POLICE COURT.

(BEFORE M. PUNCH, Esq., J. P., &c.)

Rioting and Assault.—*John O'Shanassy*, a tall powerful-looking Irishman, was brought up before His Worship, on a charge of instigating a riot in the Hall of Commerce, and of assaulting Mr. J. P. Fawkner, a short elderly gentleman. The court was crowded with the prisoner's countrymen.

Policeman X deposed: In consequence of information which had been received of an expected attempt to make a disturbance at a meeting of the Political Committee, I was sent on duty to the Hall of Commerce. I saw the prisoner kicking up a row on the platform. I cautioned him, but he persisted in exciting a mob of rowdy people, who only seemed to want an excuse for a shindy. He told me to go —— where I shouldn't like, and threatened to have me denounced. Presently I saw him offer to strike the prosecutor, and I then took him into custody: he was very obstropolous.

Cross-examined by Mr. Duffy, who appeared for the prisoner: I know the prisoner; he belongs to a gang that has often kicked up rows before. They have given us a great deal of trouble.

Mr. Fawkner deposed: I am the oldest inhabitant. I attended the meeting as one of the requisitionists, and was about to address the meeting, when I was hooted and threatened by the mob, of which prisoner appeared to be one of the leaders. I have often been annoyed and insulted before by the prisoner and his associates: for example, at a late meeting of the Benevolent Asylum, I was assailed by about 200 of them brought up for the purpose. Before I had taken my hat off to address the meeting on Monday last, I was pounced upon by the prisoner, who had threatened before that he would "do for me:" he menaced my life with a stick.

Cross-examined: I'm not a bit afraid; they might kill me, but they can't frighten me: Yet I don't much fancy any unnecessary danger. I have had to give evidence against some of the gang, and now some of them set upon me wherever I go.

By the Prisoner: You had reason to believe that I was going to demolish some of your arguments when you threatened me. I had promised to do so. We pulled in the same boat once, till you tried to throw me overboard.

The assault was further proved by the Chairman of the meeting, and several other witnesses.

Mr. Duffy then addressed the Bench on behalf of the prisoner. He argued that the prosecutor was alone to blame, for if he had let the Tips have all their own way, there need never have been a row at all. He contended also that the prosecutor had first broken the peace by declaring that he would smash all their arguments, and shut them up.

The prisoner, being asked what he had to say for himself, declared that he was an ill-used man, and that Fawkner was always aggravating him, and setting people against him, and he couldn't stand it.

His Worship, after commenting upon the indecency and brutality of the prisoner's behaviour, committed him to take his trial at the bar of public opinion in the ensuing elections.

Bad Language.—The censors of public morals should look to the German Association, one of whose members declared in open meeting that he did not care for the chairman—one "Damm."

MEN OF VICTORIA.

Mr. Punch, being informed that Mr. Becker is going to append mottoes to his portraits of "Men of Victoria," with his customary liberality, supplies gratuitously, a handful or two to select from :—

Mr. Surveyor-General Clarke :

"If there's a hole in a' your couts,
I rede ye tent it ;
A chiel's amang ye taking notes,
An' faith he'll prent it."—*Burns.*

Captain Cadell :

"Eureka."—*Archimedes.*

Mr. Town Clerk Fitzgibbon :

"I do believe they take me for a gentleman."—*Queen Christina.*

Mr John O'Shanassy, M.L.C. :

"I do perceive here a divided duty."—*Shakspere.*

Mr. Auditor-General Grimes :

"Give me leave to use figures and I will prove anything."—*William Pitt.*

Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy :

"Behold I have played the fool, and have erred exceedingly."
—I *Samuel*, xxxi, 21.

Mr. Colonial Secretary Haines :

"For the present, we cannot do without him ; but wait only unti he shall no longer be indespensable "—*Robespierre.*

Mr. John Myles, M.L.C. :

"Were we as eloquent as angels, yet we should please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening, than by talking."—*Colton.*

Mr. William Kerr :

"Oh ! Hamlet what a falling off was there."—*Shakspere.*

Mr. Commissioner Childers :

"Custom is no small matter." *Plato.*

Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.L.C. :

"For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing both loud and clear."—*Cowper.*

Mr. Henry Miller, M.L.C. :

"Capable of anything for money—even a good action."—*Rivarol.*

Dr. Cairns :

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale."—*Shakspeare.*

William Highett, Esq., M.L,C.:

"Keep your hands out of his breeches pocket."—*Byron.*

Colonel W. A. D. Anderson, V.V.A.R.

"If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet."—*Shakspere.*

Sir William A'Beckett :

"Gentle dulness ever loves a joke."—*Pope.*

Mr. Sturt :

"Why, Sir, in such a government as ours, no one is appointed to office because he is the fittest for it."—*Dr. Johnson.*

Sir George Stephen :

"A fine old w(h)ig block for sale."—*Advertisement in the London Times*

H. Chapman, Esq., M.L.C.

"A little tiresome ? Not at all ; *perfectly* tiresome."—*Talleyrand.*

Mr. Councillor Bowden :

"Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical."—*Shakspere.*

Mr. W. Westgarth :

"Some drams and grains of gold appear in him and his action ; but dross is there by pounds. Little wine, but store of water ; some wheat, but chaff enough."—*Archbishop Abbott.*

Mr. John Thomas Smith, M.L.C. -

"From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin ;
Unfit for heaven, unfit for earth."—*Tennyson.*

Dean Macartney :

"Polly put the kettle on."—*Old Song.*

Mr. J. V. F. L. Foster :

"It is a strange desire which men have to seek power and lose liberty." - *Bacon.*

Dr. Palmer :

"Like a winter's day—short and dirty."—*Ivimey.*

Melbourne Punch, Esq. :

"None but himself can be his parallel."—*Theobald.*

London, 6th May.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

It is with emotions of unsophisticated satisfaction that I announce to you the name of the probable future governor of Victoria,—the major portion of the miner people.

A rumour has been let loose on society which leads me to suppose that the hero of Nineveh will be the fortunate individual, and the selection of the most successful excavator of modern times to rule over a nation of diggers, is one of those felicitous conceptions that occur to a brilliant imagination about twice in a life time. The energy which has sufficed to remove the sand which the hour-glass of time has piled upon the monuments of Nineveh, in the untiring flow of unrecorded centuries, might well direct the operations at Sandhurst or Sandridge, which, I presume, from the names, to be guilty locations.

The man who took the bulls of Nineveh by their Assyrian horns, who pitted himself against the pits in which they were pitifully sepulchred, disclosing to the world the petrified monuments of bygone barbarism, the preserved meats of the slumbering minds of the perished ages of antiquity, (excuse my enthusiasm,) is the very governor you want. The *on dit* has been greeted with a round of applause; and the round has been traced to an intelligent circle, who will most likely publish a circular on the subject. The Marquis of Chandos has also been named; his principal qualification being his railway experience; and, as Melbourne advertisements lead us to suppose, that Victoria is drugged with railways, the colony would rejoice at the noble chairman's appointment. The gentleman who walked upon the cieling at Astley's has been highly recommended; the facility with which he assumed the attitude, is an indication that nature has qualified him for great accomplishments at the antipodes.

Commercial matters are improving. Wool is very active, especially on the sheeps' backs; and bottled beer uncommonly brisk. In metals there is not much change. Lead is heavy; iron, Scotch pig, difficult to move; hoops, boys, out of season ; rods, fishing, enquired for; bars, some descriptions flat; sheets, washed and mangled, very flat. In nails, all speculation is knocked on the head. Precious metals are precious scarce, and the enquiry for tin is quite unprecedented.

RHYMES ON THE ROADS.

Let other bards in martial lays,
  Of warlike exploits loudly sing ;
Let others chaunt the hero's praise,
  And deathless honours round him fling—
To tell of dangers direr far,
  My pent up spirit now explodes ;
For what are all the ills of war,
  To those that meet us on the roads ?

Ruin seize thee, ruthless Frank,
Confusion on the Road Board wait—
While Henry Miller of the bank,
Locks up your cash with idle state.
Holmes nor Higgins' thrice told tale
Of heavy weather, Murphy shall avail,
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From drayman's curse, from drivers' jeers.

Can your glib words a smashed arm heal,
  Or mend a head or arm when broken ?
Can fond professions of your zeal ?
  Can light regrets as lightly spoken ?
No ! vainly over holes and rocks,
  The horses strive their load to draw,
And vainly leans the labouring ox,
  Against the yoke his shoulders raw.
While Foster owns a single car,
  Whilst Melbourne boasts the line of Cobb ;
The shattered limb—the crash, the jar,
The wreck and ruin, near, and far—
  Will keep in mind the Road Board job.

ADULT EDUCATION.

MR. PUNCH'S LECTURES.

IT is not generally known, that Mr. Punch was earnestly solicited by the committee of the Mechanics' Institute, to aid in carrying out the scheme of Adult Education by the delivery of a course of lectures. After due consideration, Mr. Punch thought it right to decline for the following reasons. Firstly, the limited size of the lecture-room would render it possible for Mr. Punch only to gratify a very small minority of the numbers who would desire to crowd around him and drink deep draughts from the fountain of his wisdom. Secondly, he felt that "universality of diffusion" to quote the eminent journalist, was to be desired for whatever thoughts Mr. Punch might express, and that could only be secured through the medium of his unparallelled periodical. For these and other reasons, Mr. Punch, although well aware that the effect of his lectures would be immensely enhanced by his noble voice, presence, and delivery, has preferred to charm and instruct the world by writing than by speech. Hence the gift he now makes to mankind, has taken its present shape.—

LECTURE I. TO NEW CHUMS.

It is a favourite saying with Transcendental and particularly with Transatlantic Transcendental philosophers, that self-respect is among the greatest necessaries of moral life. Now as respect and esteem are so closely allied to one another as often as to be indistinguishable, it follows that self-esteem must be a very admirable quality, and it is therefore most gratifying to my feelings, as it must be also to yours—that I am able to testify to the large measure in which this noble attribute is possessed by the majority of yourselves. Moreover, as the merit of success is in a great measure proportional to the difficulty overcome, I cannot withhold my congratulations to you upon the manner in which many of you succeed in esteeming what to less devoted moralists are downright objects of aversion; and as yon are apt to be your own foes, I am able to accord to you, equally often, the praise due to those who carry out to the full, the injunction to love their enemies.

Still, I feel it necessary to warn you against a certain diffidence of manner and want of modest assurance—things very conducive to success in life, and of which I regret to have observed, you are, as a class, deficient. Perhaps you may be inclined to check me here, with some such words as the following:—

"We do bear constantly in mind, how superior we are in all respects to the Colonial rabble among whom we are thrown away. We felt the sacrifices we made when we left the luxuries and enjoyments of home —where we all moved in the best circles and belonged to the first rank of society—to cast our lot in this semi-barbarous place. We all feel the loss of our hunting, racing, shooting, yachting, and the various simple and innocent sports to which we have been accustomed from childhood. We miss the balls and parties of the nobility and gentry which during the season, we nightly frequented when we were not at the opera. We duly bear in mind the extreme improbability, that in a country not yet containing a million of inhabitants, any one should have arrived before us, whom we are not entitled to look down upon and qualified to instruct. We feel that our vocation is that of the civilizer—to reconstruct society—to teach the rude inhabitants arts and sciences, and letters and manners. We feel the most profound contempt for everything Colonial—for Colonial politics, Colonial amusements, Colonial society. We feel ourselves qualified to reform them all, and to present in our own proper persons, a standard of excellence by which may be measured the dwarfish dimensions of the sort of people commonly looked up to here."

Now I know, and freely admit, my friends, that most of you think and feel all this, but what I object to is, the indirect way in which alone you let your consciousness of superiority be seen. You are too apt to confine yourselves to mere turning up of your beautifully chiselled noses—to random sarcasms—to a style of enquiring into the manners and customs of the people which only conveys by implication that you conceive the study of them, to be alike in kind and interest to study of life and habits among Hottentots and Esquimaux. But I maintain that this is not enough. It is not enough that you let us guess at your thoughts by your bearing as you walk along the street. You should assert yourselves openly, directly, and roundly, and insist upon the deference and admiration which are your due.

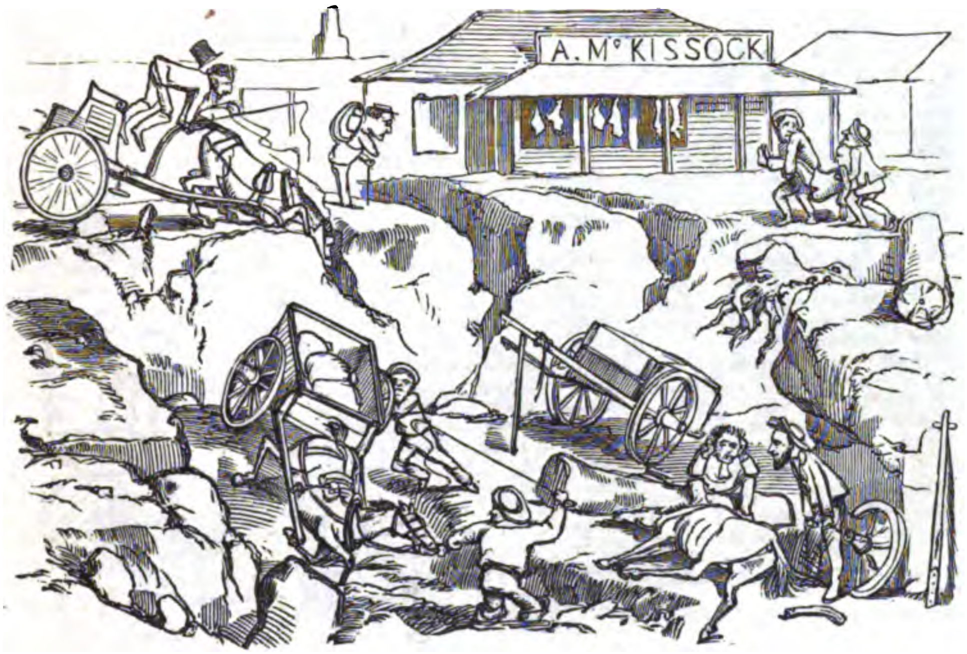
For example, in presenting letters of introduction, you should at once put the people to whom you bring them into their proper places, and make them acknowledge the obligations they are under to you for the chance of acquiring through your agency a little of the information and polish of which they manifestly stand so much in need. You should laugh them, to their faces, out of their colonial absurdities, and remember that they are too thick witted a generation to take gentle hints or understand satire, except of the broadest kind. Suppose the presentee of your letter to be a member of Council. You should ridicule the kind of parish vestry business that he dignifies by the name of politics, and laugh to scorn the very idea of colonial legislation. Or whatever else he may happen to be, you should make him plainly perceive the disdain you feel for the insignificance of his interests and pursuits, and what absurd travesties they are of the analogous matters to which you have been accustomed. The fable of the frog and the ox is the one you should chiefly quote if you want to make yourselves agreeable. Occasionally, out of pity for the weakness of his mind, you may cheer him up with a little harmless compliment, but as you value your own self-esteem, you should let it be seen that you mean nothing by it, except to save him from being rendered quite too heart-broken and miserable by the contemplation of your overwhelming superiority. This is the way to make yourselves deservedly beloved by those among whom you come; but too many of you, by not going much more than half this length, quite spoil your opportunities.

At the same time I would remind you that it is your duty to some extent to adapt yourselves to the usages of the inhabitants. Among the Pawnees you would eat buffalo with your fingers, and if you properly preserve your self-esteem, you will not be degraded by adopting some colonial customs. Of course there is no part for you to play that is not much beneath you, still it will please the people to see that you are not above getting yourself up for your part. Moreover, it is disagreeable to be stared at, even when the stare is one of admiration. It is as well for you, therefore, to adopt some such costume as the following:--A new straw hat with a nice black ribbon to it; a new plaid jumper, a pair of cord trousers (strapped to stand hard riding), a broad black belt, and enamelled leather thigh boots, with spurs. Carry in your hand wherever you go, a new stock-whip, curled up, which is thus rendered very portable, albeit somewhat hard to crack. You will then look the wealthy squatter all over; you will quite escape observation, and no one will ever think you can be a new chum. If you like to take a peep in at the sale yards, you will be able to make advantageous purchases in horseflesh, for no one would think of trying to impose upon a man of the appearance you will present.

In dressing for a digger, use a red shirt and moleskin trousers, omit the stock-whip and spurs, call everybody mate, and you are sure to escape detection. Whatever costume you adopt, retain it if you go to a friend's house in the evening. This shows a pleasing recognition of the true state of our society, and besides it gives a good lesson to those "colonials" who have the folly and vanity to ape their betters at home—dressing themselves up in imitation of gentlemen.

In conclusion, I would remind you to keep in exercise among your friends the one colonial virtue of hospitality. Go in anywhere at all hours uninvited. Take as many of your shipmates with you as you please, and never wait to be asked to stay all night, but take up your abode for as long as you like. It is you that confer the favor, for a little savage hospitality is after all but a poor equivalent for the pleasure of your society, and the improving influences of your conversation and example.

A BRILLIANT METAPHOR.—The editor of the *Warrnambool Examiner*, in a leading article which appears in his paper of the 8th inst., recommends the inhabitants of that lively port to "seize a rumor or passing breath by the horns, and nip it in the bud." The same enlightened journalist, in the same number of his publication, speaking of the tedious passages made by the steamer which plies between Melbourne and Warrnambool, observes, with the utmost gravity, "when the steamer is delayed by the bad weather, we have no other alternative but —— to wait till she arrives." Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!



THE ROADS.
THE HIGH ROAD BY BAKERY HILL.

RAILWAYS OF VICTORIA.

We are glad to hear that the Melbourne "Bradshawe" is to be enlarged, and that time tables of the following railways now in operation in Victoria, will be added to the voluminous lists already printed :—

Melbourne and Hobson's Bay Railway.
Melbourne and Sandridge Railway
Sandridge and Melbourne Railway
Flinders-st. and Sandridge Junction Railway
Hobson's Bay and Melbourne Direct Railway
Melbourne, Emerald Hill, and Sandridge Railway
Melbourne and Liardet's Beach Railway
Liardet's Beach and Melbourne Railway
Flinders-street and Beach Junction Railway
The Great Southern Sandridge Railway.

THE GOVERNORSHIP.

BY PLEESMAN X.

Fifteen thousing pounds per annum,
And a genteel house likewise;
By fore Lords as bin rejected,
Werry much to my surprise.

I cant understand it, nohows,
For the pay's unkimon good,
And the deoties dont involve not—
Werry much solissitood.

If the present riter had been
Ast to offer his advise,
He'd have promptly recommended
Ministers to advertise:—

"Tenders are hereby inwited
From cadets of noble birth—
For to do the Guvner's dooty,
Of the richest land on earth.

"Shining talents not essenshal
And perhaps we may dispense;
(If the candidate's a Wycount,)
With his having common sense:

"But a noble Lord he must be,
That's the only stipoolashun:
Write to Mister Lalbooshare, and
Menshun your remoonerashun."

Lots of swells, possessin titles,
Out of elbows, out of tin;
For the billet, I'm perswaded
Would have sent their tenders in:

Noble loafers from the Carlton,
Exiled dandies at Boolong;
Pigeons like Lord Verisopht, and
Rooks like gallyant Captin Strong.

One of these mite condescend to
Take of our affares the elm,
And to act the mimick monarch
Ruling o'er a mimick relm;

And, no doubt, he'd do it all for
Say two thousing pounds per ann.,
And would save us thirteen thousing
By this eckonomic plan,

Wich I offer to the Preemyer,
With the wery best respex
Of his dewchus and dewoted
Umble servant Pleesman X.

SONGS FOR THE MILLION.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

Air—"BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW."

The night-wind roars at draughty doors,
On fireless hearth 'tis dull work gazing;
So pile the sticks high on the bricks,
And the light lucifer sets 'em blazing.
Blow, bellows, blow! now see the fire a going;
Blow on, and keep continually blowing.

Oh, hear the row the rain makes now;
The tempest roars outrageous windy;
The storm's abroad, the curtain drawed,
And nobody cares for the outside shindy.
Blow, Boreas, blow! thy breath so bravely lasting;
Blow on, and keep perpetually blasting.

The firelight falls on papered walls,
And lights and shadows flare and flicker;
Set on the pot for something hot,
With leastest drop of spiritous liquor.
Boil, saucepan, boil! who thinks of care or toiling,
So long as he can keep his pot a boiling?

"TIPS," RUSHING A RICH CLAIM.

GUAM.

The following description of Guam is (not) extracted from the latest edition of M'Culloch's Dictionary :—

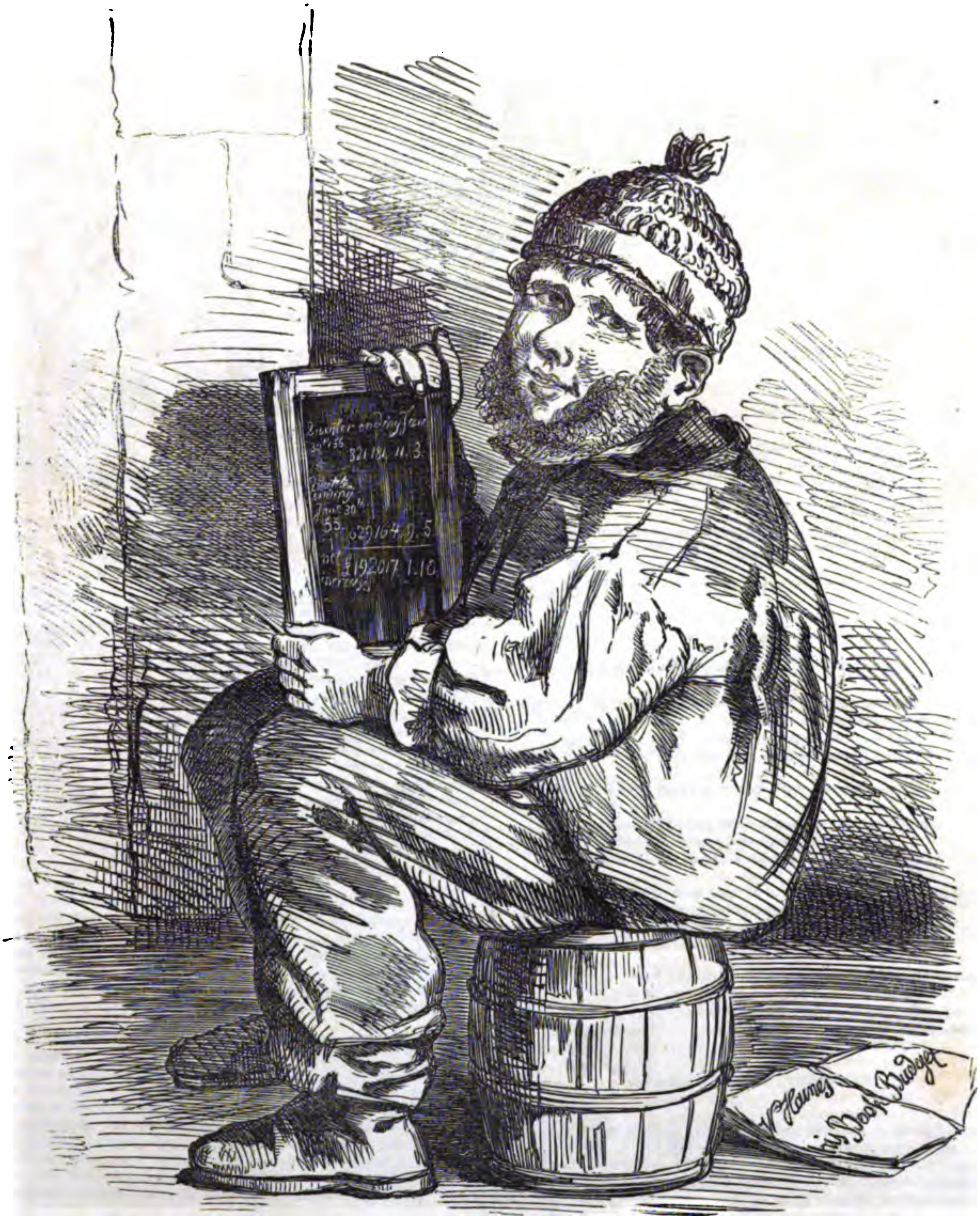
"This interesting place, which has of late excited so much interest in commercial circles, and of which so little known, is situated in latitude 00 ° South, and longitude 361 ° East. It is a small fertile island ; rocky, but clothed with a rich and fertile soil in which plants and trees grow in magnificent profusion, bearing in abundance the richest gifts of nature. and many valuable productions, elsewhere only known as the results of laborious ingenuity and art. The inhabitants are a singular and simple race of beings ; they live each upon his own hook, trusting implicitly to bounteous nature for the supply of their daily wants, and to a kindly fate for all their other necessities.

"The island is governed by a sort of pantocratic despotism, every man being governor when and for as long as he pleases. The tariff is extremely simple. Importation is strictly prohibited, but exportation of the abundant products of the country is encouraged ; the enterprising of all nations being welcomed and allowed to carry on whatever operations they choose, on the sole condition that they introduce nothing and take away all they make. In this way the list of exports includes in its varied category sugar, whale-oil, oranges, tobacco, gunpowder, machinery, wine, cordage, ice, spices, timber, matches, cutlery, grain and flour, glassware, coals and clothing, with nearly every other article of consumption. The climate is very delightful, and eminently suited for open air occupations ; it has a range of 300 degrees, viz., from—83 ° to 217 ° Fahrenheit ; these extremes are not confined, as with us, to particular seasons of the year, but occur daily and in all parts of the island, to such an extent that one ship may be loading ice while the crew of another is actively engaged in getting in the orange or grape crop. By a peculiar arrangement which we have not space to describe, (even if we understood it), rain and sun are procured for the crops, whenever they are required, so that the merchants are enabled to produce, immediately on demand, any article which may be needed for other markets. Possessing as it does, these remarkable advantages peculiar to itself, it is not to be wondered at that the harbor of Guam is constantly crowded with shipping from all parts of the world, or that we, in Australia, are indebted to the enterprise of its traders for the prompt supply of many wants that might otherwise occasion much inconvenience. The sailing directions for Guam are very varied, and depend entirely on the nature of the commodity, which it is desired to procure. Thus, if a Melbourne merchant anticipated a rise in sugars, he would sail due west for about a hundred degrees before he attempted to enter the harbor. If tea were needed, the course would be north-westerly after passing Cape Leuwin. The whalers generally go southward, while grain ships either coast along the shores of Australia westward, or steer toward a point not far distant from Valparaiso. As it is therefore impossible to lay down any precise course, the Colonial Customs authorities are satisfied with a clearance in blank, for Guam, conditional on the production of particular manifests on the return trip. We are glad to find that an active commerce is springing up between Melbourne and this interesting settlement."

ERIN'S GROANS.

Oh! Pat, there's bad news in the paypers;
It's heart-broken, shure, that I am,
A Sassenach's coming to rule us,
Appointed, the blaygard, by Pam:
Bad luck to that wig-ged ould Kewpid,
For what will our counthrymen do,
Wid Shandos, the spalpeen, at Toorak,
And Haines for prime minister, too?
Wira sthrue!
We'll be raising a wild ulalu!

Thim Ministhers must have a down on
Dear Oireland and Oirishman tu,
Else why should they sind us a Saxon
To rool over me, Pat, and you ?
A Swiss, an old Salt, and a Scotchman
Have govern'd us each in his day,
And to give us an Oirishman now,
Bedad, would be only fair play;
Any way,
To the byes from the "jim of the say."



THE HARD SUM: RIGHT AT LAST.

PUNCH'S LETTERS TO KANGAROO BULL, ESQ.

No. 2.

"WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN NAVIHEELAVOO." *

y Dear Bull,—

The Captain of a whaler, a worthy fellow, though slightly addicted to strong drinks and strong lanuage, has furnished me with a file of the *Naviheelavoo* Gazette. Naviheelavoo, you know, is one of the largest of the Feejee Islands, the inhabitants of which are slowly emerging from barbarism; and, as an earnest of their advances towards civilization, they have established a printing press and a newspaper. These islanders are very rich; for their soil, like our own, is wonderfully fertile and largely impregnated with the precious metal: but their intelligence is by no means on a par with their wealth; and many of the laws which are in force among them, are as barbarous and ferocious in character as the most irreclaimable savage in the interior.

Among other enactments, there is one which provides that any Naviheelavooan, who has no hut, no visible means of subsistence, and no friends, shall be caught, branded, and shut up for a term, in a large canoe, set apart for the reception of such of the natives as have murdered their brethren, or have committed any other atrocious crime; which canoe is moored in the harbour of the Capital.

In one of the papers with which I have been furnished by my friend the Captain of the whaler, I find that a poor idiot, named Martin, (possibly a half-caste or an Englishman,) was thus caught; was thus confined, and having been thus branded, was turned loose among the Naviheelavooans, to whom any man with the criminal brand upon his back, is an object of aversion or suspicion. For two days, the poor idiot was entirely without food; until a compassionate individual supplied him with the means of purchasing some bread-fruit; and crawling down to a swamp, bordering a river which flows into the sea, near the Capital of Naviheelavoo, Martin vegetated for seventeen days upon no more bread-fruit than would have sufficed for his maintenance for half that number of hours; and strove to appease hunger as well as thirst, by draughts of the river water. The weather was inclement —for even Naviheelavoo is not "a summer isle of Eden," all the year round; his place of refuge a pestilential swamp; hunger gnawed his vitals; the searching cold ate into the very marrow of his bones; the pitiless rain beat upon the unprotected head of the shivering wretch, cowering emaciated and terror-stricken, in his marshy covert; and when he was found, speechless and on the verge of death, mortification had attacked his extremities, and his toes were dropping off his feet.

Why, you may ask, do I call your attention to this hideous and loathsome incident? It is, my dear Kangaroo, because I believe that you have more money and more religious zeal and energy than you know how to expend. Your wealth is proverbial; and your religious energy deserves to be so. For the want of external vent, it creates internal commotion. It directs Quixotic crusades against theatres; foments infinite quarrels about modes of education—national and denominational, pious and secular; and arrays believers in hostile parties, the one insisting upon the voluntary principle, and the other upon subsidies from the State, in regard to the worship of Our common Father.

Now, why not direct a little of this expansive and irrepressible energy into foreign channels? Why not send missionaries to these barbarous, or, at the best, imperfectly civilized Naviheelavooans; and indoctrinate them with the fundamental truths of Christianity, and the great principles of human brotherhood? Why not disseminate among those savages (for savage they are, in spite of the printing-press,) a few thousand copies of the Sermon on the Mount, the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and the narrative of the Miracle performed at the Beautiful Gate? *Punch* is confident that in no professedly Christian country would a wretched idiot have been imprisoned for his poverty; turned out upon the world penniless, with the brand of crime legibly impressed upon him; and permitted to undergo, for seventeen days, the horrors of starvation, and exposure to the rigorous severity of the elements.

Could such an incident as this have occurred, for example, in Melbourne? Certainly not! The mere possibility of it causes a shudder, as *Punch* contemplates it.

Ponder upon it, my dear Bull, and apply your mind and money to the work of evangelizing these benighted Naviheelavooans: and believe me, ever,

Your faithful friend,
Melbourne Punch.

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* See Argus of Thursday, July 10.

THE LEGATEE.

By the Author of "The Queen of the May."

You must come and call me early, call me early Tommy dear,
If anything should happen to the uncle you revere ———
The uncle you revere, Tommy, who is so fond of me,
So you must call me early, Tommy, I'm the Legatee.

There's many a satinet I know, of stockings many a pair,
And my poor darling sister's things they every one are there;
And the last invoice of those new silks, you know they're all for me;
So you must call me early, Tommy, I'm the Legatee.

I sleep so sound all night, Tommy, that I shall never know,
Unless you call me early, if there's aught to cause me woe;
And I must get my mourning things and take my cup of tea;
So you must call me early, Tommy, I'm the Legatee.

Mrs. S. will come with me, Tommy, we're certain to be there.
There's no necessity, you know, for asking for the Mayor:
For I must shepherd sister's things, and rummage for the key;
And I'm the Legatee, Tommy, I'm the Legatee.

Those made-up dresses round the doors, my careworn heart devours;
That is a very lovely one with the embroidered flowers.
The polka jacket is divine, the very thing for me,
So you must call me early, Tommy, I'm the Legatee.

The watches are both going, Tommy, I hear them on the glass;
And the rubies in my sister's ring quite glisten as I pass.
If it should rain, I think I know where there's a paraplnie;
And I'm the Legatee, Tommy, I'm the Legatee.

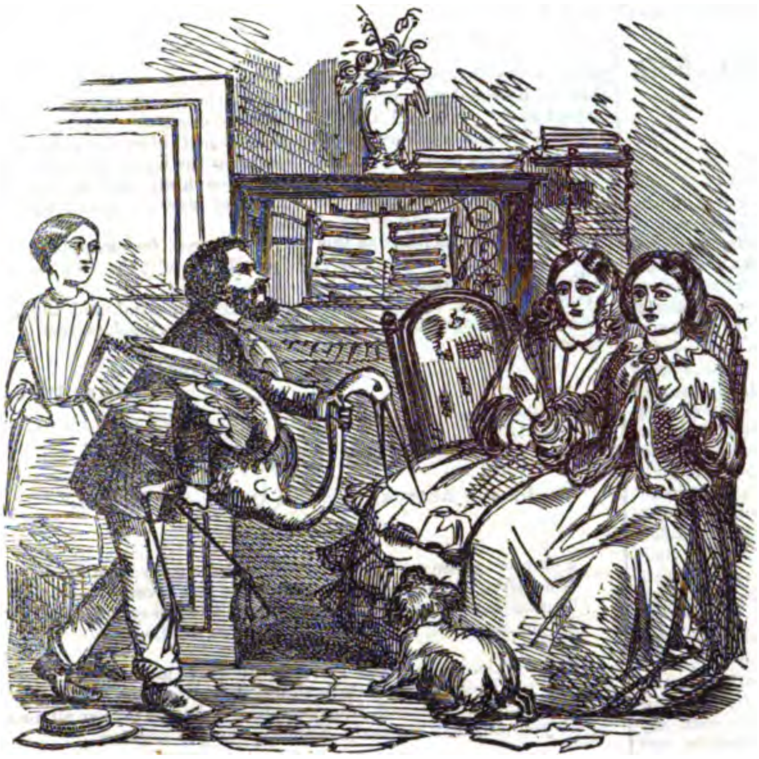
So you must come and call me early, Tommy, do you hear?
If anything should happen to the uncle you revere:
The uncle you revore, Tommy, for it may chance that he
Will die, and then you know, Tommy, why I'm the Legatee.

INLAND COMMUNICATION.

Considerable anxiety is felt concerning the fate of the inhabitants of Cardigan-street, North Melbourne: that locality being at the present time severed from the surrounding district by a zone of impassable bog. Signals of distress have been flying for several days from the chimnies and other elevated portions of the houses in this street; and it is feared that before the return of the spring (and the road contractors) the greater part of the inhabitants of this ill-fated locality will have fallen victims to the famine which must, by this time, have overtaken them.

Why is a man annoyed by a rusty door-hinge like a bush traveller stopped by the rains?

Because he can't get over the creaks.



WANTED, BY A LADY, A COMPANION.
In reply to an Advertisement, commencing thus, the proprietor of a native one carries it to the advertiser for approval.

LATEST DATES.

A notion prevails that, in consequence of the horrible state of the roads, all communication is suspended between Melbourne and the principal post towns in the interior. Anxious to correct this erroneous impression, *Punch* appends a statement of the latest dates received in Melbourne; a glance at which will suffice to show that postal communication with the provinces has been not interrupted, much less suspended:—

Brunswick - - - -	July 16
Flemington - - - -	July 16
Hawthorn - - - - - -	July 16
Sandhurst - - - - -	June 8
Castlemaine - - - - -	June 15
Ballarat - - - - - -	June 30
Maryborough - - - - -	May 5
Beechworth - - - - -	Feb. 16
Albury - - - - - -	Jan. 2.

WANTED TO KNOW

Where we really are, and what is the exact geographical position of the city of Melbourne? *Punch* observes that the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, on the 27th of March last, planted Melbourne in South Australia; while the editor of the Dublin *Nation*, no later than the 3rd of May last, denominates this city "the capital of Western Australia."

Why is a man likely to stand drinks during a strong wind?
Because a good blow disposes him to shout.

SILHOUETTES OF SCIENCE.

HERALDRY.

That this science bears upon armorial bearings is a bare fact that the reader will barely bear in mind without some further explanation. Heraldry treats of the different arms that, in ancient times, were adopted on all hands in commemoration of some great feat. In the days of old, when the martial youth of the civilized world left their comfortable lodgings at two pounds ten a-week, to go scrimmaging in the Holy Land, in a complete suit of galvanized corrugated ready-made iron slops, the uniformity of their metal uniform rendered some mode of distinguishment desirable. They adopted badges on their shields, generally in memory of some hardy exploit. Thus, a man might draw a badge, from recollection of having drawn a badger. Sometimes an ensign was selected as symbolical of the spirit and purpose of the wearer. A glove, especially a boxing glove, indicated defiant pugnacity; a heart, with a skewer through it, devotion to the divine sex; and the crusaders who carried a cross for a device were known to be at cross purposes. A punning emblem was not unfrequently borne upon the warrior's shield, having allusion to his name or character William the Conqueror had emblazoned on his banner a Norman bill. He was a man of bilious temperament, and in the battle field his bill left many marks which were popularly known as bill stamps. The Norman bill was a warlike badge, and must not be confounded with the Gallic beak, the cognizance of the ancient justices of the peace in France, where to the present day a magistrate is vulgarly designated a beak.

The laws of heraldry are governed by three principle heralds, thus reducing the science to a simple rule of three. There are also six inferior heralds who preside over Heraldic illumination, and these lower six are known as the short sixes. In addition to these is another herald, whose province is to proclaim war and advertise peace—this is the Melbourne *Herald*, and is paid quarterly, in advance, by public subscription. This Herald has acquired a character of sagacity, in consequence of being seldom taken in. The warriors of ancient times registered their deeds on their coats of arms; and any Sunday exploit was made very conspicuous, because, "the better day the better deed." These shields became in time to be quite a family history; and, after a brisk encounter with the enemy, would be profusely decorated with cuts. Occasionally, a coat of arms was designed to preserve a knight's incognito; in which case the coat was used as a cloak but the heraldic cloak is really the exclusive privilege of the Raleigh family. Sir Walter, of that name, having pitched his poncho into a gutter for Queen Elizabeth to step upon, has acquired for his descendants permission to bear arms; three dirty footprints, on a cloak seedy, with a button sinister.

LAYS OF THE LEGISLATORS.

JOHN O'SHANASSY.

(*Air*—ERIN'S WHISKEY.)

Whilst others sing of Fawkner John,
And high their voices raise;
'Tis mine to laud a loftier John,
And chaunt the Shan Dhu's praise.
Oh! the portly Shan Dhu,
Erin's six-feet Shan Dhu,
Midst all our grief,
It gives relief,
To know we have big Shan Dhu.

Who is it *spakes* in accents *swate*,
The votes of Tips to woo,
In Parliament to *git* a *sate*?
Big Shan Dhu, gra', 'tis you.
Oh! the portly Shan Dhu,
Erin's six-feet Shan Dhu;
Then bumpers bring,
And let us sing
The praise of Erin's Shan Dhu!

WHO IS PENDER?

THE question ought to have found a place, and no doubt would have done so, but for a chronological difficulty,—in the string of interrogations propounded by Robert Southey, in reference to old Ross of Patterne; the proprietor of "Dick's husband;" Mrs. or Miss Elizabeth Martin, of ocular celebrity; the venerable monarch Cole; and the owner of Ludlam's indolent dog. But Southey being dead, it devolves upon *Punch* to enquire, who is Pender?

In a spirit of pure benevolence does *Punch* propound this question; for Pender is an ill-used man, a martyr, the butt of scoffers, and a target for the shafts of ridicule. Some malicious utterer of spurious language has written a letter, and paid for its insertion in the advertising columns af the newspapers, and has attached thereto the name of William Pender. With a refinement of cruelty that aggravates the malice of the act, this manufacturer of verbal counterfeits has addressed the letter to the Electors of Evelyn and Mornington, soliciting their suffrages for the putative author of the address.

William Pender (who may be, for ought *Punch* knows to the contrary, a highly educated man, a scholar, and a savan,) is made to indite the most ponderous nonsense that ever appeared in type. Words and sentences like these are put into the mouth of this ill-used man:—

"This *momentous branch* of public works:"

"Western Australia is to be the sewer through which the *pestiferous issue of British rascality* is to be ejected upon us."

"The New Constitution, * * * by a judicious revision, may be the means of *building* what will yet turn out, one of the most extraordinary *countries* of the world."

"I am no mere adventurer, no 'bird of passage,' that comes to bask *and grow rich in her sunny and golden skies*, and then flies away."

Do "golden skies" shed nuggets upon the wings of "birds of passage" and thus enrich them, or by what process do these feathered wanderers become wealthy? If William Pender does not enter an action against the writer of the address, we have just quoted from, for bringing the said William into contempt, his forbearance and forgiveness must be as remarkable as the mystery which enshrouds his personality.

POLICE TARIFF.

WE present to our readers the following brief tabular statement of the pains and penalties inflicted by the City Court, as gathered from recent discussions. The information must be of great public value, as by means of it any person intending to commit a crime may ascertain beforehand the price of his recreation. Money being the god of the Victorians, every offence has its price, and immunity from further punishment may be purchased by all whose colonial experience has possessed them with the means.

Husband beating a wife who has supported him in a career of idleness and drunkenness for two months, although nursing an infant, and who quietly submits to be kicked at the pleasure of her lord ——— to be bound over to keep the peace for three months.

Ditto ditto. If life be endangered by the brutal use of murderous weapons   A fine of twenty shillings.

Ditto ditto. Very aggravated—One weeks imprisonment.

Ditto ditto, including blows on the face with a chair, with serious wounds, the wife being reduced to such a state that she is incapable of appearing in court—Two months' imprisonment.

Violent attack by two keepers on an escaped lunatic who quietly gives himself up when overtaken—Fine of twenty shillings each.

Being an idiot, homeless and destitute—Imprisonment, the gaol brand of infamy, outlawry, starvation, and—DEATH.

A respectable female happening to be present at a street row, in which a constables cape was torn by some person unknown —A night in the watchhouse and the degradation of an appearance at the dock.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Anonymous contributions cannot be inserted unless the writer's names are appended to them.—*Irish Paper.*

SIGNIFICANT.—The committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the Gas Company, includes among its four members, two official assignees of the Insolvent Court. Although it is not impossible that they may find out a job or two, let us hope they will not find one for themselves.

SILHOUETTES OF SCIENCE.

ORNITHOLOGY.

THIS word should be spelt as it is pronounced, Hornithology, and its signification comprehends the rearing and management of every description of horned animal. The first treatise on horned, (or as then termed hornamented,) animals was popularly known as a hornbook, and first published in the fourteenth century, by the celebrated Jack Horner; who, in the illuminated frontispiece to the British Museum copy, is represented in his customary corner, pitching into that periodical luxury which, according to an idea traditionally transmitted, is vaguely designated a Christimas pie. By modern writers, the phrase horned animals is familiarly contrasted into horns; thus, a Durham ox is spoken of as a short horn; a Saxon horned sheep as a sax-horn, etc. And here we must reprehend the vicious practice of some literary men by whom our language is sadly slurred and slangified,—a fault arising from the indistinct comprehension of the subject they write upon. The celebrated philologist, Mr. Tooke, was so keenly alive to this growing abuse that he made an excursion to France, merely to ascertain what description of animals were generalised as French horns; and thus acquired the nickname of Horne Tooke. A recent treatise on hornithology evidences a lamentable confusion of idea; the writer making no distinction between Stags' horn and harts' horn, and being clearly under the impression that all horns are connected with the head, ignoring the existence of shoeing horns, which have exclusive relation to the feet. Again, he speaks of a horn as a hollow round formation, obviously thinking of a hornpipe. Cape Horn, he admits, is not quite round; but stupidly remarks that some enterprising party is continually engaged in rounding it. This presumptuous individual, though so ignorant of horns, seems perfectly competent to blow his own trumpet. He announces a supplementary work, on hornwork, with copious notes on the common frost-horn, and a colored print of the horns of a dilemma. In conclusion, we recommend the student of hornithology to the dilligent perusal of such writers as are eminent for the perspicuous treatment of the various branches of the science. The horns of the deer will be found to present two distinct branches; in the study of the bullock's horn, some strong points must be regarded; and, although a knowledge of the bugle-horn may be dificult to acquire, there is a key to all its mysteries.

RHYMES ON THE ROADS.

How does the mail-coach come down from the north?

Here it comes splashing,
Through mud and slush dashing;
Here creaking and cracking,
The passengers racking—
Here sunk among stray holes,
There knocked against dray poles.
Here sinking in some bogs,
There bumping on gum logs;
Now slowly up crawling
The horses are hauling
Then down steep hills rushing,
Where torrents are gushing.
    It hammers along
    On axles strong.
Now breaking the traces
In three or four places—
O'er Corderoy roads clattering,
The travellers' bones shattering
They all the time raging
As if a war waging
    It's leathern recesses among.

"WANTED A CARVER FOR THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT!"

Does this annnouncement, so frequently repeated in the daily papers, bear any reference to the cutting up of members and their speeches by the journals, to whose strictures the members take exception, and therefore desire to have an officer of their own for the purpose? Or is a wood-carver wanted, to operate upon the heads of members and mould them into intellectual forms, thus pirating the invention of the ingenious Phrenologist, who proposed so to compres the heads of young children, while soft, as to bring up any required bumps?

SANDHURST.

ROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Sandhurst, July 6th, 1856.

We have just been thrown into a state of considerable excitement by the receipt of a week's later news from Melbourne. The coach which brought us this welcome intelligence, made an extraordinary passage considering the state of the roads, having been only five days behind the contract time. She was very nearly lost in a deep waterhole, when about half-way out; but, by good fortune, she carried several large parcels of *Melbourne Punch*, and the buoyancy of these kept her afloat till the horses swam to shore. A team of bullocks was then procured, and the coach was extricated. The driver behaved with great coolness and judgment, and only two persons were drowned. There are now four coaches over due; and the friends and relatives of the passengers are in a terrible state of anxiety as to their fate. The driver of a bullock dray that arrived yesterday, reports having seen something like the top of a coach sticking out of the mud a week ago about twenty miles from here, and this is generally supposed to be one of the missing vehicles. The driver was himself in great danger, and could not approach the wreck near enough to render any assistance, or even to ascertain whether it had been altogether abandoned, or whether any survivors were still clinging to it in hope of succour. A party of volunteers, provided with boat carriages, similar to those used on polar expeditions, has started to render aid if possible, or at all events to discover the fate of the passengers and driver. It is feared, however, that the praiseworthy labours of the philanthropic and intrepid party will prove unavailing, as those persons most acquainted with the navigation of the Melbourne road, affirm, that the wreck cannot have held together through the last flood. One chance for the lives of the passengers, however, still remains. Within a-quarter-of-a-mile from the scene of the wreck, was a knoll of rising ground, which it is said the waters since have covered, and to this miserable place of refuge some of the poor souls may have escaped. It is horrible to contemplate, however, the straits to which famine may have driven them before assistance can possibly arrive.

I have little or no local news to give, as we are here entirely occupied with the files of Melbourne papers, the intelligence brought by two English mails having reached us at one time. Immediately upon the arrival of the mail, the local newspapers issued extraordinaries, which were eagerly bought up after our long fast from news from the rest of the world. Our files are, however, far from complete, and those of the missing coaches, not yet despaired of, are eagerly looked forward to to fill up the *hiatus*. Although the terms of the peace are not generally regarded as satisfactory, I think that on the whole the confirmation of the rumours which had previously reached us, respecting the suspension of hostilities, has been received with pleasure.

Who is Anna Bishop? He seems to have been making some sensation in your part of the world, but we cannot make out whether he is a successor to Dr. Perry, with a turn for Philharmonics, or what.

In political circles, there has been considerable interest excited, respecting the shortness of the interval under the New Constitution Act, between the issue and return of writs for members of Parliament. It is justly objected, that the period is so brief that the writ will be returnable before notice of its issue can be expected to reach this place. Really pending the introduction of Steam, the Government ought to place bullock drays upon the road so that we might be able to expect something like regular communication with the metropolis.

Gentlemen of the legal profession have been actively discussing the alleged appointment of Mr. Molesworth to a judgship, and of Mr. Fellows to be Solicitor-General; but I suppose long before this reaches you, these nominations (if we be correctly informed) will have ceased to attract much public interest.

We had a regatta here not long ago by the way. The distance pulled was from here to Bunninyong, but owing to the strength of the current, the lightest and most favourite boat was completely distanced. A good deal of money changed hands upon the occasion, and the knowing ones were completly sold.

Gold remains much as usual; but, in consequence of the state of the roads and weather, there have been scarcely any buyers or sellers.

ADULT EDUCATION.

MR. PUNCH'S LECTURES.

No. 2.—To Old Colonists.

I am happy to acknowledge, that most of you are tolerably aware of the importance of Colonial experience, and of the advantages it gives to its possessor. It is quite wonderful to observe how much knowledge upon things in general, a man acquires by ten or fifteen years residence in the bush, provided always he has managed to "do well." "Wisdom comes with lack of food," says Coleridge, but that was at the other side of the world. On this side, in the multitude of sheep there is wisdom, and from the long continued and profitable sale of fat cattle, is engendered a capacity which enables the breeder to lay down the law upon most subjects. Our greatest local authority upon railways and parliamentary practice, acquired all his information upon the banks of the Murray and the Mita Mita. When he descended from those regions into Melbourne, he brought with him a stock of knowledge upon the matters named, that quite surprised persons who had never duly considered how plants grow in the dark. I cannot sufficiently congratulate the colony upon the escape, from what might have occurred, if the same confidence reposed in the gentleman I refer to, had been placed in some man who had studied railways and legislation in England instead of the much better school of the Murrumbidgee part of the world.

Long Colonial experience is, in fact, the prime essential here, and I have often been disposed to augur ill of the probable success of the Melbourne University, from the fact that that the professors were procured from British colleges, instead of from the sheep stations of the interior. For how can it be possible for men who have learned classics and mathematics at the antipodes, to understand them in their Australian bearings. It may be all very true in England, that the square of the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle is equal to the square of the base added to the square of the perpendicular; but what security have we that the same thing holds good in this part of the world, unless properly verified with lines consisting of stock-yard fencing or something of that sort. I am sure you will agree with me that we should be much more certain of having a mathematical professor fit to educate your sons, if we had one who had ascertained, by at least ten years Colonial experience, that what he taught remained unaffected by the Australian climate and was consistent with the orders in Council. This is only one illustration, but there are at least a hundred such of which I am glad to see you seldom lose sight. While we are being inundated with a flood of persons who never so much as saw a damper in their lives, it is satisfactory to know that a compact and powerful phalanx of old colonists yet exists here, strong in the consciousness of their own superiority, and prepared to put down those ignorant and conceited persons who fancy they can instruct you without having even resided here long enough to have forgotten the errors of a merely European education. Let them pass a dozen years in the bush, without ever looking into a book, or exchanging a word, except upon such topics as the scab in sheep, and missing brindles and strawberries, and then indeed if they have grown rich, they may be in a position to speak authoritatively upon the arts and sciences. At all events you will very properly listen to them with a great deal more deference and respect.

Speaking of riches, you are of course aware that property has it's duties as well as it's rights, and one of your first duties in the administration of your property should be to teach persons who have not had the advantage of your experience, how to spend their money with taste and credit to themselves. In the first place, then, let me advise you in building your houses to be invariably your own architects. A man who has put up a slab hut is much fitter to design a mansion in Australia, than some raw pupil of an English architect who has passed his time in drawing plan upon paper. Perhaps there is no art which colonial experience brings to such perfection as that of architecture. I saw with delight, not many days ago, a beautiful villa, built at a cost of fifteen thousand pounds, by a gentleman who in most respects might be selected as a fit model for your imitation. The idea was based upon that of a Grecian temple, but the proprietor had improved upon it by adding tall chimneys in fancy bricks, pointed windows, and a galvanised iron verandah. The design was quite unique, and such as, I am sure, no man without a great deal of colonial experience could have conceived. Within doors everything did equal credit to the proprietor's taste and judgement. The drawing-room was furnished in the American Louis XIV style, and no expense had been spared ; the carpet was of velvet pile, and, I was informed, cost fifty pounds, but it had got a little damaged by unavoidable circumstances in spite of the presence of several brass spittoons, which were kept in beautiful polish by a graduate of Oxford, who waited at table, and besides his domestic duties, threw in his services as tutor to the young gentlemen of the family. The head of the house told me that he always kept one college man among his domestics, both because he came in handy in this way, and because it was quite a charity to lend a helping hand to the poor devils. There were not many books visible in the house (the "missis" said she did not like to see books littering about a place), still literature was not neglected, but was represented by the following works :—

"Valentine Vox,"
"The Peerage," (the cover was wanting, having been converted into gun wadding)
"A volume of Chambers' Journal," (old series)
"Youatt on Sheep and Cattle,"
"Reynold's Miscellany," (2 vols.)
A German Dictionary, (commonly called the "Dutch Book" by the family, and in use by the young gentlemen to paste theatrical scenes in)
A Volume of Sermons
"Dick Dimminy ; or, The Life of a Jockey,"
"Heath's Book of Beauty," (1 vol.)
"Fanny, the Little Milliner,"
"The Mysteries of London,"
"Thiers' French Revolution," (in the original, and known as the "French book").

I tried to discover how some of these works came into the possession of their present owner. The German Dictionary belonged to a shepherd who had died in the bush many years ago, and to whose intestate estate his employer at once administered. "Thiers' French Revolution," "Heath's Book of Beauty," and "Valentine Vox" had been bought at auction, in one carefully-assorted lot, for which a high price had been obtained, in consequence of the keen competition arising for the last-named and valuable work. "Valentine Vox," indeed, was evidently considered the gem of the collection, although the "Mysteries of London" was nearly as much valued on account of the extraordinary knowledge of "life" displayed by the writer, and of his intimate acquaintance with, and unrelenting exposure of, numberless heartless intrigues, as practised by the British court, nobility, and gentry.

There was no title-page to the volume of sermons. which were read occasionally on Sunday, and accepted as Episcopalian, although from a glance I had at them, I believe them to have been the work of a Baptist divine ; but whatever they were, I have no doubt they acted with just as beneficial and narcotic effects as a more genuine article could have done.

You will no doubt be glad to hear that the gentleman who had gathered around him all the evidences of a refined and cultivated mind which I have described, is about to become a candidate for the Upper House, for a seat in which his great wealth and colonial experience eminently qualify him. His character, as an old colonist of strict integrity, stands unimpeachable, for although on one occasion he sold several flocks of scabby sheep for clean, the purchaser was nonsuited in an action against the vendor, who indeed made so much money by the transaction that he greatly enhanced his reputation by it.

And here let me finally impress this truth upon you. To be a respectable old colonist, the possession of wealth is indispensible. I am acquainted with several persons who have had fifteen or twenty years colonial experience. but remain as poor as church mice, and are deservedly looked down upon in consequence, even more than "new chums." But if you have turned your colonial experience to good pecuniary account and have got abundantly rich, no matter how, you are sure to be greatly respected, and regarded by many people as an authority upon all subjects whatever—an authority which it would be the grossest presumption in any new comer not possessed of the property qualification to dispute for a moment.

ONGS FOR THE MILLION.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

AIR—"IT WAS DUNOIS."

It was a famous city swell,
One of the Garrick Club,
And he was bound to Gregory's,
To get his noonday grub:
In tragic tone his voice he raised,
When on the bottom stair;
"What, ho! ye caitiff servitors,
Bring me the bill of fare,"

The waiter marked his flashing eye,
His vibratory tongue,
And mutters unto Gregory,
"The gent's a little sprung;"
Then whispers, in a stage aside,
"Now, if you want to dine,
You'd better just keep still, you had,
And not kick up a shine."

The cooks looked from their pigeon-holes,
All grinning through their grease;
Some quiet codgers, taking soup,
Said "Send for the police."
The waiter cries "Now, Sir, what's yours—
Roast pork and apple sarce?"
Which gave the Garrick man a drop
From tragedy to farce.

LATEST FROM AUSTRALIA.

[FROM THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF DEC. 27, 1856.]

Responsible Government was inaugurated in the capital of Tasmania on the 1st of October last, when His Excellency opened Parliament in person. The new Houses have been erected on a noble eminence between the city of Melbourne and the suburb of Perth, overlooking the valley of the Barwon, from the other side of which arises the hill upon which the rapidly expanding township of Launceston is situated.

The Colony having, as our readers are well aware, originally been a convict settlement, the majority of the members of both Houses were law-breakers, before they were elected law-makers. This is the only explanation we can offer of the fact that a burst of applause from both sides of the Legislative Assembly greeted the entrance of a representative, who had conspicuously distinguished himself by a remarkably diversified career of crime, comprehending cheating at cards, swindling, forgery, and perjury.

The address in reply to the speech of His Excellency, was moved in the Upper House by Mr. Donaldson, and seconded by Mr. Peter Lalor (who, it will be remembered lost both his legs in the insurrectionary movement which resulted in the Separation of South Australia from New Zealand in 1848). In the Lower House, it was moved by Mr. John Lazar, and seconded by Mr. Deas Thomson.

Among the topics brought under the notice of the Legislature of Tasmania, or Victoria, (as it is variously called, the convict portion of the population adhering to the former, and the free, to the latter title) are the following:—

The annexation of Northern Australia and the Drainage of the Gulf of Carpentaria.

The formation of a railway from Perth to Hobart Town.

The erection of a jetty and breakwater at Hawthorne : (a seaport of which we are unable to define the precise situation).

The deepening of the river Glenelg. so as to make it navigable for vessels of large burden from Maitland to Bendigo.

The consolidation of the municipalities of Melbourne, Launceston, Perth, and Ballarat.

The admission of the aboriginal population to the franchise; and

The endowment of the University at Adelaide, with all the unsold Crown lands in the Colony.

DESIRABLE, IF NOT PROBABLE.

(In honor of the Peace, Mr. Punch recommends a general reconciliation.)

HOME TOPICS.

No. II.

The diabolical craftiness of Louis Napoleon has been recently throtled in its obscurity, and pilloried before the public eye with a delicacy of investive and discriminating ferocity of diction, by a writer who has attained an appalling pitch of popularity in the *Times* newspaper, under the signature of Grammaticus. These papers have been successful in eliminating a faint scintillation from the dying embers of a departing hope that our language will not be altogether debased into the todying imbecility and servile namby pambyism which has characterised the London Press. The aforesaid writer's popularity having attained the previously mentioned pitch, is considered to be a feather in his literary cap, and anyone arriving at this bituminous point of public favor, when thus decorated, is supposed to be distinguished by a modern adaptation of the tar-and-feathering process of the ancient Athenians.

That thundering old muff, that fulminating simpleton, Lord John Russell, has put the nation to the expense of two thousand pounds—Louis Napoleon's garter cost four hundred, if he had received a pair of garters, it would have been eight, eight would have been an octave, and an octave higher than would have been agreeable to the English nation. That rusty institution, the Church of England is to be done away with, the clergymen have been clamouring indecently for peace, and as they will not attend to their own business, they must be taught a lesson.

A Mr. Gilfillan in a new edition of Burns, has undertaken to prove prove that the poet drank, this is doubted, still it is an absorbing question.

Miss Burdett Coutts's estate, will pay one and four-pence in the pound.

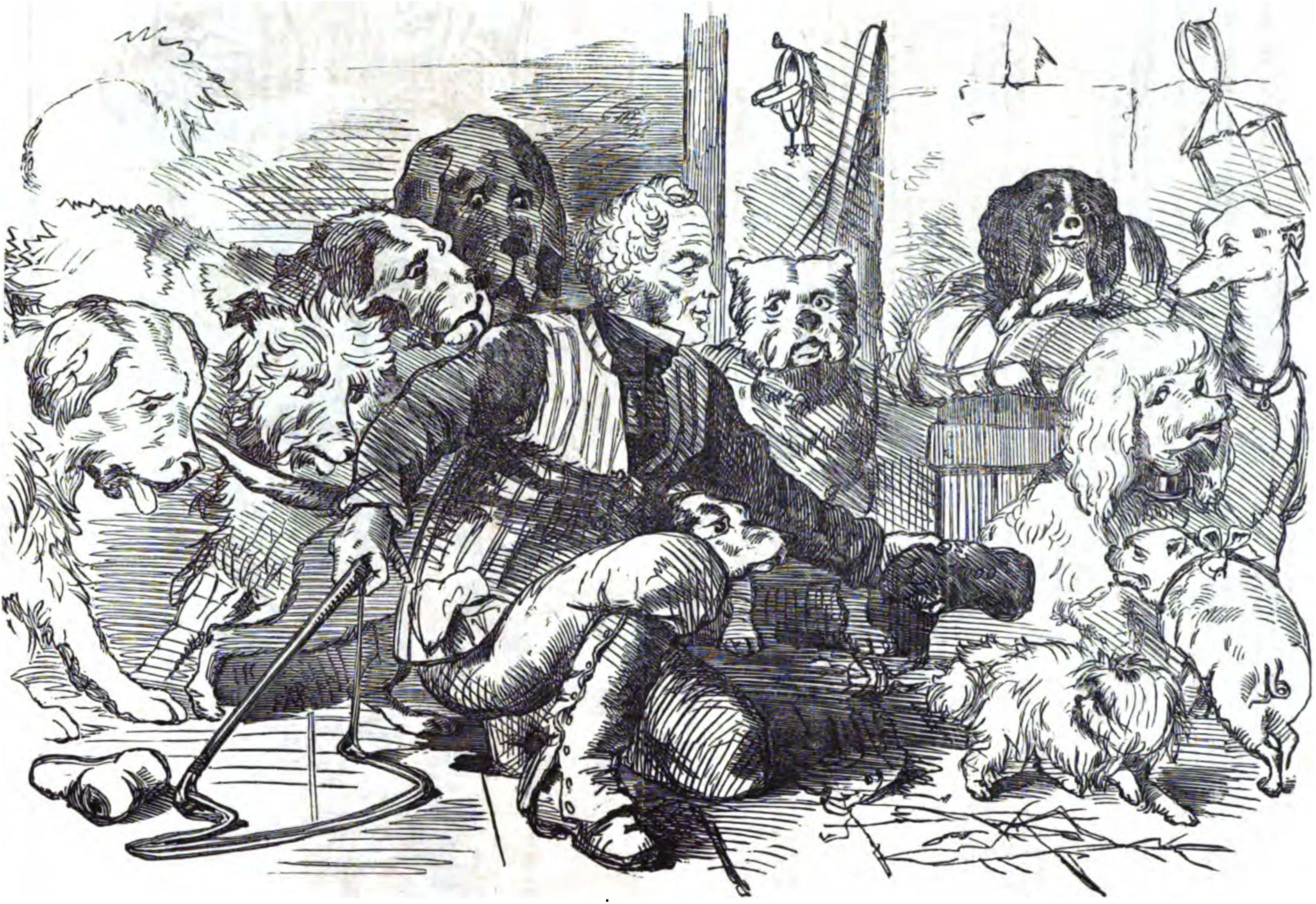
Kossuth is engaged as private secretary to the Emperor of Austria, with a salary of fity thousand florins, paid every quarter-of-an-hour in advance

The Earl of Lucan's inquiry has been concluded, and his lordship is to receive three dozen lashes directly he applies for them.

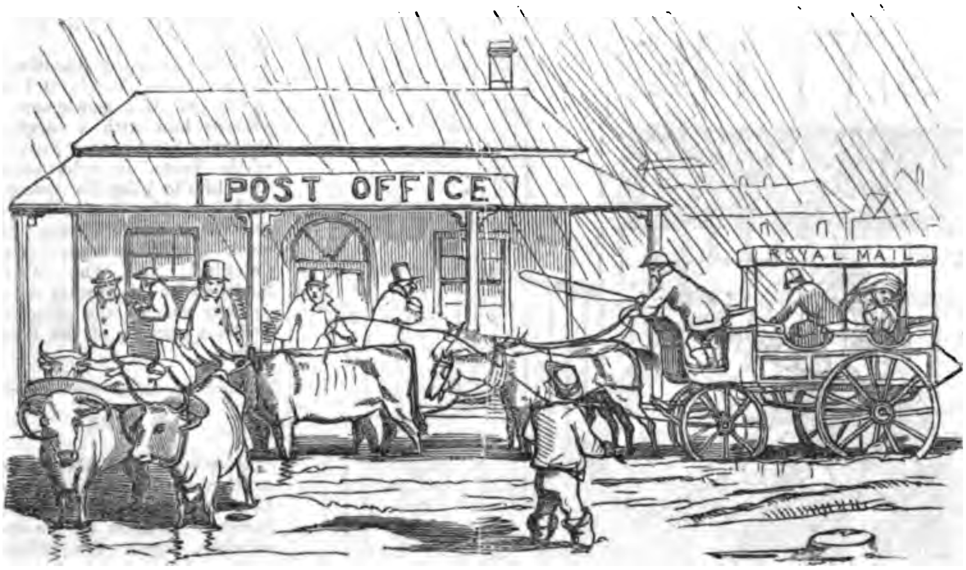
The Emperor Napoleon's baby has been vaccinated by the Imperial authorities, and also innoculated with a malignant feeling of hatred for the English. The deeply rooted opinion in the British mind is, that the Imperial squaller will never ascend the throne of France, for the simple and sufficient reason, that the French Empire is so hopelessly lowered in the sight of European nations, that the process of taking possession, will not be one of ascent.

Transcendental Criticism.—The transcendental critic of the *Argus* recently writing about the Philharmonic Society, Madame Anna Bishop, and the Italian poets, quotes of Schubert an expression said to be that of Beethoven. *"In Schubert wohnt wahhrlich eine gottliche Funke."* On being applied to for a translation of the above quotation, the gifted writer was kind enough to supply the following, which will no doubt be welcome to the limited number of *Argus* readers unacquainted with the German language:—"Schubert wont be warlike, for in him resides a divine funk."

Cheap Living.—Mr. Sargood, expectant M.L.C., has thrown out, by way of enlisting the popular sympathies, a plan for a self-supporting Young Mens' Home and Hospital. Now such a proposition per se, ought to be perfectly practicable, would be very advantageous, and is very commendable; but the originality of Mr. Sargood's scheme brings it fairly under Punch's jurisdiction. Mr. S. thinks that the Institution might be managed very cheaply, *i.e.* with nothing else than food and rent to pay for, as the gratuitous attendance of medical men might probably be obtained. The scheme is certainly defective; if Mr. Sargood possessed a more expansive mind, he would have made his project far more attractive by presenting a complete scheme, with an honorary landlord, and eleemosynary butchers and bakers. Such a home would enjoy extensive patronage, to say nothing of the gratuitous physic which now forms the red line in his bill of fare.



PAM. PAMPERING HIS PETS.



LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF THE MELBOURNE MAIL AT SANDHURST, WITH FIVE DAYS' LATER INTELLIGENCE FROM MELBOURNE.

AQUATIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

An eloquent auctioneer, in the future metropolis of the world, in an advertisement headed, "Advance Ballaarat," offers for sale an eligible property called Vauxhall Gardens, which he calls the "cream of Ballaarat," and concludes his promise of a golden harvest to the fortunate purchaser. with the oft quoted recommendation to take the tide in the affairs of men at the flood, &c. The property appears to lie on or in a swamp, so the reference to a flood is extremely happy. The allusion to cream is only explicable on the supposition that the splendid site doth "cream and mantle like a standing pool." As a place of public entertainment, this valuable water privilege would doubtless recommend itself to the Teetotal body, as so dismal a location can hardly be favorable to getting up spirits, while the lowness of the ground would effectually prevent visitors from becoming elevated.

MEN AND WOMEN,

(SEEN THROUGH AN OPERA GLASS)

THE PRACTICAL MAN.

He is a Scotchman by birth, a bachelor by choice, parsimonious by habit, practical by nature, and matter-of-fact by the accident of race. He doesn't believe in romance, much less in that branch of it which assumes the operatic or simply dramatic form. He visits the theatre from motives of economy, and takes his seat in the gallery--price one shilling. For the three hours, over which the representation extends, it would cost him rather more for firewood at home or "nobblers" at the tavern. He is early at the doors, and being strong of limb and broad of shoulder, he secures a front seat, having settled himself in which, he makes a practical remark—striking the key-note of his subsequent discourse, as it were—to the effect that, as it is the property of sound to ascend, the gallery (front row) is practically the best situation in the house for hearing the music ; and he demonstrates it scientifically to his neighbour, in the most recondite of technical terms;—for the Practical Man has been a great reader of encyclopædic literature, and of no other.

All his criticisms upon the opera. are of an eminently practical character. In the first place, he remarks, that gondoliers do not propel their boats sitting but standing, and that a miniature Roman galley bears no resemblance to one of those floating mourning coaches, (*vide Art.* GONDOLA. *Ency. Brobdignagniniensis.* Vol. 28 : Page 3462) : then he asserts that Lucrezia Borgia could not have understood Gubetta's husky and quavering English : and that Gubetta, on the other hand, being a Cockney, (as is evident from the maltreatment which the letter H receives at his hands, or, more properly speaking, in his mouth,) could not have comprehended the Duchess's liquid and tunable Italian.

The Practical Man suggests, furthermore, that to sleep on a paving stone (disguised in green baize) in an open square, by the side of a vapory canal, at night, was enough to give Gennaro a touch of lumbago, sciatica, tic doloreux, rheumatism, quinsy, or the tooth-ache; and that the last glass of wine he drank, must have been "craftily qualified" with laudanum, to occasion him to sleep so soundly, while the chorus were "howling" so boisterously only a few yards off.

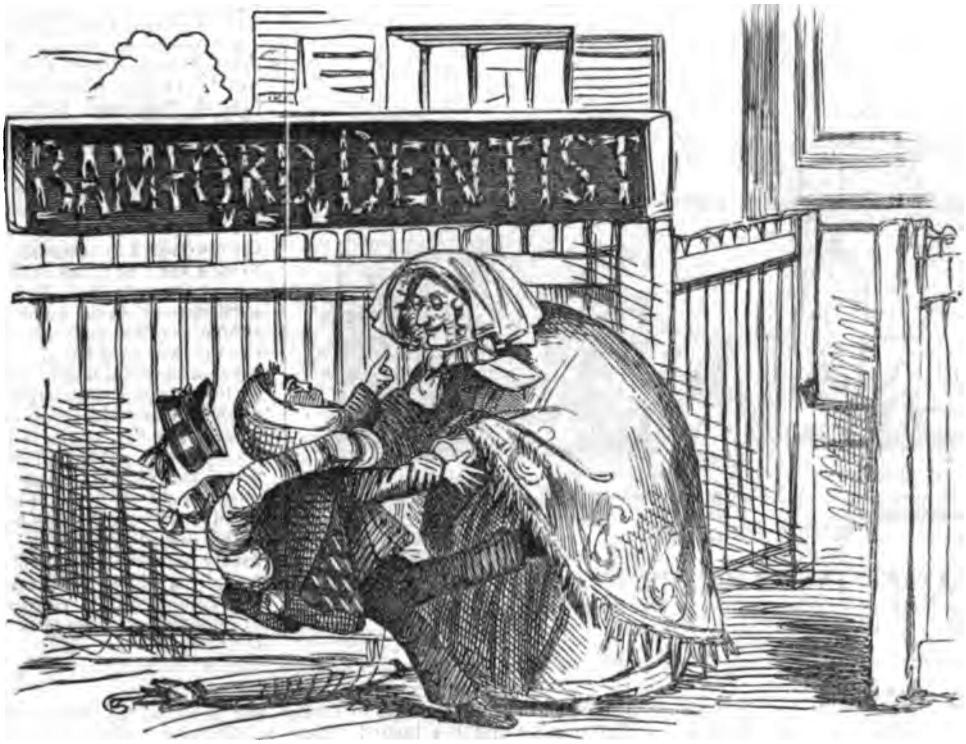
When the scene changes to Ferrara, our practical friend gives it as his opinion that the incised letters, on the modern door-plate, are a great improvement upon the embossed characters which appear to have been made use of, to indicate who were houseowners, (and practical toxicologists) at Ferrara, in the time of the D'Estes and the Borgias ; and he denounces that fugitive "B" (which is so easily detached from the escutcheon) as a disgrace to the artisan who cemented or soldered it on to the shield. The matter-of-fact critic goes so far as to assert that Gennaro must be "daft" to stand screeching to the people in the pit instead of accepting the antidote to the poisonous draught, which Mr. Coulon (alias Alfonso) has malignantly cozened him into swallowing; and does not believe the poor young man could have sung so well after imbibing such a strong dose of strychnine.

When Vitelli intones the pathetic observation "It grieves me to thus observe thee so very sad," and breaks down upon the last note, the Practical Man suggests that he ought to be kicked; and when the banqueting scene appears, our matter-of-fact friend in the gallery declares his inability to comprehend how that convivial party can derive inspiration and enjoyment from pouring nothing out of empty flagons into empty goblets. He indicates a mechanical improvement upon the exaggerated pea-shooter which is used (at the wings) to extinguish the brilliant lamps illuminating that "gay and festive scene," and he concludes his practical criticism by observing that it is not in nature, for those male and female torch-bearers to stand sniggering there, in a semi-circle, while Lucrezia Borgia is weeping and wailing over the dead body of the natural son whom this unnatural mother has inadvertently poisoned.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS," &c.—A recent number of the *Warrnambool Examiner*, merits preservation among the "Curiosities of Literature." In the same number to which we have elsewhere referred, the editor informs his readers that a requisition is in course of signature, inviting Mr. Gilbert Nicol to stand for the Western Province; and thus goes on to canvass that gentleman's merits:—

> "He is a man well qualified to fill the office of representative, and whose vote, from all we have ever known or seen of him, would be on the 'right side' It would be premature in us saying anything more, AS WE ARE NOT IN POSSESSION OF MR. NICOL'S POLITICAL CREED."

And yet his vote is pretty certain to be on the right side, is it, goodman *Examiner*?



DECIDEDLY UNATTRACTIVE.

Old Lady: "Come in, there's a little man, and then Johnny shall have his pretty tooth put in the case along with them."
(**Johnny** resists, having greatness thrust upon him.)

MR. J. P. FAWKNER.

It is said to be the intention of the numerous friends and admirers of this gentleman to present him with a carefully indexed edition of the "Beauties of the Poets," in order to enable him to inlay his speeches with something less hackneyed and common-place than the stock quotations from Otway, Campbell, and Sir Walter Scott, which at present so frequently garnish the otherwise brilliant orations of the Patriarch.

DE JURY.

How is it that the learned gentlemen who, in the Supreme Court, every session become jocose or pathetic, as the case requires, upon the subject matter of their briefs, have always to trust (with the utmost confidence) the case of their injured clients to the same twelve men? For years past, the same unfortunate gentlemen have always been summoned, and have sat for many dreary days together, or been fined for non-attendance. In their case it certainly seems that though *de facto*, they are *de* jury, they are not so *de ure*.

A CATECHISM FOR CANDIDATES.

As the New Constitution Act merely insists upon the members of both Legislative Chambers, possessing a given quantity of money or land, and omits all reference to brains and intelligence, *Punch* suggests, that candidates for seats in parliament should be subjected to to the following catechetical examination on the hustings?

What is your name?

Can you spell it?

Can you read and write?

Produce a specimen of your handwriting.

Are you acquainted with the four first rules of arithmetic?

Work out a sum in simple addition, and state how many broad beans make five.

Have you any knowledge of geography?

In what quarter of the globe is Great Britain, and is New Holland an island or a peninsula?

Have you ever turned your attention to the study of history?

Were Julius Cæsar and Oliver Cromwell contemporaries? Or, if otherwise, which appeared first upon the stage of history?

What is the difference between political and domestic economy?

Did you ever hear of the rules of syntax, and can you define their uses and purport?

Explain the distinction between a bill in committee, a bill-hook, and a bill at three months.

What is meant by the words "compensation to squatters," "administrative reform," and "development of resources?"

Favor me with a specimen of your oratory, and parse the first sentence of your oration.

What is your opinion with regard to the omision of the letter H upon all occasions, the concordance of the verb with the nominative, and the question of antecedents generally?

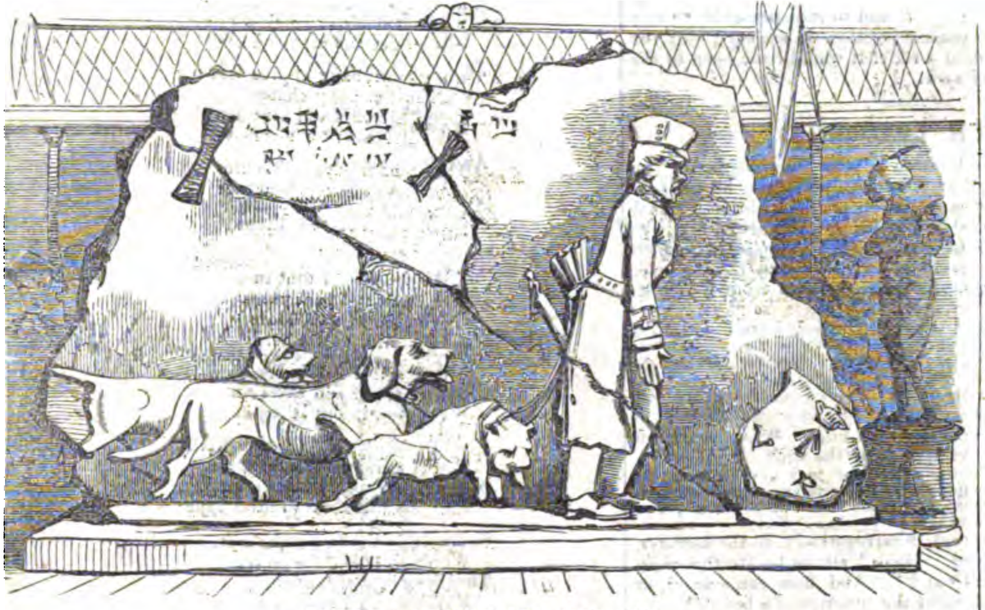
If elected, will you promise to devote your leisure hours to the acquisition of useful knowledge, including the study of the English grammar, Goldsmith's History of England, Guy's Geography, and Walkinghame's Arithmetic?

Should the candidate answer these questions satisfactorily, the electors can use their own discretion about electing him.

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

An essay on this subject (immortalized by Xenophon) is about to appear from the pen of Mr. George Milner Stephen. Those who have been favoured with a sight of the Manuscript, speak in the highest terms of the masterly manner in which the work has been executed. In the rough draft of the production, its author appears to have employed too many figures; but, after submitting it to a judicious friend, Mr. Stephen expunged one half of them, and by the bold use of the pruning (or pen) knife, has contributed to render it one of the most extraordinary efforts of a daring genius—at once bold in conception and delicate in finish—that was ever submitted to the minute criticism of those who are peculiarly qualified to pass judgment upon it.

Wanted to Know.—Upon what authority the inventor of Geelongese assigns the authorship of the phrase *nous avons change tout cela* to Lawrence Sterne. *Punch* respectfully submits that Moliere possesses a prior claim to its paternity. and recommends the luminous *Advertiser* to consult the comedy of *Le Medicin malgre lui*.



MORE ASSYRIAN RELICS.

BAS RELIEF OF A HIGH PRIEST PROCEEDING TO THE SACRIFICIAL TEMPLE.

AN APPEAL CASE.

In the report of the meeting about the transference of the museum to the University, the *Age* says, in reference to Mr. Fawkner's speech, that he terminated it "amidst *peels of merriment*." The reporter has left the public in considerable doubt as to the exact nature of this description of jocularity. The most probable explanation is, that the said *peels* were the rinds of oranges, with which the meeting had been regailing itself by way of antagonising the effects of some of the speeches, and having thus constituted themselves all *peelers*, they adopted this expressive mode of intimating to the vivacious Johnny that he had better "*move on*". The *appeal* was apparently successful; the oranges were triumphant as they were once before (according to history), the *peelites* formed a coalition which ousted the Fawknerian opposition, and the business proceeded. This is our explanation.

A CIVIC ODE.

Ye Councillors of Melbourne,
  Who guard our native mud,
And pour your turbid eloquence
  In everlasting flood:
Your wondrous flow of washy talk
  Wont swill the street below,
Nor power have to scour,
  Where the fœtid gutters flow;
And the drainage stinketh foully strong,
  Where the fœtid gutters flow.

The spirits of your leaders,
  May start from every tap,
For in the bar they cradled were,
  And pewter held their pap.
When each the public can supplied,
  And learnt his lesson low,
To let heavy wet,
  Do their dirty work below;
And the heavy wet of winter cleanse
  The filthy gutters flow,

Oh! Melbourne needs a pavement,
  Of flagstones smooth and square,
Not fragmentary masonry
  A little here and there;
No end of little bridges too,
  Across the drains to throw,
The dirt to avert,
  Of the filthy gutters flow;
And to save the ladies' ancles
  From the filthy gutters flow.

But smooth and cleanly pathways
  The city wont betide,
Till aldermen and councillors
  Cannot afford to ride.
With polished boots about the street,
  What boots it if we go
Through slime and through grime.
  But it ever will be so;
Till an alderman be smothered
  In the stinking gutters' flow.

A "POWER"-FUL WRITER.

Mr. Thomas H. Power, solicits the suffrages, and invites the criticism of the electors of the Southern Province. With a courageous disregard of the laws of logic and the obligations of common sense, Mr. Thomas H. Power launches out into the following flourish of words:—

"In considering all matters of legislation, the pure elements of justice and impartiality must be regarded as the safest ingredients to insure the general respect and confidence of the people, and to make them good and well affected subjects."

As who should say "in considering all matters of pastry, the pure elements of flour and butter must be regarded as the safest ingredients to insure—[but here Mr. Power leaves an awkward *hiatus*, which should be thus filled up]—the palatableness of the crust, and thereby command the general respect and confidence of the partakers thereof, and make them well-affected to the pastrycook."

"While all admit," Mr. Power goes on to say, "that religion is the source of morality and virtue, the sound basis of social order and progress, and that all channels should be freely opened for the full flowing of its blessings and advantages, yet I must agree with others that State aid is not the best machinery for such work."

So that religion is at once a sound basis and a fluent water-course which necessitates the employment of the best machinery for excavating its channels.

"Regarding it (the machinery) as akin to charity, *(Punch* cannot detect the relationship,) and using it on the same principle, (where is the identity ?) I will give most (of this machinery) where most is needed; and while I think the moral character of one sect is as much for the consideration of the State as that of another, the one (State, consideration, sect, or character ?) which is most destitute and less, (qy least ?) able to support itself is better, (qy. best ?) entitled to assistance in fair ratio of amount in its wants." (Mr. Power here plunges into a depth of obscurity, whither *Punch* cannot follow him. A Sorbonist would be puzzled to explain the meaning of that mysterious expression, "in fair ratio of amount in its wants.")

"Here (where ?) I clash directly with the numerical scale of distribution." *(Punch* hopes that Mr. Power's head is harder than the scales; although *Punch* has some serious misgivings on that head:) "and without a desire of experimental change when the results are doubtful;"—(the result of an experimental change is always problematical, Mr. Power.) "I prefer to abandon the State fund, and cherish those charitable feelings of concord and harmony of classes so desirable for the well-being and happiness of society, and paramount to any advantages that might result from State aid."

Ah! Mr. Power, if you had only said, "I abandon the ambition of becoming a statesman, and prefer to cherish those studies of syntactical concords and proprieties of expression, so desirable for the preservation of a private gentleman's self-respect, and so indispensable to any man who aspires to occupy a permanent position in society ;"—if you had only said this, Mr. Power, what a relief it would have been to the mind of your friend, *Melbourne Punch*.

A LECTURER LECTURED.

PUNCH has been endeavoring to "improve" the "shining hour," by the perusal of a lecture, delivered at Kilmore, last week, on the subject of "Our Library"; and in a spirit of pure kindliness, *Punch* suggests to the lecturer the desirability of his devoting a few hours to the study of any elementary treatise upon English Composition, which "Our Library" may happen to possess. By so doing the lecturer may be taught to refrain from uttering such nonsense as the following :—

> "I beg to introduce to your notice OUR LIBRARY. This bright array of learning and talent might have had a more accomplished master of the ceremonies; though I am conscious neither they nor you will quarrel with me because the attempt may not have been equal to the will."

Whom does the lecturer mean by "they"?—The ceremonies? Or the bright array of learning and talent? And why should this or those be suspected capable of quarrelling with him? What is meant by "the attempt," and what is referred to by the will?

> "You have here presented to your notice, and offered to your acceptance, the great magical wand which has accomplished such mysterious changes in the condition of the world. By these the mists which swam before the eyes of the people of the preceding century, have been swept away."

Punch is again compelled to appeal, interrogatively, to the lecturer, and enquire to what does the word "these" allude?—To the mysterious changes, or to the magical wand? And how can a wand, or the mysterious changes aforesaid, fulfil the function of a besom?

> "I shall commence with the gentlemen and ladies who have in modern times unfolded to our view the chequered web of history—teaching morals and the science of government through the medium of example."

Punch was not previously aware that historians, male and female (euphuistically designated "ladies and gentlemen," by the lecturer) taught morals, and inculcated the science of government "through the medium of example"; but he is very thankful for the information, which is no doubt as accurate as the lecturer's orthography; two of our living historians bearing the names (as every body must be fully aware) of "Sir Henry Allison" and Mr. Macauly."

LIZZY DAMOUR.

BY PLEECEMAN X.

Toosday nite a frend injuiced me
   Lizzy Damour for to see,
And I'm proud to hone that I did
   Wery much approve of she.

And for them as wasnt there on
   Toosday, nor no other nite,
I will jest endeavour for to
   Put it down in black and wite.

In a hopperattic country,
   Ware the pessants wear silk hose,
And the folks as chant the korus
   Always sport their Sunday klose:

And they never do no work, but
   Lounge about, and sing all day
And diskoors in chearful moosick
   Wave their arms, and dance aud play;—

In this hopperattic country
   Lived a sweet soprarner fair,
And a loveyer—singing tenner—
   (Loveyers always tenners air.)

But the bewchus sweet soprarner
   On a sargent sets her hi,
As was singing with his rejment
   (Six in number) marchin by.

So she jilts that fine young tenner,
   And acksepts the barrowtone;
(That's the millingtary ero)
   Was sich konduct ever knone?

Then the tenner goes distratcted,
   Leastways he's unkommon low,
Till a trumpet blowin makes him
   Quite forget the former blow:

Then a mountybank approaches,
   In an ap-um pony chaise,
As begins his pills and ointment
   Most outrajeous for to praise.

And the tenner says untoe him,
   "I for love am very sick, sir,
And I'm told the only cure is
   Daffy's sellybrated 'Lixir."

Says the Quack "I first inwented
   That immortal pannyseear;
It will make the gals adore you—
   I've a shillin bottle here."

And that artful old Quack Doctor
   Sells the stuff and takes the bob,
Chucklin to his self at havin
   Werry neatly dun the job.

Then the tenner drinks the 'Lixir,
   Which affects his eated brain,
And he cuts enstrornry capers,
   And bekums most dredful vane:

So he slites the fare soprarner,
   Who's astonisht for to see
That inamorated tenner
   Makin werry lite of she.

While the sarjent and his party,
   Wich I spose rekrootin are,
Git a horder from their Kernel
   For to go and jine the war.

Earring which that bewchus damsel
   Asts them all untoe a fate,
Meenin, with that barrowtone, her
   Nupshals for to sellibrate.

Phansi that pore tenner's feelins!
   Ow to rite em I dont no;
Loveyers are, like draymen's osses,
   Yewsd to hevry sort of woe.

For a sojer he enlistes
   Under barrowtone's Belcore,
And he wows that Miss Soprarner
   He wont see not never more.

But the mayden's tender feelins
   Turn to that there young rekroot,
Cos her pashun for the sarjent
   Never had no depth of root.

So she buys him off and tells him,
   That she loves but only he;
And, in course, the tenner tells her,
   All his hopes is fixt on she.

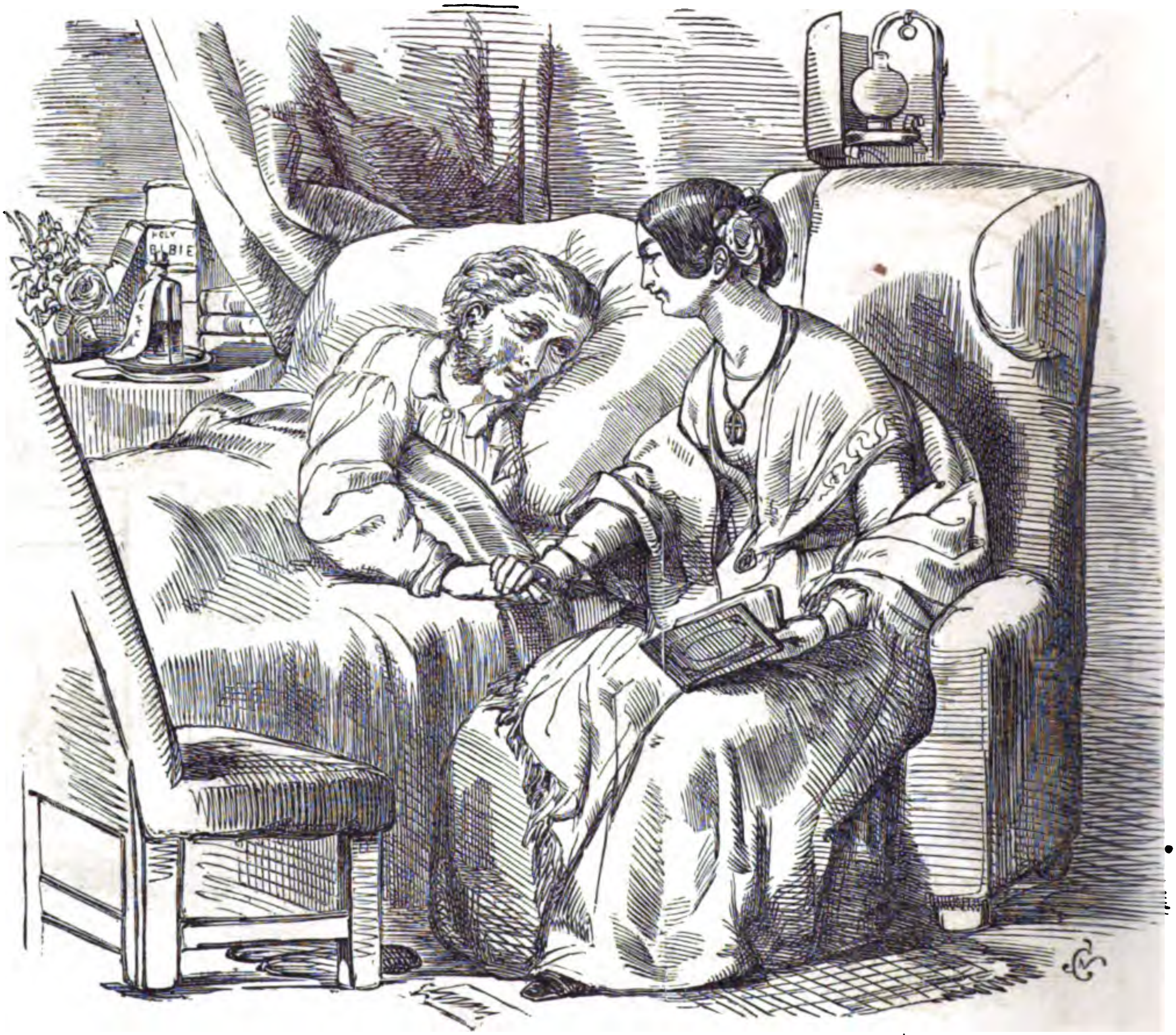
And the tenner's uncle just then
   Takes it in his edd to dye,
Makin that there tenner air to
   All his landed propper-tye.

And the pessants shout hooroar,
   And the Doctor in his shaise
(Mister Koolong) gives his blessin
   To the tenner (M. Laglaise.)

And the bewchus preemer donner
   (Madame Bishop) full of glee,
Gives her hand untoe the loveyer,
   Wich is for to marry she.

And the Chorus cry "Long live the
   Doctor," till the curtin drops,
And the people shout out "Brayvo!"
   Till that spritely moosick stops.

PUNCH'S CONTRIBUTION TO T



THE FUTURE A

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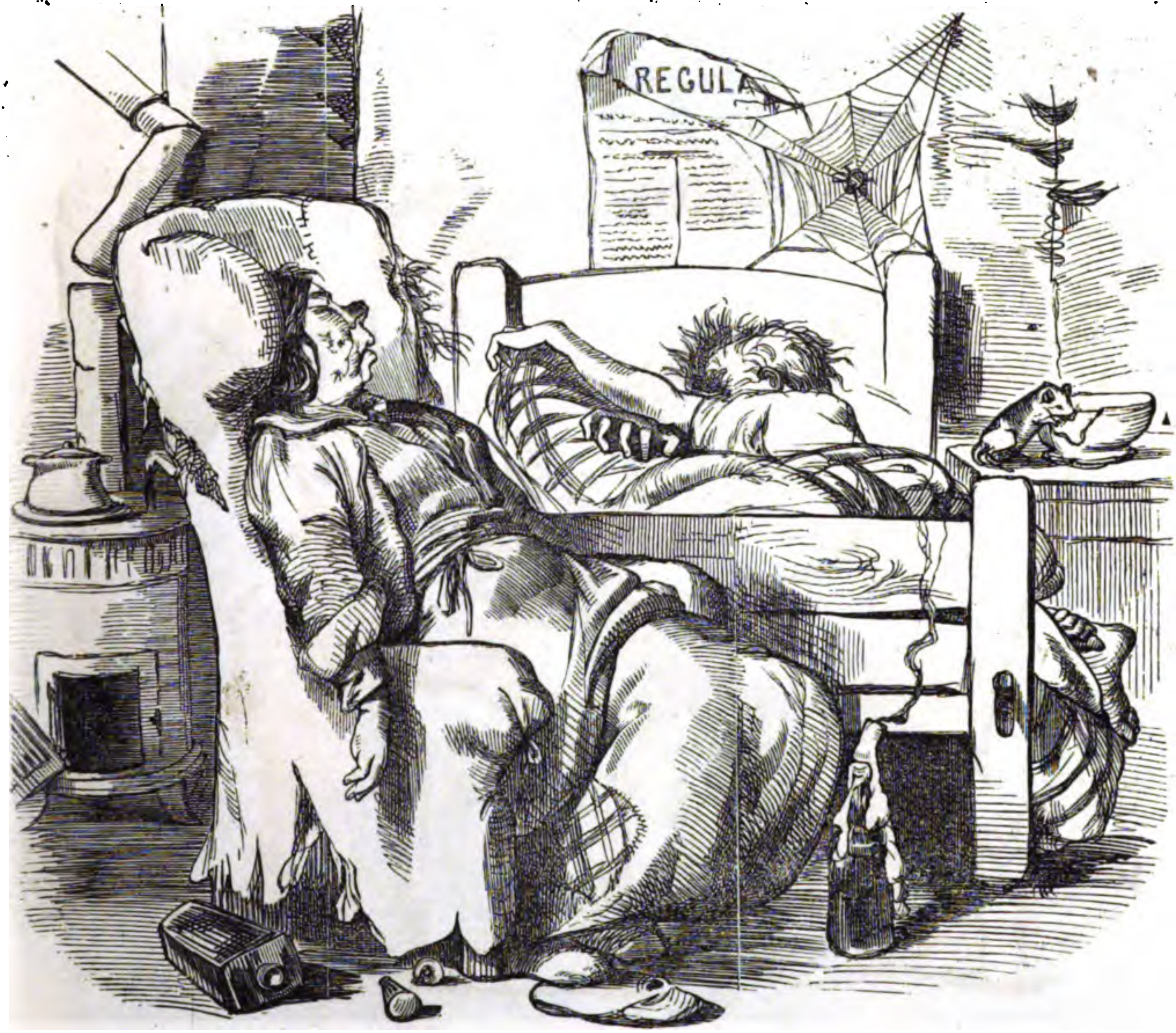

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MRS. GAMP, CASHIERED.

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